Nov. 3, 1956

THE NEW YORKER

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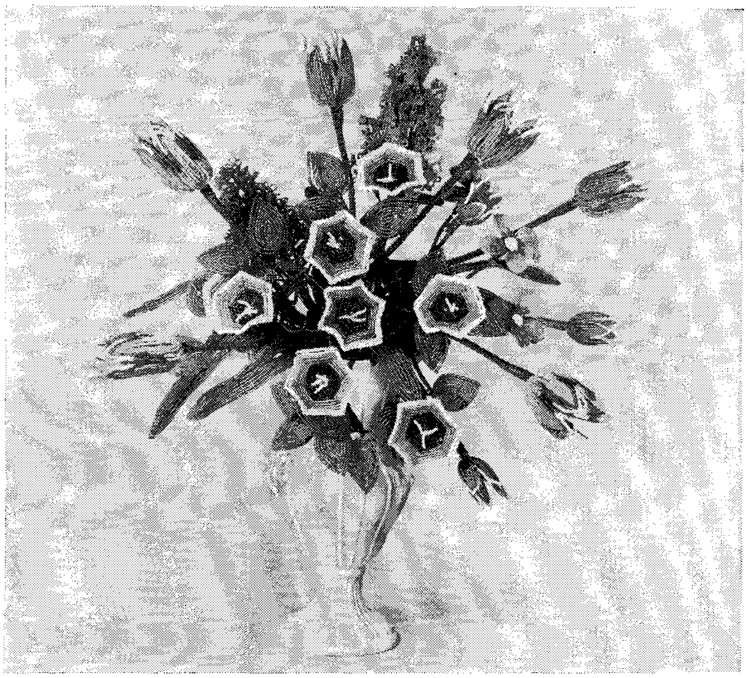

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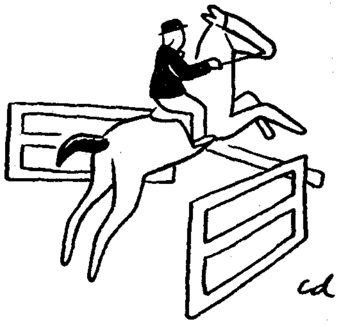
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Apple Cart—Maurice Evans speaks with his usual precision in this rather minor and extremely dated Shaw play about a struggle between a King and his Cabinet. Signe Hasso, Claudia Morgan, Mercer McLeod, and Charles Carson are among His Majesty's more or less loyal opposition. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Loud Red Patrick—Arthur Kennedy and David Wayne show commendable vivacity in this fairly tedious and certainly old-fashioned comedy about an Irishman whose four young daughters keep getting out of hand. John Boruff's script was suggested by Ruth McKenney's novel of the same name. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Old Vic Company—A twelve-week repertory of four Shakespearean plays, presented by S. Hurok, in association with the Arts Council of Great Britain. The schedule through Nov. 10: "Romeo and Juliet," Thursday and Friday, Nov. 1-2, and Saturday, Nov. 3. "Richard II," Monday through Saturday, Nov. 5-10. John Neville, Claire Bloom, and Paul Rogers head both casts. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Reluctant Debutante—An anemic import from Britain that tries—with no particular success—to make something comic of the efforts of an ambitious mother to maneuver her seventeen-year-old daughter into a stylish marriage. Directed by Cyril Ritchard, the play has in its leading roles Wilfrid Hyde White, Anna Massey, Brenda Forbes, and John Merivale. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Separate Tables—Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are superb in both the plays that make up this Terence Rattigan double bill. The plays themselves vary in quality, the first being just about acceptable and the second very good indeed. Peter Glenville directed the cast, which includes Beryl Measor, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and Donald Harron. (Mu[illegible]ox, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Too Late the Phalarope—There's a wealth of good acting in this adaptation by Robert Yale Libott of the novel by Alan Paton, which deals with the tragic fate of a white South African who takes up with a native girl. Unfortunately, however, the play is a bit shaky in structure. Barry Sullivan is irreproachable as the hero, and he has the assistance of a talented cast, including Finlay Currie, Alan Napier, Laurinda Barrett, and Ellen Holly. The direction was by John Stix, and George Jenkins has provided some excellent sets. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF:** A Southern-household drama by Tennessee Williams in which Marjorie Steele, Thomas Gomez, and Alex Nicol at present head the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 17.)... **THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK:** A Dutch girl's account of the two years she and her family spent hiding from the Nazis. With Susan Strasberg (Dina Doronne will replace her on Monday, Nov. 5), Joseph Schildkraut, and Gusti Huber. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **INHERIT THE WIND:** An account of the Scopes trial, in Dayton, Tennessee, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley as the two famous orators involved. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE MATCHMAKER:** Ruth Gordon is the star and Thornton Wilder the author of this roughhouse comedy. Loring Smith, Eileen Herlie, and Arthur Hill are also in the cast. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT:** Paddy Chayefsky's play about a man who falls in love with a girl half his age. Edward G. Robinson has one of the leading roles, and his associates include Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS:** All about how a hillbilly amiably disrupts a good part of our military establishment. Charles Hohman is the hero right now, and Myron McCormick and Arte Johnson are a couple of his Air Force colleagues. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER?:** Another comedy by George Axelrod, who wrote "The Seven Year Itch." Jane Kean, Martin Gabel, and Tom Poston are currently playing Hollywood types of one kind or another. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 10.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Auntie Mame—Rosalind Russell in a comedy by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, based on Patrick Dennis's novel. Morton Da Costa directed, and Robert Fryer and Lawrence Carr are the producers. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Major Barbara—A revival of Shaw's comedy, with Charles Laughton, Burgess Meredith, Glynis Johns, Eli Wallach, and Cornelia Otis Skinner. Staged by Mr. Laughton and produced by Robert L. Joseph and the Producers Theatre. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Monday, Nov. 5, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Mr. Wonderful—The diverse talents of Sammy Davis, Jr., are not quite enough to redeem a fairly tiresome and elementary business about the triumph of a night-club entertainer. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Most Happy Fella—Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics and adapted the book for this version of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." It is a generally brilliant job, though some may feel it is a little over-operatic for Broadway. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the fine cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

My Fair Lady—An outstanding musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Rex Harrison, as Professor Higgins, and Julie Andrews, as Eliza Doolittle, are almost beyond compare. The book and lyrics are by Alan Jay Lerner, Frederick Loewe composed the music, and the sets and costumes are the work of, respectively, Oliver Smith and Cecil Beaton. The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Faces of '56—The most striking performer in this Leonard Sillman revue is, singularly enough, a female impersonator named T. C. Jones, who does a series of imitations of Miss Tallulah Bankhead. He is very funny, and so are the majority of the other actors, who include Billie Hayes, Jane Connell, Johnny Haymer, John Reardon, Virginia Martin, and Bill McCutcheon. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**DAMN YANKEES:** A story about a baseball fan who signs a contract with the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. With Gwen Verdon, Ray Walston, and Stephen Douglass. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FANNY:** A musical play, by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan, that abounds in people (including Lawrence Tibbett and Billy Gilbert), plot (Marseille waterfront life), and production (music by Harold Rome). (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **THE PAJAMA GAME:** A confection about romance and labor relations in a pajama factory. George Wallace, Fran Warren, and Jack Goode now have leading roles. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at

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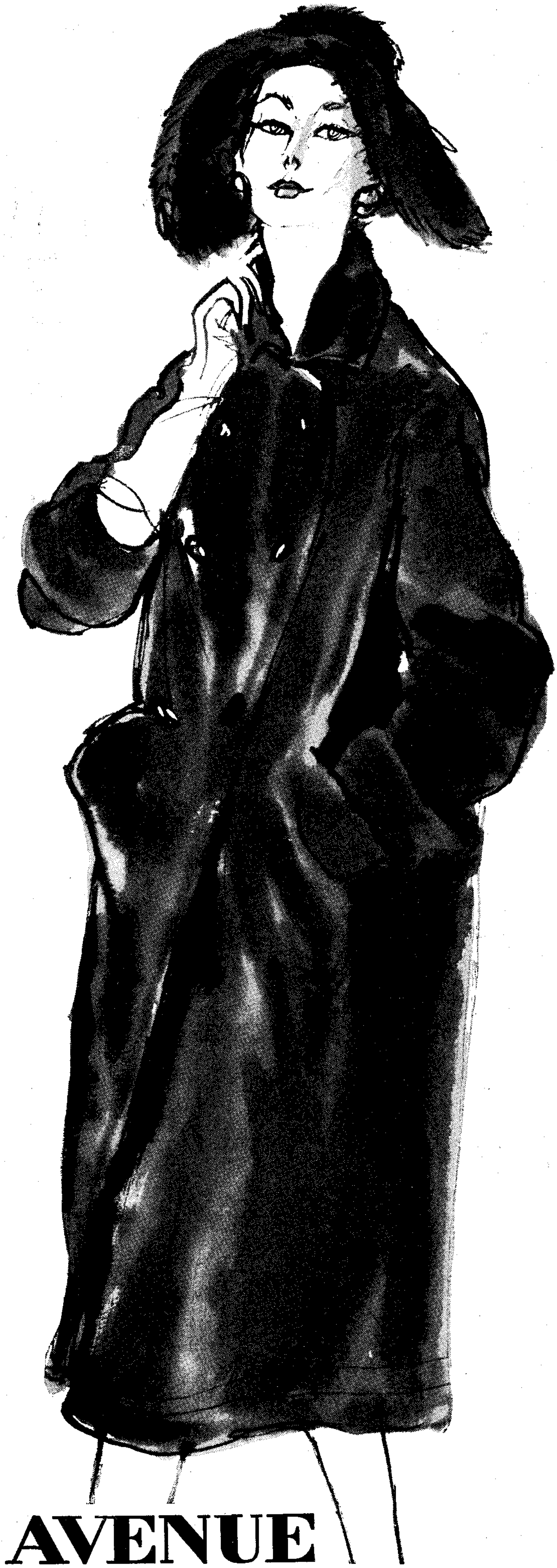

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SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Sleeping Prince—Terence Rattigan's London comedy, with a cast headed by Michael Redgrave (who also directed it), Barbara Bel Geddes, and Cathleen Nesbitt. Presented by the Producers Theatre and Gilbert Miller. Opens Thursday, Nov. 1. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in Eugene O'Neill's autobiographical tragedy. Directed by José Quintero and produced by Leigh Connell, Theodore Mann, and Mr. Quintero. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 7. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Theatre Company—A revival of John Patrick's comedy "The Teahouse of the August Moon," with Rosita Diaz and Gig Young, the first in a series of three plays to be presented by the company. Preview Tuesday, Nov. 6. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 7, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 18. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays, at 2:30.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, Nov. 2-4: "La Traviata."... ¶ Starting Friday, Nov. 9: "The Magic Flute." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Barbizon-Plaza Theatre—Ben Bagley's revue, "Shoestring '57," with sketches, lyrics, and music by some eighteen contributors, among them Bud McCreery, Mike Stewart, and Murray Grand. The cast includes Dorothy Greener, Fay DeWitt, Paul Mazursky, and Charles Manna. Opens Monday, Nov. 5. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Carnegie Hall Playhouse—"Johnny Johnson," the 1936 musical play by Paul Green and Kurt Weill, with James Broderick. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, 889 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 4.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—A triple bill: Tennessee Williams' "This Property Is Condemned," William Saroyan's "Once Around the Block," and Lee Pogostin's "Sidewalks and the Sound of Crying." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Special performance Monday, Nov. 5. No performance Tuesday, Nov. 6.)

Circle in the Square—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Tuesday, Nov. 6 at 7:30.)

Fourth Street Theatre—Constance Garnett's translation of Chekhov's "The Sea Gull," with Betty Field, Shepperd Strudwick, and Jacob Ben-Ami. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Jan Hus House—Bill Gunn in a revival of Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step." Ira Cirker is the director. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LY 6-8947. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—"Diary of a Scoundrel," an adaptation by Rodney Ackland of Alexander Ostrovsky's nineteenth-century comedy. Roddy McDowall heads a cast directed by Alan Cooke. Opens Sunday, Nov. 4. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Shakespearewrights—"Hamlet," with Philip Lawrence and Helen Taylor. (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava (who will be succeeded on Tuesday, Nov. 6, by Dolly Haas) and James Mitchell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre East—Molière's comedy "The Misanthrope," in a verse translation by Richard Wilbur. With Ellis Rabb and Jacqueline Brookes. Opens Thursday, Nov. 8. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

May O'Donnell—With her company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

Angna Enters—Dance mime. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

Iva Kitchell—Dance satirist, in a one-woman show to be presented for ten days starting Friday, Nov. 9. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Evenings at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Dramatic Readings—Two Sean O'Casey autobiographical works, read by Aline MacMahon, Staats Cotsworth, and others. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 3-4: "Pictures in the Hallway."... ¶ Friday through Sunday, Nov. 9-11: "I Knock at the Door." (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Judy Garland—With dancers Giselle and François Szony, comedian Alan King, and others, in a variety show. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Paul Draper and Rosaria Meireles—He, of course, is a tap dancer, and she is a Portuguese singer. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call EL 5-5372.)

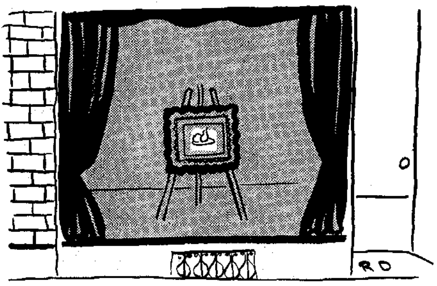
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a fairly sumptuous way of life, has dinner music until ten, at which hour Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band come aboard. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Tuesdays through Saturdays, the Bowman Room offers Russ Morgan's big but subdued orchestra for dancing after seven-thirty and Emery Deutsch's intense string group from seven on. There is, in addition, at nine and midnight, a floor show, to which you may as well shut your eyes and ears.



El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The nightly spectaculars are impromptu affairs provided by the customers, not the management. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's Latin band perform for anyone who'd rather dance.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The new guest in the Cotillion Room is Caterina Valente, a pleasurable European oriole with a split personality—half of it standard arias, half of it real live progressive cadenzas, which she embellishes with her electric guitar. The orchestra, operated by Joseph Sudy, sounds better than ever as it chortles for the benefit of dancers throughout the evening. Closed Sundays.... ¶ A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night from cocktails through supper in the placid Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room is occupied by Eartha Kitt, who is by no means as wicked as her lyrics promise. Wicked or wistful (which is her better half), she's cutting up at dinner and supper. She takes her leave on Wednesday, Nov. 7, the night before Los Chavales de España and Trini Reyes, the well-known Spanish marching-and-chowder club, move in. The orchestra and glee club of Ted Straeter—Beau Brummell, pianist, and sometime tenor—and Mark Monte's small posse of musicians will remain at their posts. Closed Sundays.... ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another.... ¶ In the Palm Court, there is Leo LeFleur's string group at the cocktail hour. No dancing.... ¶ The LeFleur group is again in action in the Edwardian Room at the dinner hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Eddie Lane's orchestra plays for dancing at dinner and supper in the mammoth Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Fernanda Montel, who may be the most fashionable Parisienne in town, looks in on the impeccable Maisonette at dinner and supper to breathe a few ballads about upper-crust bubbles and baubles. The bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari contribute their gleeful dance music all evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has a permanent lease on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for the benefit of any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The colossal Café Rouge is enlivened now and then by the really swinging music of Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey and their boys, the most buoyant of whom is Charlie Shavers. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—An endless reunion of people who are never going to let go of their first childhood and people who are deeply entangled in their second or third. Two bands play ticktacktoe in one corner.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf, our lady of sorrows, wrings her mobile hands and the customers' hearts as the young lovers of her *petites chansons* go bravely to their doom. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba men turn out dance music, starting at eight.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, Lisa Kirk, every lofty inch a girl most likely to succeed, sings the songs that reflect her state of mind as she slithers in and out of several dress and undress uniforms. She goes through this series of fittings at dinner and supper; Nat Brandwynne's milk-and-honey orchestra and Mischa Borr's band function all evening. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Weekdays, in a secluded nook of Peacock Alley, the *Alt-Wien* group led by Jozsi Ribari and another belonging to Joseph Ricardel concoct listening music from cocktails until eight-thirty and then dance music until one; Mr. Borr's orchestra takes care of the eight-to-twelve Sunday dancing party.

NOTE—The quickest way of getting away from it all is the Rainbow Room, which serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of non-dance music, you can watch restless New York turning into a Jack and the Beanstalk. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey is providing benign cocktail, dinner, and supper piano in a salon of practically unmitigated grandeur. Sundays, Paul Morse fills in for him. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): An established hothouse, well known for its displays of Johnny-jump-ups and lilies of the field. Kurt Maier dishes out a placid dinner-and-supper obbligato at the piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins, the youngest colonel in the whole state of Louisiana, plays piano in the midst of the Southern-style county fair that occupies his neat bar-and-grill. Wayne Sanders, who just plays romantic piano, spells him during the night. Mr. H. is on deck from cocktails on; Mr. S. reports at nine. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The pianist Paul Schlesinger and the violinist Herman Honigsberg, classicists to their fingertips, lend quiet enchantment to a dignified dinner hour that lasts until one in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The conversations on some of the tableside telephones make it seem like a capital-gains conference room, but there are also victuals, wine, and Renato Rossini's guitar, which is murmurous from nine to eleven and fiery Andalusian from then until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A permanent picnic (Latin-American style) that includes a good deal of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The piano music in the bar is the work of Jules Kuti, who favors sweetness and light. It begins at the cocktail hour and stops around midnight or so. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Ada Moore can do funny things with the most unlikely aria when she has a mind to, which is after ten-thirty. Don Evans' and Carl Norman's first-rate romantic piano starts around six. The atmosphere is faintly rumpus-room. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE PÉRIGORD CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): By any name, it's still the Sherry-Netherland bar—comfortable, rambling, and lightly dusted with parlor piano from dinner to supper every evening but Sunday. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): The ballads and the instrumental music scattered through the dinner and supper hours dwell on the carry-me-back-to-that-old-Blue-Danube theme. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): "Blossom Time" all over again, but a much more soothing blend of violin, voice, and zimbalon than the Messrs. Shubert ever served up. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): A music-with-every-course deal that sounds most dulcet when a six-man band is tootling Lehár and Hélène Darcel is singing. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the extremely matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle displaying his transatlantic repertory. He gets going at eight. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Chiefly for young folk who like to just sit around and talk. Someone or other is always at the piano, or singing, or both.

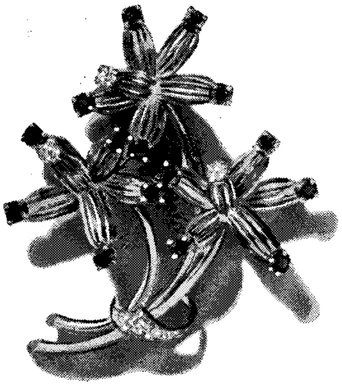
BIG AND BRASSY

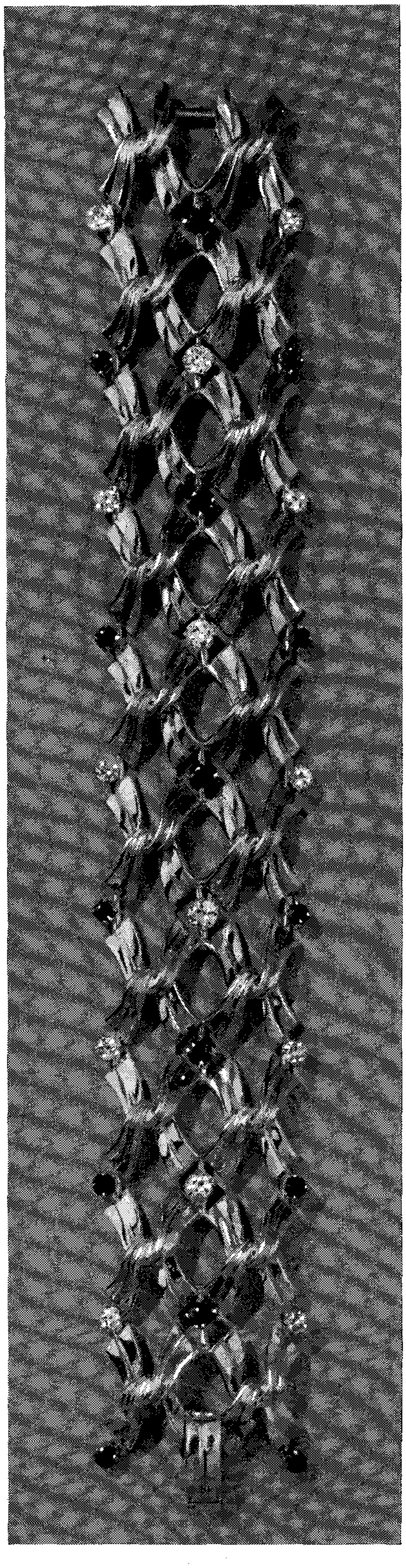
COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Steps going down, at the bottom of which is Nat King Cole, singing as sweetly and brightly as though he were at the gates of Heaven. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Two perfect specimens of night-blooming flora are





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Martha Davis and Spouse (Calvin Ponder to friends), who make up their own music, their own lyrics, and their own jokes by the hour. Also on duty are T. C. Jones, of "New Faces of '56," doing transvestite caricatures that must be taken with a grain of salt, which is supplied by his dialogue, and Jill Corey, a fresh little daisy with a beguiling voice. The eloquent background musings of Jimmy Lyons' restrained jazz trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements are just right. The Davises, incidentally, aren't around Mondays, and Mr. Jones is away on Sundays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Saturdays, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time; except Saturdays and Mondays, there's also a breakfast-with-the-Davises session from 2 to 4 A.M., at which the Lyonses sit in. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Tarriers, or Folk Music Can Be Fun, and Meade Lux Lewis, Chicago's most energetic piano mover, check out on Sunday, Nov. 4. Barbara Lea, a decorative new jazz balladeer, will stay on. Tuesday, Nov. 6, will bring Enid Mosier, her Trinidad steel band, and her odes to tropical dalliance back to town. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A new star is born every 10:30 P.M., when June Ericson, who ranges from sweet girl graduate to deadpan humorist, walks onstage in Julius Monk's vest-pocket satire, which was composed largely by Ronny Graham and Bud McCreery. Their poison pens were never sharper, and Miss E. and her precocious playmates—Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, and Gerry Matthews—have themselves a lovely and intelligent evening. The pit band is the pianos of Stan Keen and Jim Lawlor. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The battle royal here begins late and ends late. It involves Jorie Remus, a *diseuse* who's carrying on a grudge fight against all our tempora and all our mores; Portia Nelson, whose most poetic ballads are occasionally lined with irony; Tony and Eddie, whose parodies trample on the clay feet of many a recording star; the manic singing of Tiger Haynes, the Three Flames, and Jimmie Daniels; and the piano soliloquies of Warren Vaughan. Miss Nelson finishes up on Sunday, Nov. 4; Lovey Powell and Brooks Morton, sad songs and crazy ones, go to bat on Tuesday, Nov. 6. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The oldest settler in this upstairs parlor is Phil Leeds, who has had several unhappy childhoods and now lives to tell the tale. The more recent arrivals include Ethel Waters, a memorable voice indeed, and Nancy Andrews, whose thousand and one Arabian Nights tales are principally for grownups. In the background, the Norman Paris trio thinks up its unique evening-dress syncopation. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Downstairs, in Theodore's Restaurant, there is Ralph Strain's well-turned mood piano after nine-thirty every evening but Sunday. . . . **BY-LINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): The eminent Cy Walter's piano études appear on the dinner and supper menu of this small and pleasurable world, and the equally eminent Mabel Mercer arrives after ten-thirty to give the poetry of the newer laureates (Alec Wilder, Bart Howard, and the like) a special reading in her understanding contralto. Sam Hamilton, Miss M.'s perennial accompanist, helps out at the piano late in the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville never stray far from the pianos in the bar. There's other amusement, too, such as Helen Halpin, whose humor may or may not strike you as humorous. Sundays, when Miss H. stays home, there are ancient movies; Mondays are amateur-talent nights.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Rude awakenings, courtesy of the Old School, are staged every evening by Wild Bill Davison's horn. Following suit are Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and (off and on) Mr. Condon, who is also host and strolling commentator. The intermissions are beautifully bridged by Johnny Varro and Buzzy Drootin, a piano-and-drum corps; on Thursdays, Bud Freeman's saxophone converts it into a trio. On Tuesday nights, visiting top brass (not to mention visiting stringmen) sit in for a few sets. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): What comes from the podium after nine at night is halfway between modern rhythm and a rock-and-roll beat. The irresponsible parties are, at present, Dorothy Donegan's trio and Jonah Jones' quartet. On Monday, Nov. 5, the trios of Alex Kallao and Johnny Costa will replace them, but the mood should be just about the same. There's cocktail and dinner solo piano, too, every evening. Sundays, the important thing is the trio presided over by Jack Elliott, whose modernist piano bristles with ideas. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Jump-for-joy music of the Southland by a group of hardened muscle men under the jurisdiction of Billy Maxted. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): The educated music at this weekend fraternity house will emanate from Friday through Sunday, Nov. 2-4, from the trio topped by Erroll Garner (it's a quartet if you count his humming counterpoint to his jovial piano) and the quartet of the virtuoso Don Elliott. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Lee Blair, Benny Moten, and Sonny White keep green the memory of a far lustier and yet more innocent era. Don Frye is the solo pianist. The place is shut tight Sundays; Mondays are devoted to jam sessions. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Never mind the bar; the raison d'être is the fluent threnody that issues from the back room. It is made by the threesome headed by Billy Taylor, whose piano sounds like a very, very cool million, and the trio headed by Tal Farlow, whose electronic guitar has a mind of its own. The Taylors are off duty Sundays, the Farlows on Mondays. They come to work around nine. Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude,* is at the piano from six to around nine most evenings, and all night Sundays and Mondays. Saturday is his day of rest. . . . **CAMEO,** 139 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-5285): Barbara Carroll, a young lady who believes there's room for tenderness as well as technique in progressive piano, is tooling along with her trio; Teddy Wilson, the legendary pianist of a less introspective generation, is rollicking along with another triad of performers. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The matchless Dizzy Gillespie and his sixteen disciples of the who's-got-the-melody creed are in town for the moment, breaking the jump between Ascension Island and Outer Mongolia. Horace Silver's quintet is there, too. On Thursday, Nov. 8, Duke Ellington's men in deep blue and the quartet of Norm Amadio will be taking over the shop. Monday nights, guest artists assemble to make jam. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The important inhabitant of the circular bar is the trio of Joe Castro, an accomplished West Coast piano technician who is still getting his thoughts in order. Starting time is ten; no action Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Musicians being shot out of the mouth of a cannon aimed straight at you. Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Tony Parenti, and Claude Hopkins are the principal participants in the barrage, which is just about continuous from 3:30 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): A weekend release for young animal spirits. The wherewithal, baked in Dixie, will probably be provided on Saturday, Nov. 3, by Bobby Hackett, Coleman Hawkins, Buck Clayton, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Joe Marsala, Vic Dickenson, Sonny Greer, and Jimmy Rushing. The parade begins at nine. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another weekend contact with the glorious past. Among the unreconstructed Dixiecrats due on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 2-3, are the Conrad Janis tailgaters, Pee Wee Erwin, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Willie the Lion Smith, Art Trappier, and Zutty Singleton. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Classes in advanced laboratory work, operating under primitive conditions, which are bound to produce a few misses along with the direct hits. Randy Weston's quartet on Thursday, Nov. 1; next evening, the fourth-dimensional quartets belonging to Roy Eldridge and Phineas Newborn, Jr., will settle in. Closed Tuesdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

CHARLES ADDAMS—About fifty black-and-white drawings, all of which appeared in this magazine at one time or another. The theme is New York City, where, if Mr. Addams is to be believed, some very odd things go on. Through Dec. 2. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

PAUL CADMUS—Tourists in Italy are depicted in his latest paintings and drawings; through Nov. 17. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

VIEIRA DA SILVA—Oil and gouache abstractions painted in Paris, most of them this year; through Dec. 1. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

JOSÉ DE CREEFT—Sculptures completed during the last two years, plus his well-known 1928 stovepipe construction, "The Picador;" through Nov. 17. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

JEAN DE MARCO AND CLARA FASANO—Sculptures in stone by Mr. de Marco and in terra cotta by Miss Fasano, his wife; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Wellons, 17 E. 64th St. Weekdays, noon to 8.)

VICTOR DE PAUW—Oils, gouaches, and water colors of the last two years, making up his eighth solo show in New York; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Petite Galerie, 129 W. 56th St. Weekdays, 10 to 7.)

BALCOMB GREENE—His newest oils deal with figures and the sea; through Nov. 17. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM R. LEIGH—A ninetieth-anniversary roundup of the Indian, cowboy, and animal paintings for which this artist, who died last year, was famous; through Nov. 20. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

LE-THI-AN—A group of Japanese scroll paintings, or *kakemonos,* in which traditional subjects are treated with quite modern vigor and originality; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Argent, 236 E. 60th St.)

EUGENE LUDINS—Principally landscapes, with some seascapes and figures, all painted since

1953; through Nov. 17. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Georges Mathieu—A dozen oils (1956) by one of France's younger abstractionists; through Nov. 17. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Edward Millman—Abstractions (paintings and drawings) having to do with plant and flower forms; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

Amedeo Modigliani—Thirty-five water colors and drawings, hitherto unshown, from the collection of the late Sydney G. Biddle, of Philadelphia; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Kenzo Okada—Gently poetic abstractions by a Japanese artist now living in this country; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Abbott Pattison—Abstract sculptures, primarily in bronze or brass and widely varied in design; through Saturday, Nov. 3. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5, and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)

Alfred Rogoway—Small paintings in a cheerful mingling of the Expressionist and the naïve; through Thursday, Nov. 8. (Barone, 202 E. 51st St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

Kurt Schwitters—Fifty-seven collages, dated 1919-47; through Nov. 17. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Toti Scialoja—Sinuously patterned Abstract Expressionist paintings, by a contemporary Italian artist; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

William Scott—Still-lifes and nudes are included in this English modern's first local one-man exhibit of paintings and drawings; through Nov. 17. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Harry Sternberg—More than fifty oils by this artist, teacher, lecturer, and author; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Twenty canvases by the Mexican abstractionist; through Nov. 17. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Wang Chi-yuan—Ink-and-wash paintings, traditional in style, plus some interesting examples of Chinese calligraphic patterns; through Friday, Nov. 9. (China House, 125 E. 65th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Yektai—Abstract oils by a young Iranian-born American artist; through Nov. 17. (Associated American Artists, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

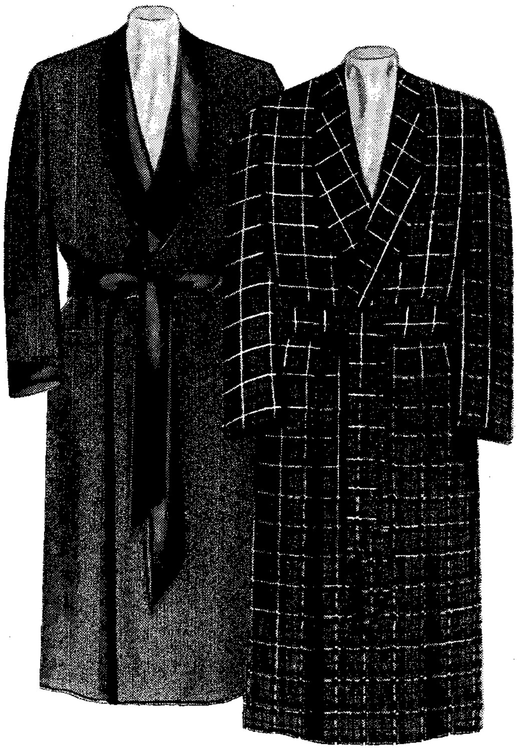
Zao Wou-ki—A brief retrospective, 1950-56, of paintings by this Chinese artist, now one of the leaders of the younger Paris abstractionists; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

The Nude in Painting—A loan exhibition of fifteenth- to twentieth-century paintings by, among others, Tintoretto, Rubens, Gauguin, Picasso, and Modigliani; for the benefit of Recording for the Blind, Inc. Through Dec. 1. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

"Salute to 'Modern Art USA' "—A series of exhibits arranged in conjunction with the publication of Rudi Blesh's book on modern American art—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Recent paintings and sculptures by, for instance, Stuart Davis, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and Ben Shahn; through Saturday, Nov. 3. . . . **DUVEEN-GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: New paintings, richly varied in color and pattern, by Stanton Macdonald-Wright, a founder of the early Synchromist movement in Paris; through Saturday, Nov. 3. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An exhibition celebrating the opening of their new gallery and their tenth anniversary, with paintings and sculptures by Arthur Osver, George Morrison, Byron Browne, and other members; through Nov. 14. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: William Glackens, George Luks, John Sloan, and the other painters of the group known as the Eight; through Saturday, Nov. 3.

Sculptures—At the **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Part II of a showing of works ranging in point of time from Rodin to Lipchitz; through Saturday, Nov. 3. . . . **GALERIE CHALETTE**, 45 W. 57th St.: Fifty-odd pieces by eleven modern British sculptors, many of them little known here; through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 6.)

Drawings—Examples, dating from the fifteenth



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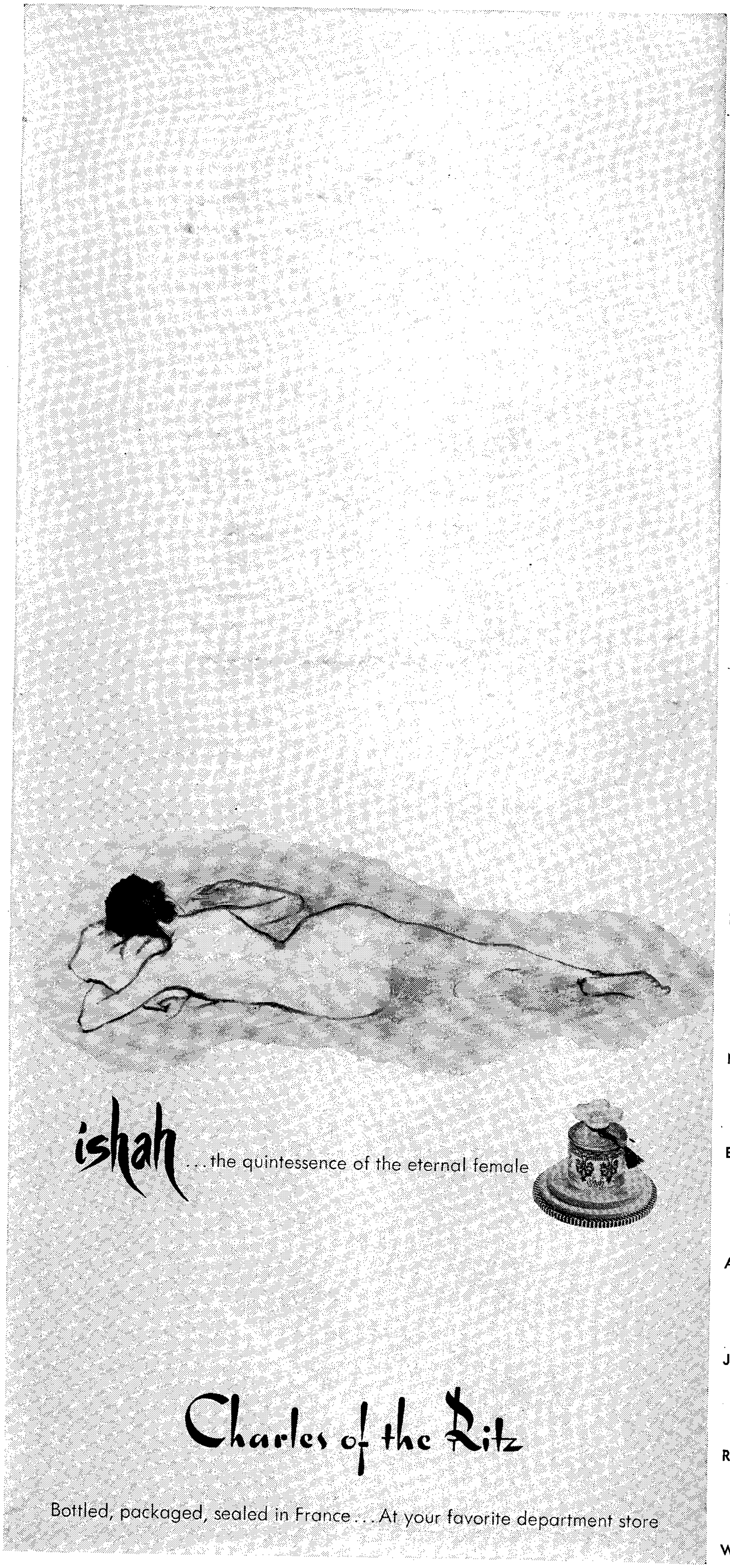
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

century to the present time, by European and American artists, including Martin Schongauer, Gainsborough, and Pavel Tchelitchew; through Nov. 24. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Young Artists of the Near East—A travelling display of paintings, textiles, ceramics, and sculptures from eight countries (Greece, Turkey, Syria, Lebanon, Iraq, Bahrein, Egypt, and Ethiopia), sponsored by the Near East College Association; through Wednesday, Nov. 7. (Carnegie Endowment International Center, 345 E. 46th St. Daily, 10 to 6.)

Americans; Group Show—The opening show at the new Babcock Galleries consists of oils and water colors by regular members, including Samuel Adler, John Costigan, Sol Wilson, and George Rátkai; through Nov. 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Works in various mediums by such modern masters as François Kupka, Fernand Léger, and Gino Severini; through Nov. 30. . . . **E. & A. SILBERMAN**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twelve contemporary British painters and sculptors, from Francis Bacon to Graham Sutherland, in a large and interesting showing; through Saturday, Nov. 10.

Some of Next Week's Openings—At **CARSTAIRS**, 11 E. 57th St.: Bernard Lamotte; starting Tuesday, Nov. 6. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Stuart Davis; starting Tuesday, Nov. 6. . . . **DUVEEN-GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Laura Ziegler; starting Tuesday, Nov. 6. . . . **FIEGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Vaclav Vytlacil; starting Wednesday, Nov. 7. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Gordon Grant; starting Tuesday, Nov. 6. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Henry Schnakenberg; starting Monday, Nov. 5. . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Stephen Etnier; starting Monday, Nov. 5. . . . **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Ad Reinhardt; starting Monday, Nov. 5. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Corot; starting Monday, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 41 E. 57th St.; starting Tuesday, Nov. 6. **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.; starting Tuesday, Nov. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A circularly mounted hundred-and-sixty-five-foot-long panorama of the palace and gardens of Versailles, painted by the American John Vanderlyn in 1818-19, and, in an adjoining room, related exhibits of prints and drawings. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5. The Versailles rooms will be closed on Election Day.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Masters of British Painting, 1800-1950," some hundred paintings by thirty artists, from Turner and Constable to Graham Sutherland and Ben Nicholson; through Dec. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A loan exhibit of religious paintings, from the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries, by such artists as Giovanni Bellini, Titian, Rubens, and El Greco; through Nov. 13. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A series of thirty-one Tibetan tankas, or banner paintings, done by Buddhist priests in the early eighteenth century; through Nov. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by Yehoshua Kovarsky, who was born in Vilna, lived for many years in Israel, and is now a resident of New York; through Nov. 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The sixteenth annual exhibition of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors, comprising a hundred items by its eighty-nine members; starting Sunday, Nov. 4. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A selec-

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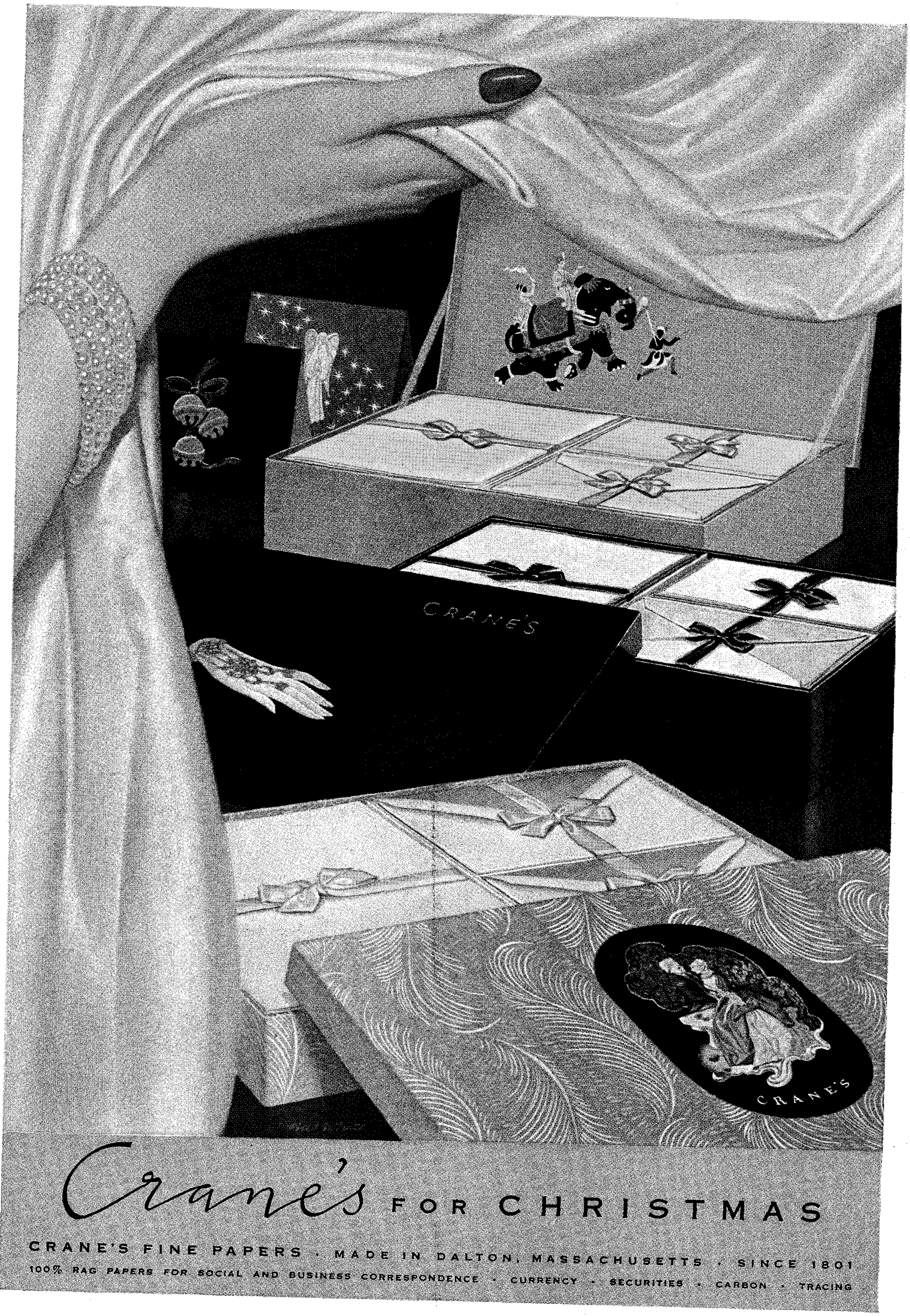

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tion of paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection; through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Sculptures, constructions, paintings, and drawings are included in a retrospective of the work of Theodore Roszak; through Nov. 11. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Friday, Nov. 2, at 8: "Soirée," a ballet, with Mary Ellen Moylan and Pierre Lacotte; and "Don Pasquale," with Hilde Gueden, Fernando Corena, Cesare Valletti, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 2: "Norma," with Maria Meneghini Callas, Fedora Barbieri, Mario Del Monaco, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, Daniele Barioni, and Enzo Sordello. (A benefit for the Mizrachi Women's Organization of America; for tickets, call GR 7-4720 before 2 on Friday.) . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Zinka Milanov, Fedora Barbieri, Kurt Baum, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Norma," with Maria Meneghini Callas, Fedora Barbieri, Mario Del Monaco, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, Daniele Barioni, and Enzo Sordello. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mattiwilda Dobbs, Rosalind Elias, Jan Peerce, Leonard Warren, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 1: "Die Meistersinger," with Lucine Amara, Martha Lipton, Albert Da Costa, Otto Edelmann, and Gerhard Pechner. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Norma," with Maria Meneghini Callas, Fedora Barbieri, Mario Del Monaco, and Cesare Siepi.

New York City Opera Company—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, Nov. 1: "Rigoletto.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 2: "Orpheus in the Underworld" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 3: "Rigoletto." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, Nov. 1, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 2, at 2:30 (both with Robert Casadesus, piano). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:45 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Sunday, Nov. 4, at 2:30 (with Betty Jean Hagen, violin); and Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 9, at 2:30 (both with Byron Janis, piano).

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—Carl Schuricht conducting the first of two concerts to be presented here during the orchestra's first American tour. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting the opening performance of the season, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Saidenberg Little Symphony—Daniel Saidenberg conducting, with the New York Woodwind Quintet. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:40.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Honegger's "King David," with Ray Middleton, narrator; Ellen Faull, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Howard Jarratt, tenor; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

John Harms Chorus—John Harms directing Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," in concert form, and Scarlatti's "Cantata Pastorale,"

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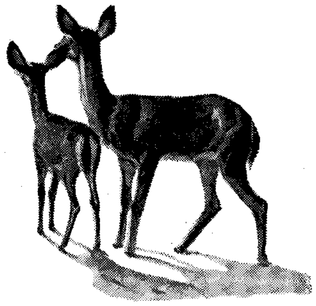
At the start of the Christmas Trail



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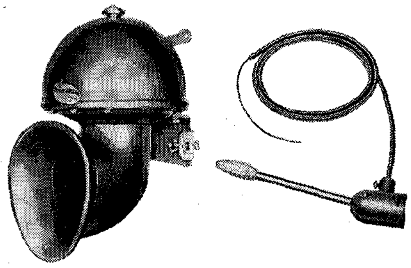

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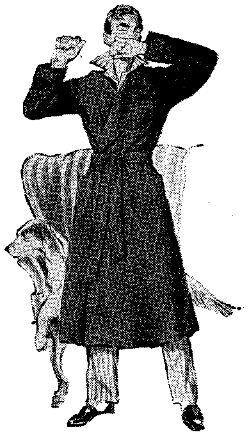

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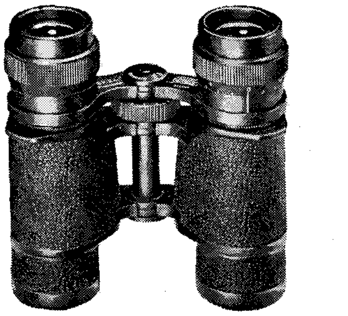

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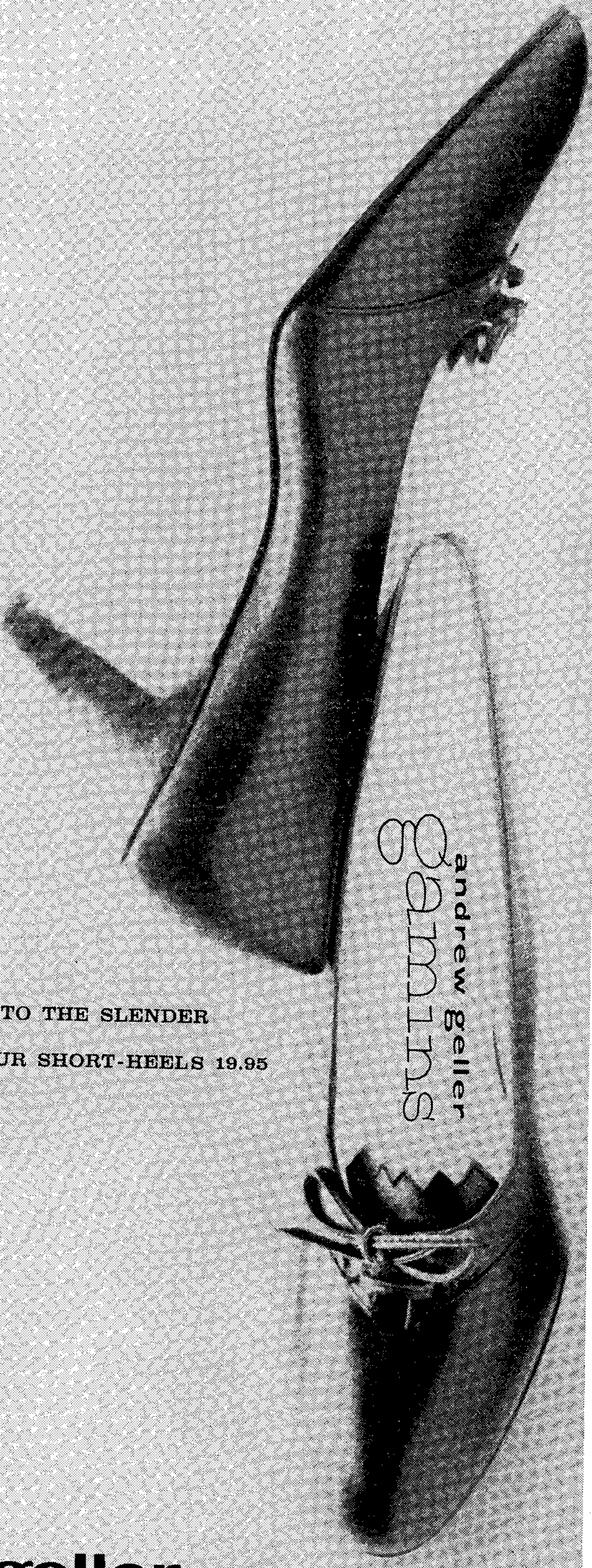

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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RECITALS

Marais and Miranda—Balladeers, in the third and fourth programs in a series of five called "Creative Minstrelsy and the World of Folk Song." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Nov. 1, and Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

Leon Fleisher—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

Parrenin Quartet—Chamber music by a group from Paris. (High School of Fashion Industries, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—Baritone, in Schubert's song cycle "Die Winterreise." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica Antiqua—A program of Tudor and Elizabethan music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 3-4, at 8:40.)

Cesare Siepi—Bass. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 8:30.)

Sergio Perticaroli—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8:30. Unfortunately, all seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Quintetto Boccherini—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

Clifford Curzon—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—Dave Brubeck's quartet and others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Billie Holiday, Coleman Hawkins, Buck Clayton, Roy Eldridge, Chico Hamilton's quintet, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:30 and at midnight.)

Calypso Programs—The Trinidad Steel Band. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Every Saturday during the month of November at 8:30 and 11:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Miguel Berrios vs. Gabriel (Flash) Elorde, featherweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 9. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 3: Army vs. Colgate, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Pennsylvania, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Baltimore, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 10: Army vs. William and Mary, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Cornell, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Pennsylvania, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Nov. 7: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10: Rangers vs. Detroit. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Tuesday, Nov. 6. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:45.)

Hunt Racing—Virginia Fall Race Meeting.

(Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 3.)... ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 10.)

RACING—At **JAMAICA:** Weekdays at 1; through Thursday, Nov. 15. The Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 3, and the Remsen, Tuesday, Nov. 6. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, Nov. 6. The Vineland Handicap, Tuesday, Nov. 6. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)... **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Nov. 12. The Selima, Saturday, Nov. 10.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:30; through Friday, Nov. 30. (Buses for the track meet New York Central trains at Mount Vernon.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERTS—By the **CITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA:** Paul Vermel conducting. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Sunday, Nov. 4, at 3. No tickets necessary.)... **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting the opening children's concert of the season, with Robert Goss, baritone, and dancers. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

PLAY—The Traveling Playhouse presenting "Robin Hood." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Tuesday, Nov. 6, at 10:30 and 3.)

FOLK-SONG RECITALS—Oscar Brand. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 3, at 3. Tickets at the box office only after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.)... ¶ Marais and Miranda. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 3.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Exploring the Milky Way," views the stars and the nebulae in that vast system. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

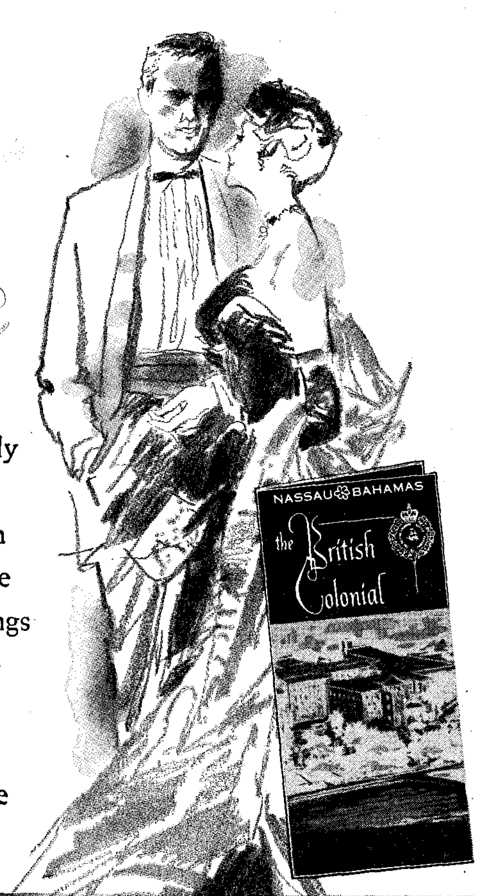
NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Election Day from 10 to 12.

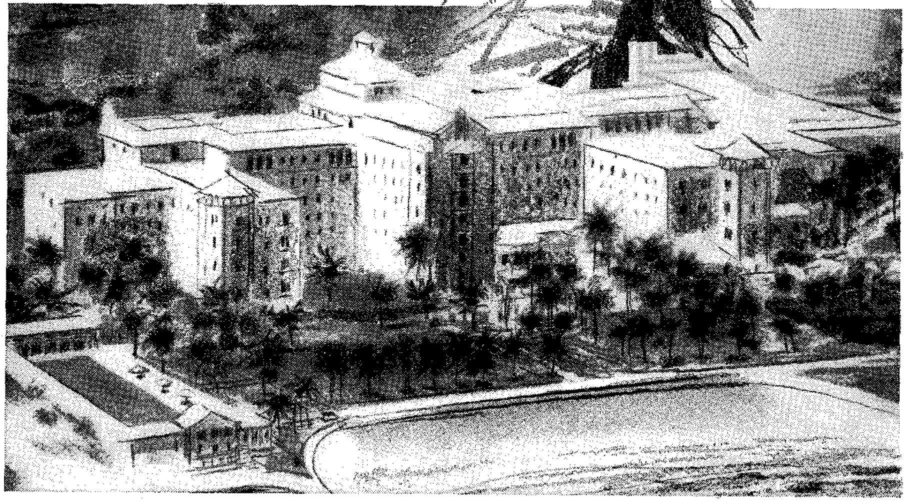
OTHER EVENTS

ELECTION DAY—The hours for voting on Tuesday, Nov. 6, are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

UNITED NATIONS—With so many rumbles, pops, and bangs audible in the world's atmosphere, it's hard to say just what topic will be engaging the organization's attention at any given moment. But there's always something going on—Security Council meetings, for instance, as well as regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. The General Assembly is scheduled to convene on Nov. 12. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30.

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—At **MC MILLIN THEATRE:** Robert Frost reading from his own poetry, Monday, Nov. 5.... ¶ A group of actors, sponsored by Helen Hayes, in "Lovers, Villains, and Fools," a program of excerpts from Shakespeare; Wednesday, Nov. 7. (Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Evenings at 8:30.)... **KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM,** Y.M.H.A.: Truman Capote reading from his





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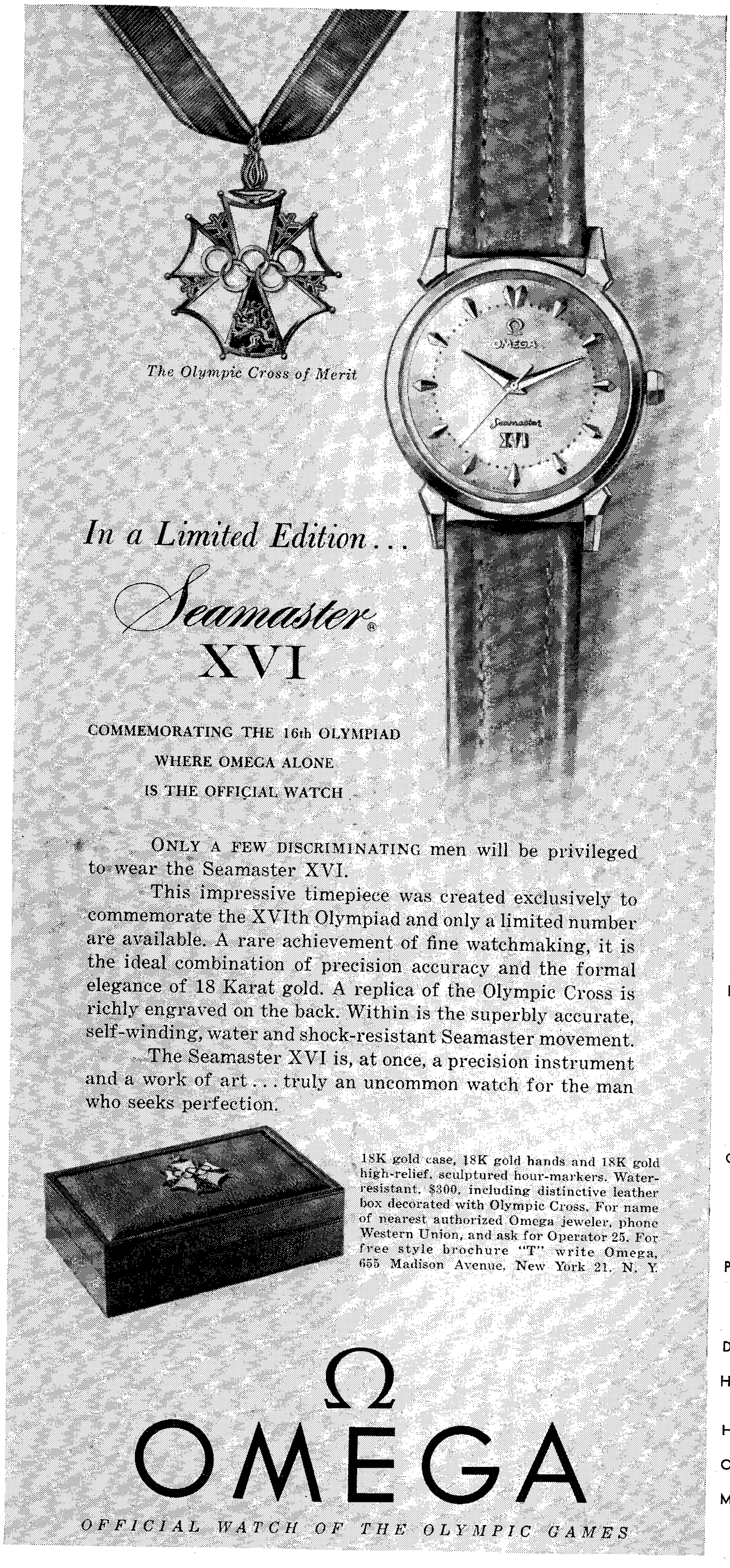

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

own works. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8:40.)

"As on a Billboard"—An exhibition of thirty stage and movie posters, turned out between 1894 and 1921 by Otto Lambert Grever, to publicize such productions as "Shore Acres," "The Fortune Hunter," and "The Miracle;" through Jan. 31. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays, except Election Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Over a hundred political cartoons tracing the history of Presidential campaigns from the time of Jefferson to the present, together with campaign posters, songbooks, sheet music, buttons, badges, and lithographs; through Nov. 15.... ¶ "Country Houses on Manhattan Island," a pictorial display by artists, lithographers, and photographers covering the years 1750-1860. Among the more than fifty residences represented are those of John Jacob Astor, Alexander Hamilton, and Aaron Burr. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, Nov. 1-2, at 1:45: Chinese porcelains and furniture, and Oriental decorative objects; from the estate of Allen J. Mercher and from an anonymous New York collector.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 3, at 1:45: Mainly eighteenth-century French and English furniture and decorations, belonging to Milton A. Kimmelman and others.... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 7-8, at 1:45: Library sets, first editions, and other literary material; from several collectors, among them Mrs. A. A. McFall.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Nov. 3, showings at 3 and 5:30: "David Harum" (1934), with Will Rogers and Louise Dresser.... ¶ Nov. 4-7, showings at 3: "What Price Glory?" (1926), with Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, and Dolores Del Rio. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Boxing—Bob Baker vs. Harold Carter, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 16.)... ¶ Tony DeMarco vs. Gaspar Ortega, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 23.)... ¶ Archie Moore vs. Floyd Patterson, 15 rounds, for the World Heavyweight Championship. (Chicago. Nov. 30.)... ¶ Ray Robinson vs. Gene Fullmer, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Dec. 12.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, NOV. 17:** Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven.... **THANKSGIVING DAY:** Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia.... **SATURDAY, NOV. 24:** Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge, and Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton.... **SATURDAY, DEC. 1:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia.

Professional Football—At Yankee Stadium—Giants vs. Chicago Cardinals, Nov. 11; Giants vs. Chicago Bears, Nov. 25; Giants vs. Washington Redskins, Dec. 2; and Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, Dec. 9.

Dog Show—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Dec. 8.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Nov. 14, 17, 21, 25, and 28, and Dec. 2, 5, and 9.

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Nov. 24-25.)

Olympic Games—At Melbourne, Australia, Nov. 22-Dec. 8.

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 20.... **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7460): The Philharmonic-Symphony season continues through May 12.

. . . ¶ Gabriel Banat, violin, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Nov. 14 and 17 (opening performances here) and Dec. 12 and 15. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Symphony of the Air, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Nov. 20 and Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Singing Boys of Norway, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ "The Soldier," by Lehman Engel, and John Gay's "The Beggar's Opera," both in concert form, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Paul Zukofsky, violin, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Maryla Jonas, piano, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Nathan Milstein, violin, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Jorge Bolet, piano, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Andor Foldes, piano, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Mantovani's orchestra, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society, Dec. 14. . . . TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): American Chamber Orchestra, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Knickerbocker Chamber Players, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Cantata Singers, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Nov. 26 and 27. . . . ¶ The glee clubs of Brown, Cornell, and Yale in a joint concert, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Whittemore and Lowe, duo piano, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Paul Badura-Skoda and Joerg Demus, duo piano, Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Mildred Miller, mezzo-soprano, Dec. 9. . . . ¶ American Concert Choir and Orchestra, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ New York University Glee Club, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Tito Gobbi, baritone, Dec. 15. . . . HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (RE 7-8490): Jussi Bjoerling, tenor, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Societa Corelli, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Irmgard Seefried, soprano, Dec. 7. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Glenn Gould, piano, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ American Opera Society, Nov. 18.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Child of Fortune," an adaptation by Guy Bolton of Henry James's novel "Wings of the Dove," with Edmund Purdom, Nancy Wickwire, Pippa Scott, and Mildred Dunnock. . . . ¶ Sylvia Sidney and Luther Adler in "A Very Special Baby," a play by Robert Alan Aurthur. . . . ¶ A musical, "Li'l Abner," based on the characters created by Al Capp, with a book by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, lyrics by Johnny Mercer, music by Gene de Paul, and a cast headed by Edith Adams and Peter Palmer. . . . ¶ Shelley Winters in a play by N. Richard Nash called "Girls of Summer." . . . ¶ A musical version of Voltaire's "Candide," with a book by Lillian Hellman, a score by Leonard Bernstein, and lyrics mostly by Richard Wilbur. (Other contributors are Dorothy Parker and the late John Latouche.) In the cast are Max Adrian, Robert Rounseville, Barbara Cook, Carmen Mathews, and Irra Petina. . . . ¶ Walter Pidgeon in "The Happiest Millionaire," a play by Kyle Crichton taken from "My Philadelphia Father," the book he wrote with Cordelia Drexel Biddle. . . . ¶ The New York City Center Theatre Company will continue its season with a revival of Tennessee Williams' "The Glass Menagerie," starring Helen Hayes, and conclude with a revival of Thomas Heggen's and Joshua Logan's "Mister Roberts," starring Charlton Heston. . . . ¶ Elliott Nugent and Geraldine Fitzgerald in a play by Joseph Kramm, "Build with One Hand." . . . ¶ A musical, "Bells Are Ringing," with Judy Holliday and Sidney Chaplin. Betty Comden and Adolph Green did the book and lyrics, and Jule Styne is responsible for the music. . . . ¶ Menasha Skulnik in a comedy by Julie Berns and Irving Elman called "Uncle Willie." . . . ¶ "Night of the Auk," a play by Arch Oboler in which Claude Rains, Wendell Corey, and Christopher Plummer will appear. . . . ¶ Ethel Merman and Fernando Lamas in "Happy Hunting," Howard Lindsay's and Russel Crouse's new musical. Matt Dubey wrote the lyrics and Harold Karr the music.

POETRY READINGS—At KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM, Y.M.H.A. (TR 6-2366): Archibald MacLeish, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Marianne Moore, Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Louise Bogan, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Saul Bellow, Nov. 27. . . . MC MILLIN THEATRE (UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461): Ogden Nash, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ E. E. Cummings, Dec. 3.

OTHER DATES—Veterans' Day is Sunday, Nov. 11; Monday, Nov. 12, will be a holiday. . . . ¶ National Postage Stamp Show, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Nov. 16-18. . . . ¶ A total eclipse of the moon will take place the night of Nov. 17-18. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Thursday, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ National Automobile Show, at the Coliseum, Dec. 8-16.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe, with Michael Todd as cruise director. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne and written by S. J. Perelman, the film has a tremendous cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Attack! Something of a relief from all the movies in which every American officer is nothing less than an embodiment of the Boy Scout Oath. Eddie Albert is capable as a cowardly captain, and Jack Palance does a good job of portraying an upright lieutenant. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800; Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Nov. 7.)

The Ballet of Romeo and Juliet—An item for the balletomanes. The picture offers lovely color photography, a score by Prokofieff, and the artful dancing of Galina Ulanova, of Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre. There is also some trying pantomime. A Russian film (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Nov. 7, tentative.)

Giant—A Texas-size view of Texas that goes on for some two hours, leaving the cast, headed by Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, and James Dean, looking winded at the finish. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

Lust for Life—A superb account of Vincent van Gogh's career, in which excellent use is made of the Master's paintings. Kirk Douglas is extremely persuasive as van Gogh, and Anthony Quinn is a creditable Gauguin. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Marcelino—A gentle Spanish film in which a five-year-old named Pablito Calvo gives a beautiful performance as a waif being reared by some monks. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Moby Dick—John Huston's interpretation of the Melville novel has the virtue of displaying the excitement of the sea but is rather handicapped by the fact that Captain Ahab, as represented by Gregory Peck, looks something like a hotel doorman. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Nov. 4, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Nov. 7.)

Oklahoma!—The Rodgers and Hammerstein hymn to the cow country, in a big-screen, wide-lens version. Among the large, overpowering images thrown on the scren are those of Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Charlotte Greenwood, and Rod Steiger. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800; starting Nov. 2.)

Private's Progress—A thoroughly amusing English picture dealing with some military incompetents in the Second World War. Ian Carmichael is highly diverting as an innocent private. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Silent World—An absorbing French documentary that describes, in full color, assorted marvels encountered by Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau in his underwater explorations. With an English narration. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac—Judy Holliday at her funny best in an adaptation of the George Kaufman-Howard Teichmann play about a lady who, although she owns only a few shares in a business enterprise, manages to take charge of it by getting the other stockholders to rally round her. With Paul Douglas, Hiram Sherman, Fred Clark, and John Williams. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

La Strada—An Italian film that tells the strange tale of a carnival strong man, a girl whom he has purchased from her mother to serve as his slavey, and a philosophic clown. Overlong but interesting. Anthony Quinn plays the strong man, Giulietta Masina the girl, and Richard Basehart the clown. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

War and Peace—Sixty thousand horses and sixty thousand men (including Napoleon) cannot put Tolstoy together again. An overblown version of the classic, with Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda, Mel Ferrer, and Technicolor. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

Wee Geordie—The story of a youthful weakling in Scotland who takes a correspondence course in physical culture and winds up as the greatest hammer thrower ever seen. A British film that moves along amiably and has the benefit of some lovely Scottish scenery. Bill Travers, Alastair Sim, Norah Gorsen, and Paul Young are the principals. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

REVIVALS

The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)—Errol Flynn is the outlaw. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Nov. 5-6. . . . ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; and Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Nov. 6.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 6, tentative.)

Diabolique (1955)—How the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. A French film, with Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 6.)

High Noon (1952)—Sheriff-and-desperado stuff, with Gary Cooper taking on some malefactors. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 5-6.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747; through Nov. 4.)

The Life of Emile Zola (1937)—Paul Muni and the Dreyfus case. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 2-3.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Nov. 5-6, tentative.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. The dialogue is in both French and English. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Nov. 6, tentative.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—Labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Eva Marie Saint. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Nov. 4-6.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 2-3.)

The Prisoner (1955)—Alec Guinness, as an incarcerated cardinal, and Jack Hawkins, as his Communist inquisitor, in a Balkan country the Reds have taken over. An English film. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; and Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; through Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through Nov. 6.)

Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart in a comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Nov. 4-6.)

The Sheep Has Five Legs (1955)—Fernandel as a Gallic father and all five of the forty-year-old male quintuplets he has sired. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 6.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, and revolution in Mexico. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 5-6.)

The Wages of Fear (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin on a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747; through Nov. 4.)

The Window (1949)—About a persistent young fibber who happens to witness a real murder and can't get anybody to believe him. With Bobby Driscoll and Arthur Kennedy. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 6, tentative.)

The Yearling (1947)—An adaptation of the novel about a boy and a fawn in the Florida hinterlands. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Nov. 4-6.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 14.

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Bad Seed," Nancy Kelly, Patty McCormack.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
WAR AND PEACE.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Nov. 1: **ATTACK!**
From Nov. 2: **OKLAHOMA!**

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Friendly Persuasion," Gary Cooper, Dorothy McGuire.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Girl He Left Behind," Tab Hunter, Natalie Wood.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
GIANT.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Nov. 4: "Between Heaven and Hell," Robert Wagner, Terry Moore.
From Nov. 5: "Death of a Scoundrel," George Sanders, Yvonne De Carlo.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 2:40, 7:30, and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Special performance Election Day at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Nov. 4: **THE WAGES OF FEAR** (in French and English), revival; and **I AM A CAMERA**, revival.
From Nov. 5: "Woman of Rome" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Daniel Gelin.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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4	5	6	7			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 6 (tentative): **CITIZEN KANE**, revival; and **THE WINDOW**, revival.
From Nov. 7 (tentative): "Bullfight," a documentary film.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through Nov. 6: "Rififi," Jean Servais; and "The Bold and the Brave," Wendell Corey, Mickey Rooney.
From Nov. 7: "Back from Eternity," Robert Ryan, Anita Ekberg; and "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt," Dana Andrews, Joan Fontaine.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 6 (tentative): "High Society," Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly.
From Nov. 7 (tentative): "Bullfight," a documentary film.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Nov. 5: **THE PRISONER**, revival; and "The Power and the Prize," Robert Taylor, Elisabeth Mueller.
Nov. 6: **THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD**, revival; and "Colorado Territory," revival, Joel McCrea, Virginia Mayo.
From Nov. 7: **ATTACK!**; and "Rebel in Town," John Payne, Ruth Roman.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
LA STRADA (in Italian).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Grand Maneuver" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Gérard Philipe.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Nov. 6: "Rififi," Jean Servais; and "The Bold and the Brave," Wendell Corey, Mickey Rooney.
From Nov. 7: "Back from Eternity," Robert Ryan, Anita Ekberg; and "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt," Dana Andrews, Joan Fontaine.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
MARCELINO (in Spanish).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
LUST FOR LIFE.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Snow Was Black" (in French), Daniel Gelin, Marie Mansart.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through Nov. 3: "La Ronde" (in French), revival, Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux; and "Dédée" (in French), revival, Simone Signoret.
Nov. 4-6: **THE YEARLING**, revival; and "Susan Slept Here," revival, Dick Powell, Debbie Reynolds.
From Nov. 7: "Papa, Mama, the Maid, and I" (in French), Robert Lamoureux, Gaby Morlay; and "The Doctors" (in French).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Nov. 6 (tentative): "High Society," Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly.
From Nov. 7 (tentative): "Bullfight," a documentary film.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Nov. 7: "The Eddy Duchin Story," Tyrone Power, Kim Novak.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Nov. 5: **THE PRISONER**, revival; and "The Power and the Prize," Robert Taylor, Elisabeth Mueller.
Nov. 6: **THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD**, revival; and "Colorado Territory," revival, Joel McCrea, Virginia Mayo.
From Nov. 7: **ATTACK!**; and "Rebel in Town," John Payne, Ruth Roman.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 6: **DIABOLIQUE** (in French), revival; and **THE SHEEP HAS FIVE LEGS** (in French), revival.
From Nov. 7: "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist; and "The Game of Love" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Nicole Berger.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Nov. 3: "High Society," Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly.
Nov. 4: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and "The Story of Louis Pasteur," revival, Paul Muni, Josephine Hutchinson.
Nov. 5-6: **VIVA ZAPATA!**, revival; and **HIGH NOON**, revival.
From Nov. 7: "Bus Stop," Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 4 (tentative): **MOBY DICK.**
Nov. 5-6 (tentative): **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and "The Story of Louis Pasteur," revival, Paul Muni, Josephine Hutchinson.
From Nov. 7 (tentative): "Bullfight," a documentary film; and "Make Me an Offer," Peter Finch, Adrienne Corri.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 6: "Rififi," Jean Servais; and "The Bold and the Brave," Wendell Corey, Mickey Rooney.
From Nov. 7: "Back from Eternity," Robert Ryan, Anita Ekberg; and "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt," Dana Andrews, Joan Fontaine.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 4: **THE PRISONER**, revival; and "The Power and the Prize," Robert Taylor, Elisabeth Mueller.
Nov. 5-6: **THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD**, revival; and "Colorado Territory," revival, Joel McCrea, Virginia Mayo.
From Nov. 7: **ATTACK!**; and "Rebel in Town," John Payne, Ruth Roman.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Nov. 1: "High Society," Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly; and "Africa Adventure," revival, a documentary film written and narrated by Robert C. Ruark.
Nov. 2-3: **THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA**, revival; and **THE PETRIFIED FOREST**, revival.
Nov. 4-5: "The Fastest Gun Alive," Glenn Ford, Jeanne Crain; and "These Wilder Years," James Cagney, Barbara Stanwyck.
Nov. 6-7: "Autumn Leaves," Joan Crawford, Cliff Robertson; and "He Laughed Last," Frankie Laine, Lucy Marlowe.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 3 (tentative): "High Society," Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly.
Nov. 4-6 (tentative): "The Ambassador's Daughter," Olivia de Havilland, John Forsythe.
From Nov. 7 (tentative): "Bus Stop," Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Nov. 6 (tentative): **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY** (in French and English), revival; and "Adorable Creatures" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin, Martine Carol.
From Nov. 7 (tentative): **THE BALLET OF ROMEO AND JULIET.**

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)

Through Nov. 4: **THE PRISONER**, revival; and "The Power and the Prize," Robert Taylor, Elisabeth Mueller.
Nov. 5-6: **THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD**, revival; and "Colorado Territory," revival, Joel McCrea, Virginia Mayo.
From Nov. 7: **ATTACK!**; and "Rebel in Town," John Payne, Ruth Roman.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 3: **THE BALLET OF ROMEO AND JULIET**; and "Illicit Interlude" (in Swedish), revival, May Britt.
Nov. 4-6: **SABRINA**, revival; and **ON THE WATERFRONT**, revival.
From Nov. 7: **MOBY DICK**; and "The Animal World," a documentary.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Nov. 6: "Rififi," Jean Servais; and "The Bold and the Brave," Wendell Corey, Mickey Rooney.
From Nov. 7: "Back from Eternity," Robert Ryan, Anita Ekberg; and "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt," Dana Andrews, Joan Fontaine.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Nov. 3: "High Society," Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly; and "Showdown at Abilene," Jock Mahoney, Martha Hyer.
Nov. 4-5: "The Shepherd of the Hills," revival, Betty Field, John Wayne; and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," revival, Fred MacMurray, Sylvia Sidney.
Nov. 6-7: "Task Force," revival, Gary Cooper, Jane Wyatt; and "The Fighting 69th," revival, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
PRIVATE'S PROGRESS.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Vitelloni" (in Italian), Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 4: "Storm Center," Bette Davis, Brian Keith.
From Nov. 5: "The Rack," Paul Newman, Wendell Corey.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
WEE GEORDIE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE SILENT WORLD.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Nov. 6: **THE PRISONER**, revival; and "The Power and the Prize," Robert Taylor, Elisabeth Mueller.
From Nov. 7: **ATTACK!**; and "Rebel in Town," John Payne, Ruth Roman.

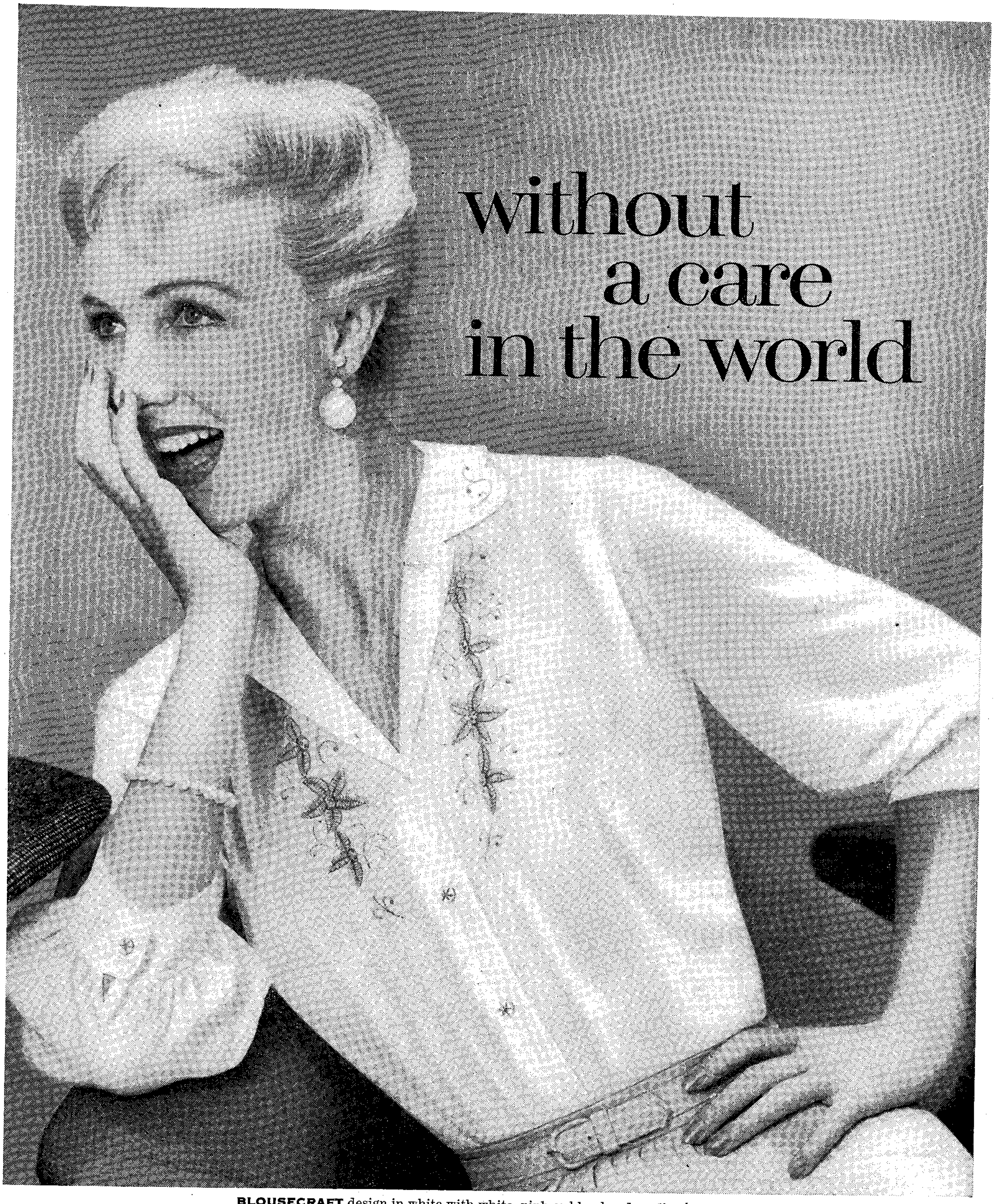
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 1: "The Ladykillers," Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker; and "Adorable Creatures" (in French), revival, Daniel Gelin, Martine Carol.
From Nov. 2: "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist; and "The Game of Love" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Nicole Berger.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Nov. 6: "Bus Stop," Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray; and "Abdullah's Harem," Gregory Ratoff, Kay Kendall.
From Nov. 7: "Back from Eternity," Robert Ryan, Anita Ekberg; and "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt," Dana Andrews, Joan Fontaine.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Nov. 4: "The Power and the Prize," Robert Taylor, Elisabeth Mueller; and "The Female Jungle," Jayne Mansfield.
Nov. 5-6: **THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD**, revival; and "Colorado Territory," revival, Joel McCrea, Virginia Mayo.
From Nov. 7: **ATTACK!**; and "Rebel in Town," John Payne, Ruth Roman.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Nov. 6: "Rififi," Jean Servais; and "The Bold and the Brave," Wendell Corey, Mickey Rooney.
From Nov. 7: "Back from Eternity," Robert Ryan, Anita Ekberg; and "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt," Dana Andrews, Joan Fontaine.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Nov. 6: "Rififi," Jean Servais; and "The Bold and the Brave," Wendell Corey, Mickey Rooney.
From Nov. 7: "Back from Eternity," Robert Ryan, Anita Ekberg; and "Beyond a Reasonable Doubt," Dana Andrews, Joan Fontaine.



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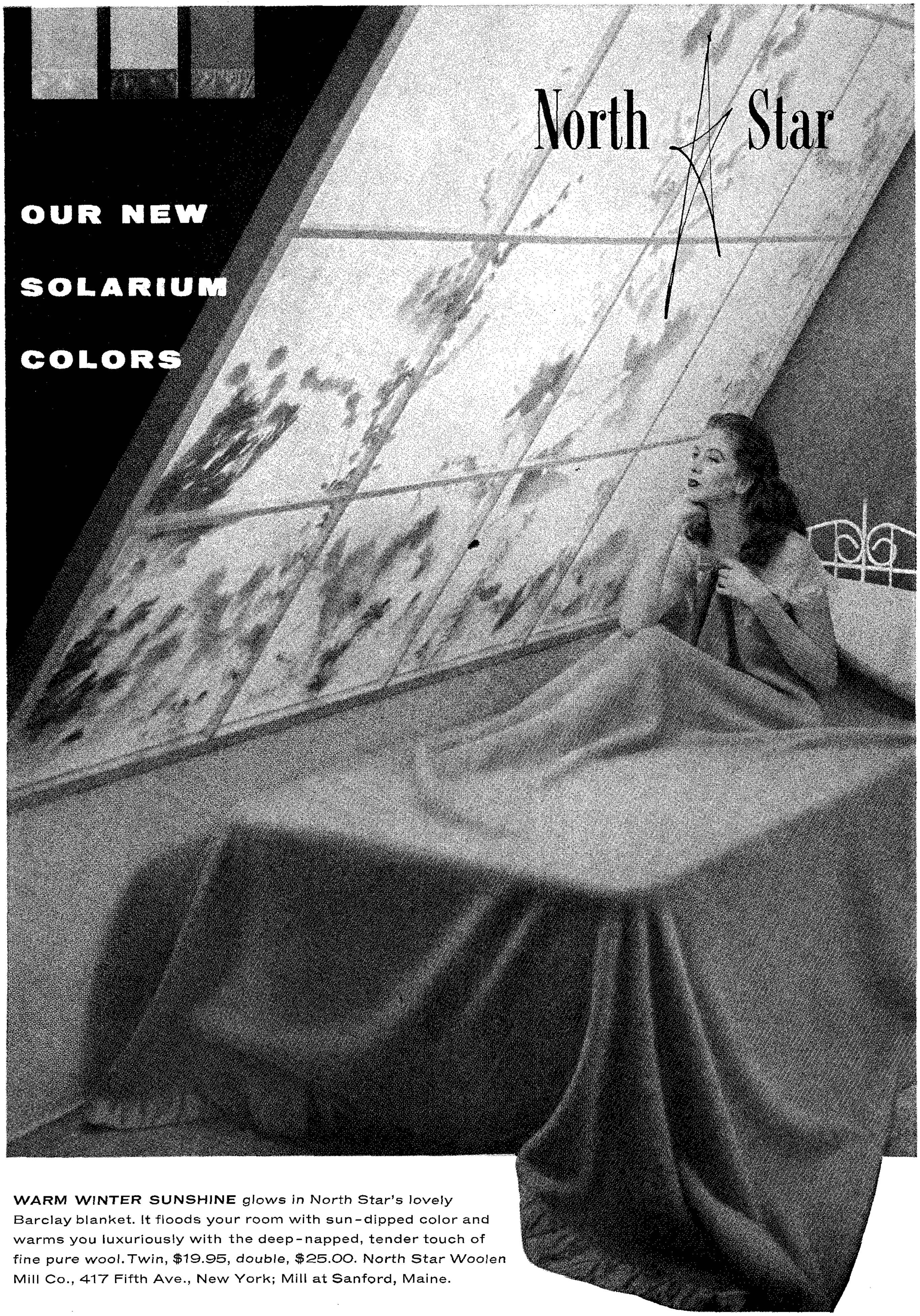

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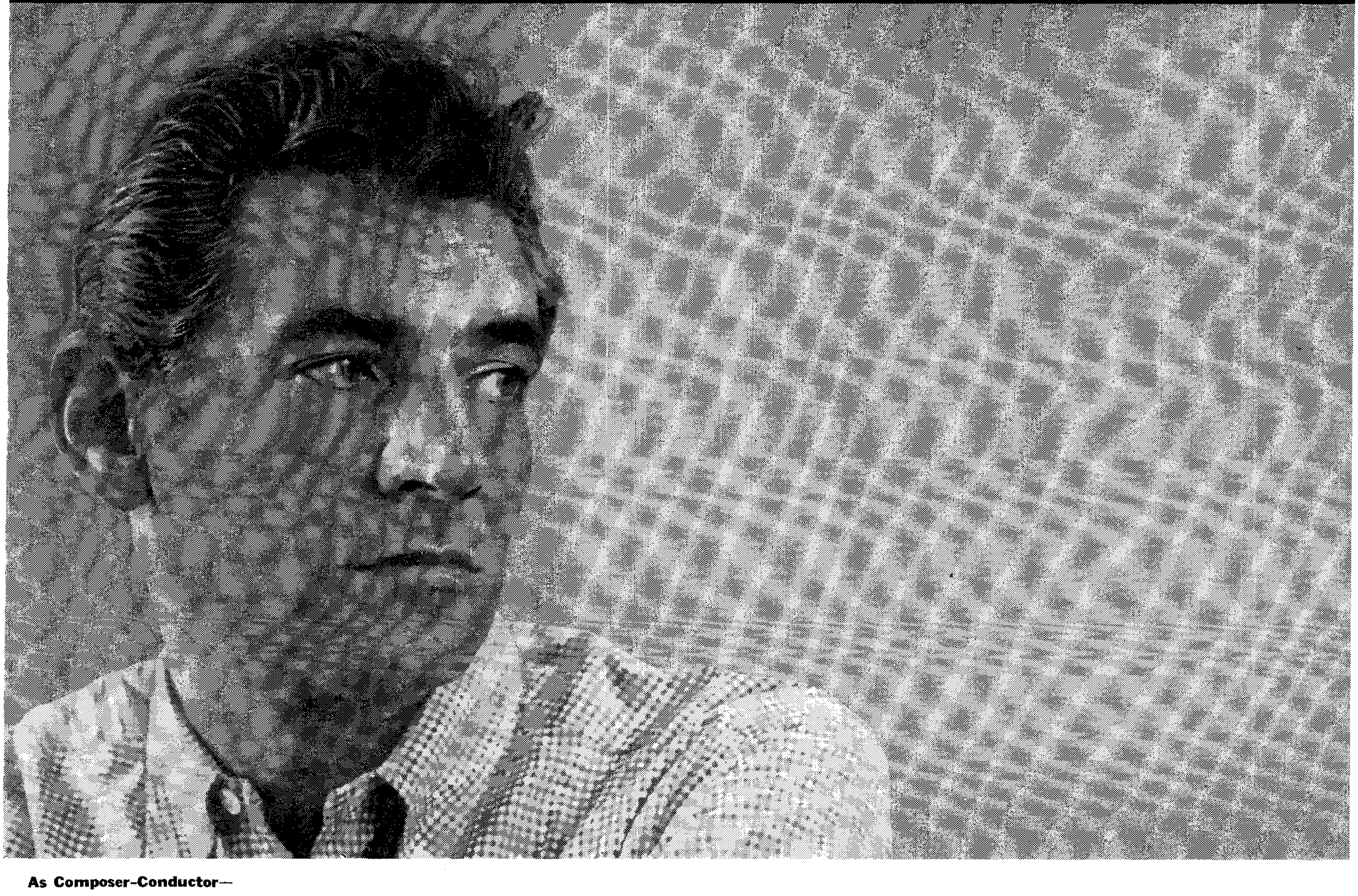

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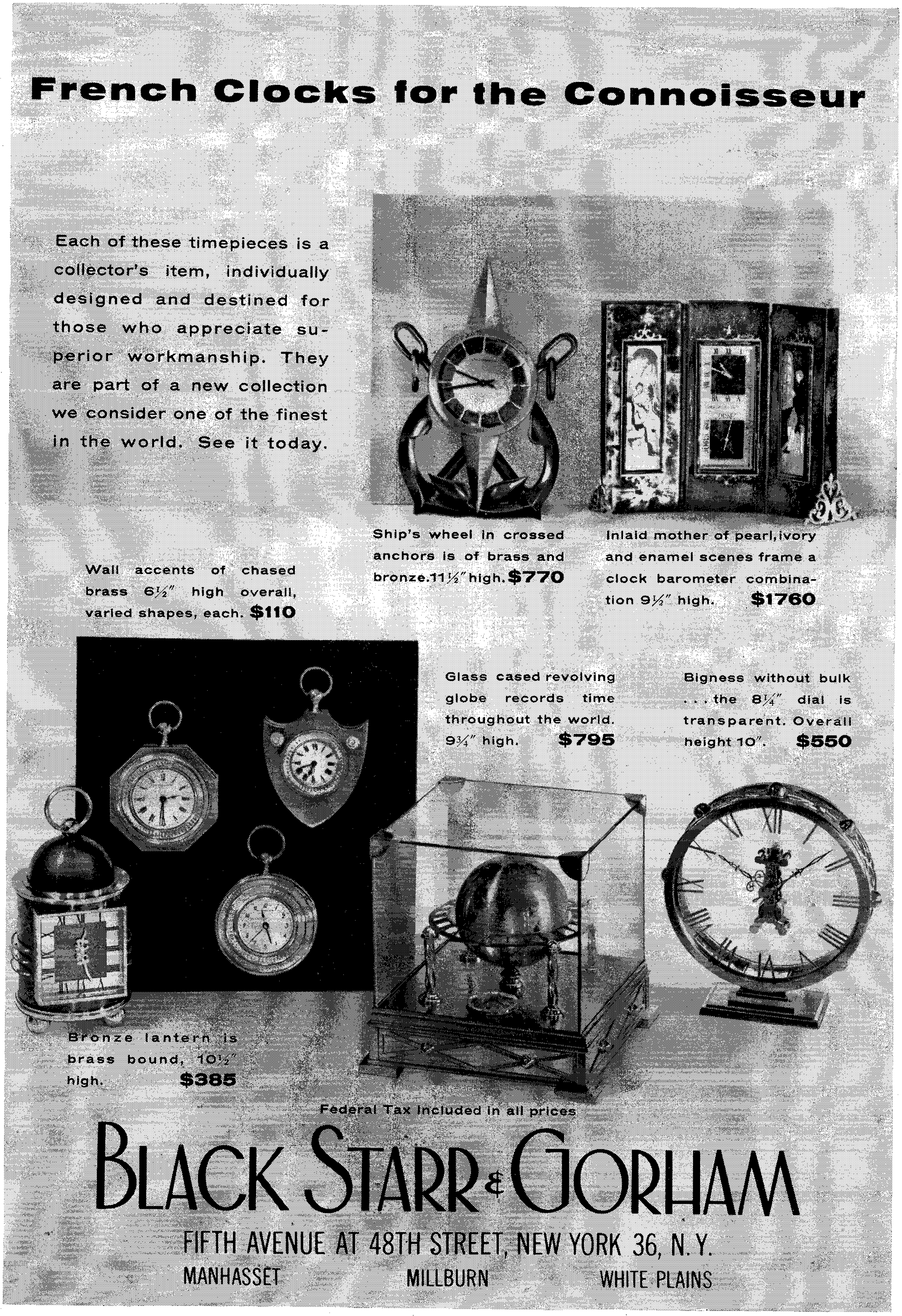

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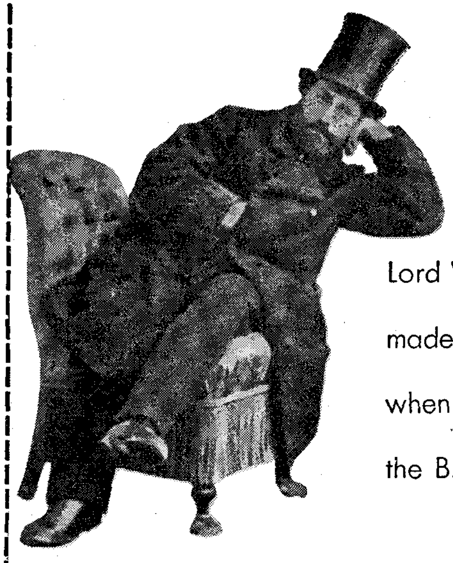
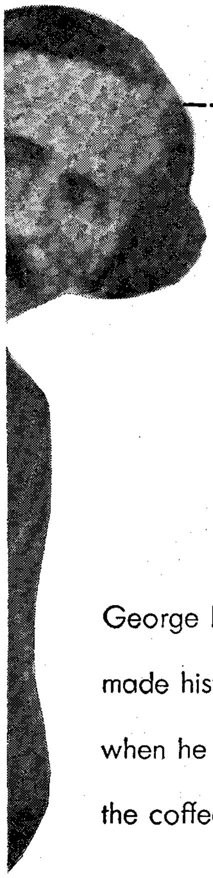


Lord Watercress
made history
when he originated
the Blue Monday.



George Richard Lather
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All entries become the property of Julius Kayser & Co. and none will be returned. All entries must be post marked no later than November 25, 1956. Entries may also be submitted by letter clearly numbering answers to correspond with numbered pictures. Officers, employees (and members of their immediate families) of the Company, its subsidiaries or advertising agencies are not eligible to enter the contest. All entries are limited to residents of continental United States over 21 years of age. This contest is subject to all federal, state and local laws and regulations. The contest will be judged by a group of prejudiced advertising experts.

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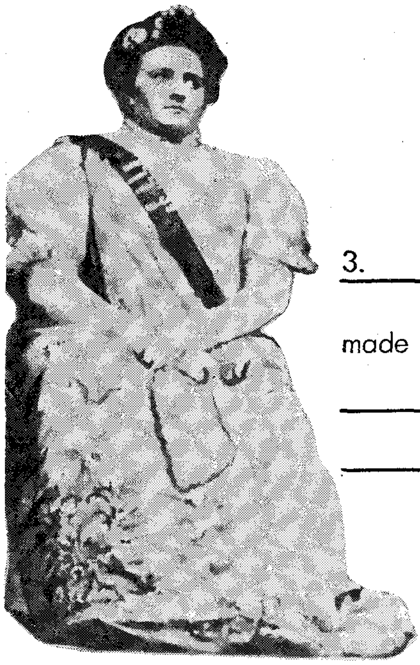

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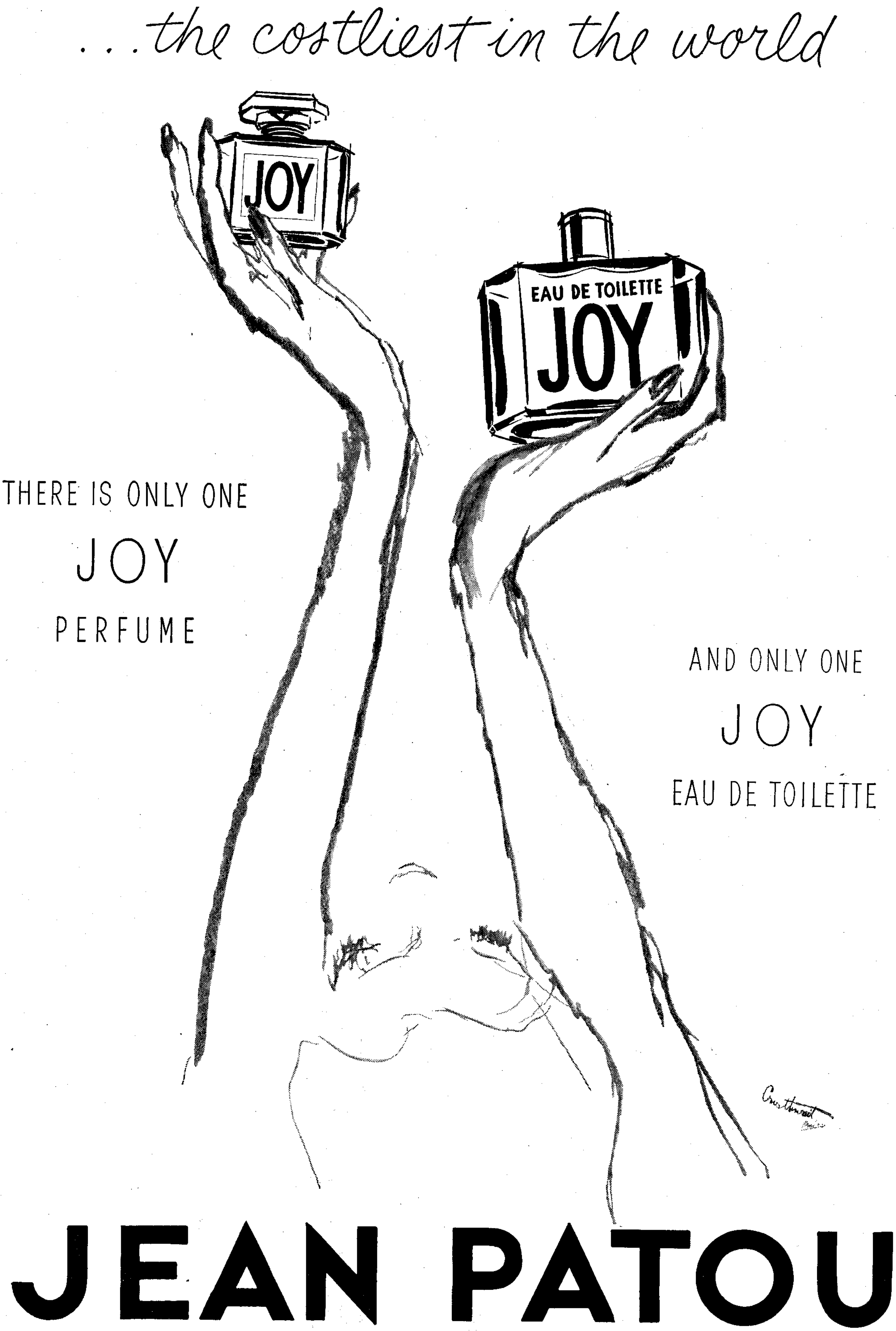

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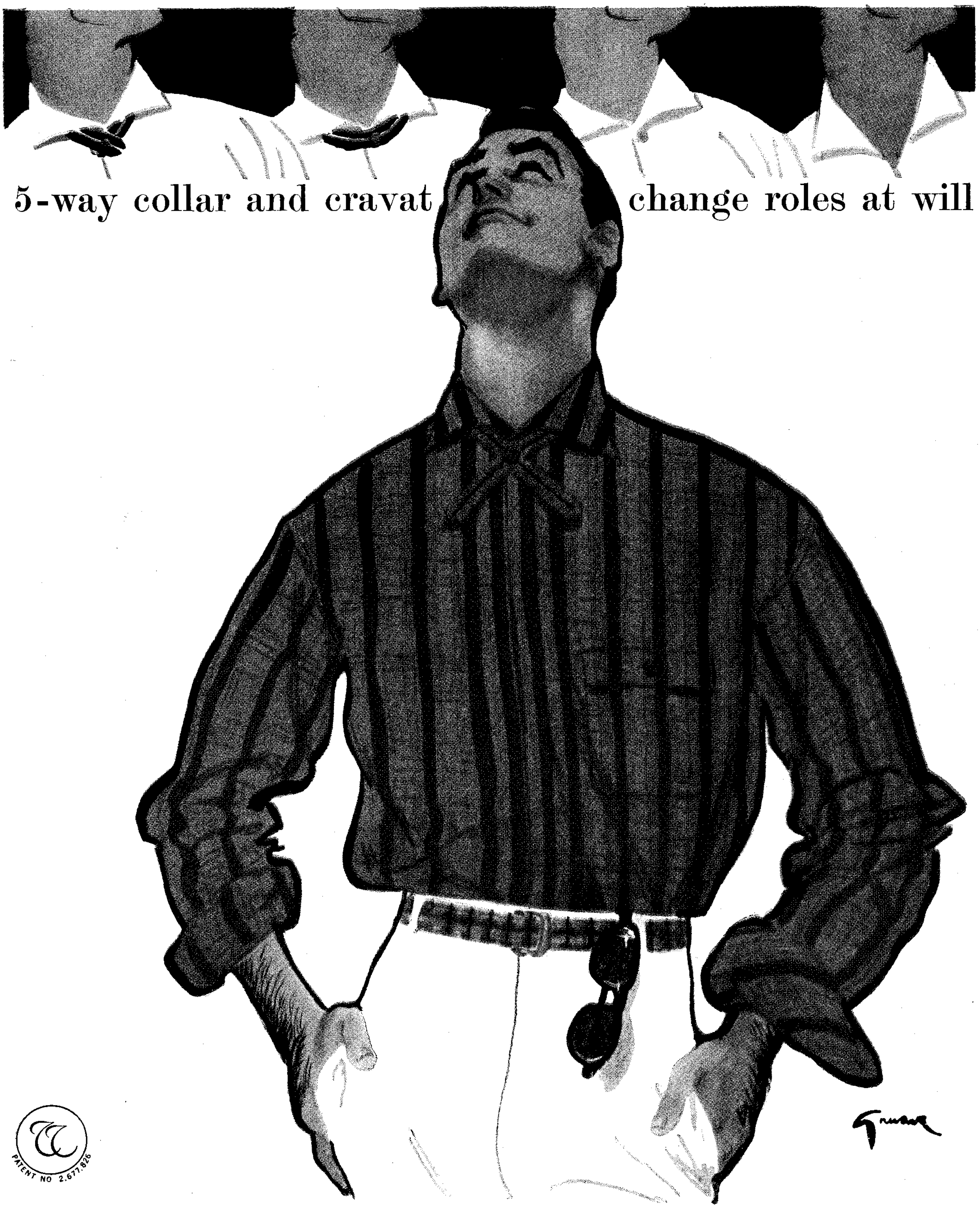

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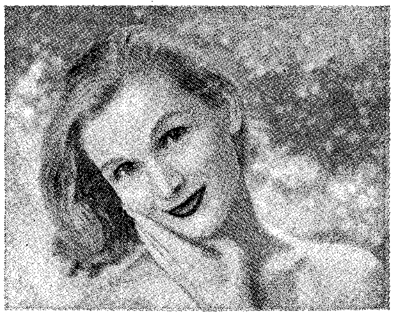

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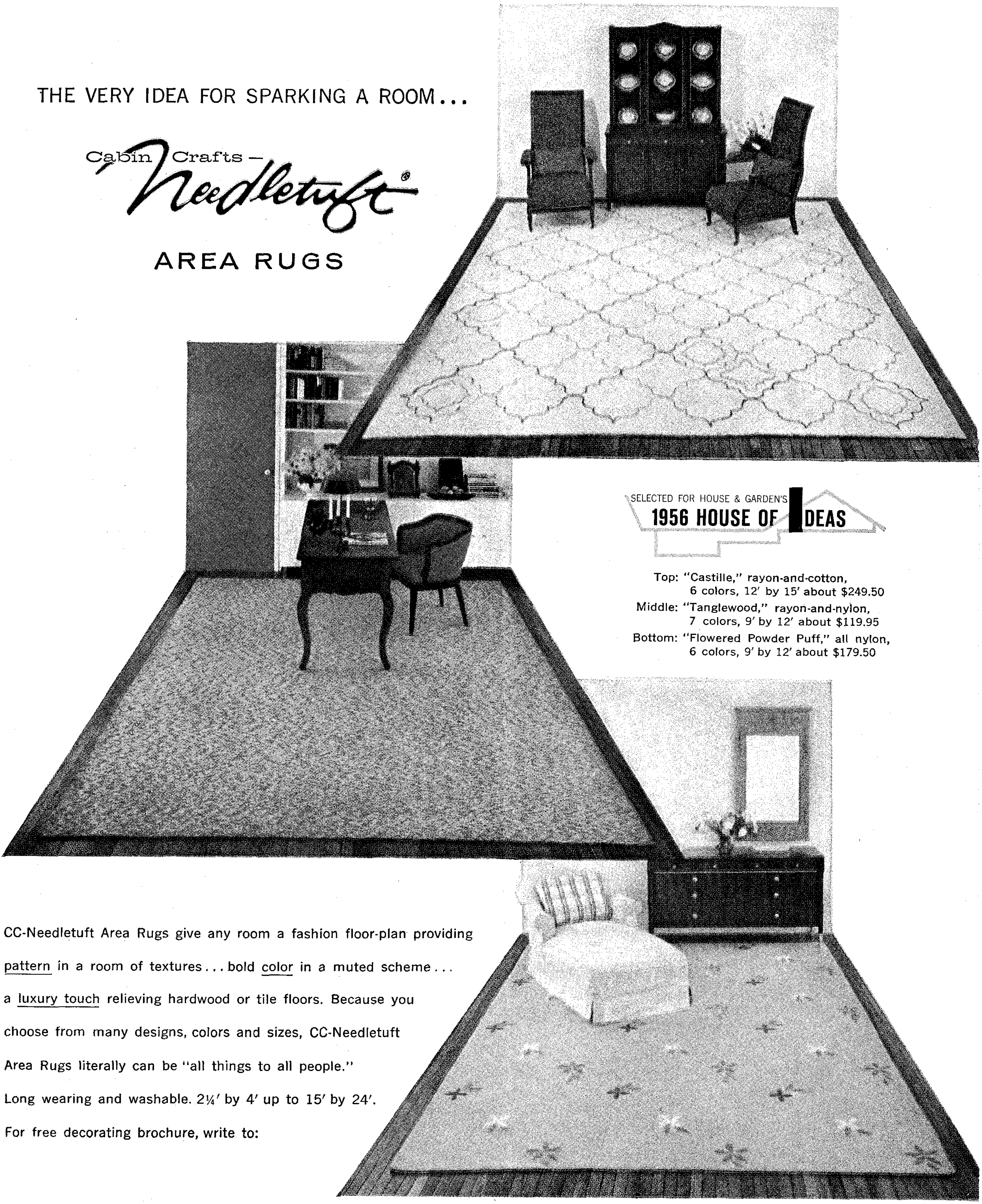

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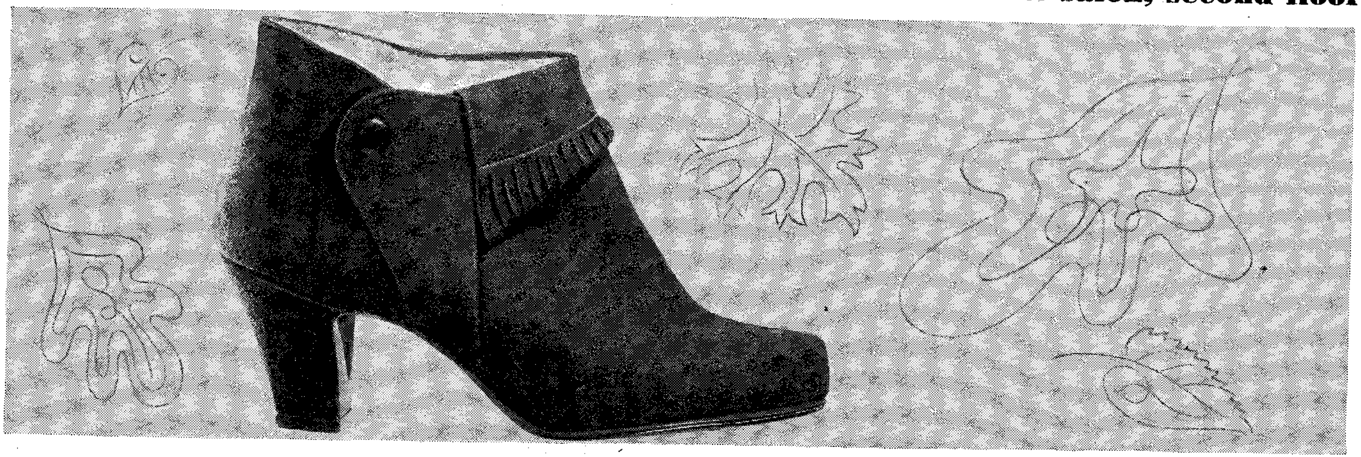

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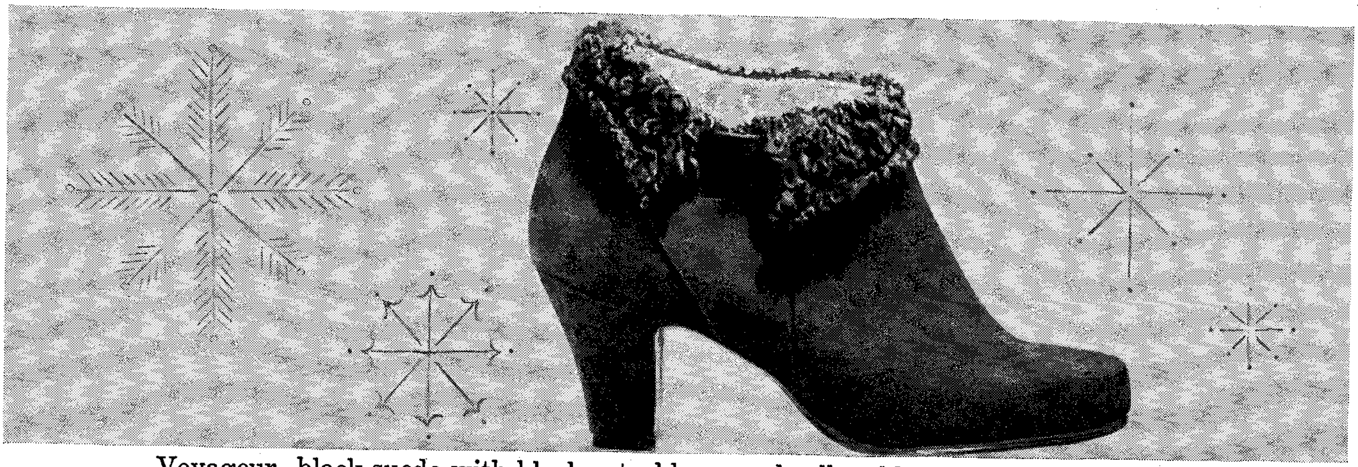

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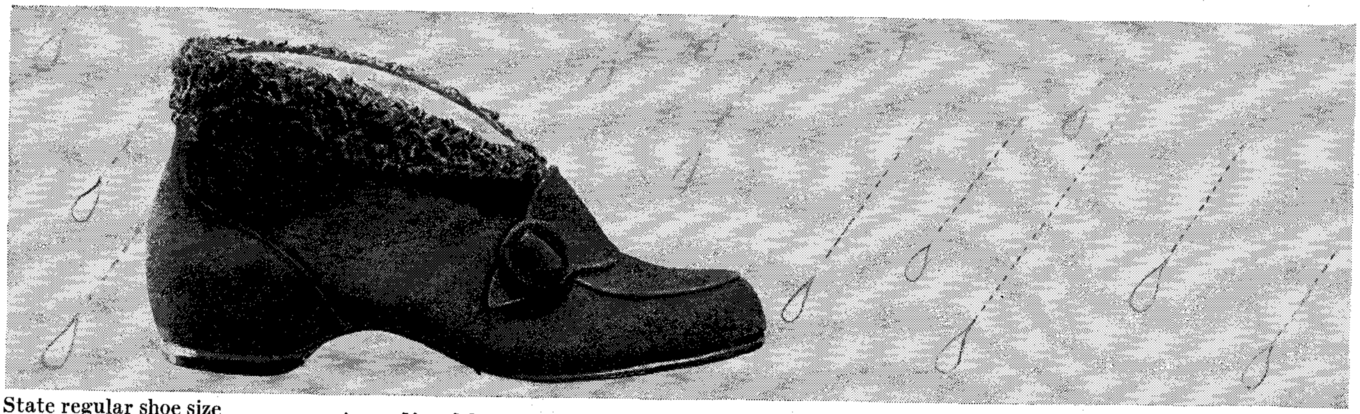

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NO doubt about it—air travel has become commonplace. A businessman told us that, according to projected figures (projected figures are unborn statistics, statistics of the future), some fifty-five million seats will be occupied next year on commercial flights of domestic airlines. That's a lot of traffic, and ought to account for a lot of chewing gum. Air travel has also become infused with nostalgia. We bumped into a man we hadn't seen in fifteen years, and he began reminiscing about a flight we'd taken together. "It was in a DC-3," he said, laughing uproariously. It was as if he'd been talking about a Model T Ford. By the time our children grow up, the identification numbers of Douglas aircraft may well read like Treasury statements. We can't even remember now if there ever was a DC-1, but we suppose there must have been, once—the silly old thing.

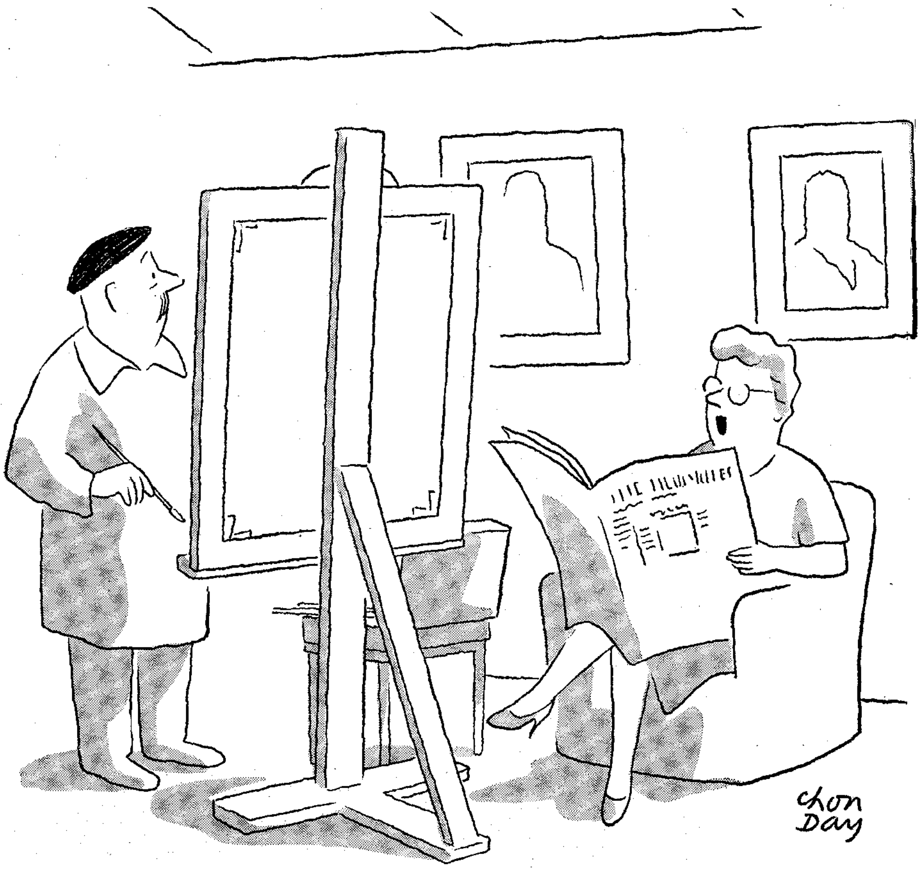
AT the San Francisco Airport, a few weeks ago, representatives of some of the airlines convened to cock their ears at a jet bomber, on loan from the Navy, that was obligingly taxiing along the runways. Their object was to ascertain, out of consideration for the hearing of the projected passengers of the future, just how noisy it's apt to be around an airport when commercial jets go into operation, which will be either the day after tomorrow, if you glance hastily at the pictures in the newspaper ads, or in 1959, if you read the text. This solicitude is highly commendable, but the airlines would be well advised to worry equally hard about the sensitivity of the passengers who constitute today's statistics. Too frequently, the airlines seem inclined to doubt that they have really come of age, and to act, accordingly, with a hesitancy and gaucherie ill-befitting an industry so mature and powerful as to have all but driven the Pullman car off the rails. This uncertainty often does grave damage to what we guess the airlines would call passenger relations. For instance, you can buy a ticket and make a reservation on half a dozen conflicting flights nowadays, and then if you fail to turn up for any of them and can't be bothered cancelling your space, why, the airlines will unblinkingly refund your money. This tolerant attitude obviously suits the irresponsible people whom the airlines call "no-shows," but it frequently keeps their opposite numbers, the "shows," in a state of nervous apprehension, not knowing whether they're going to see the sun rise in one time zone or the next. The airlines ought to stiffen their backs and start penalizing no-shows by declining to refund their money if they don't take the trouble either to check in or to check out. When it comes to throwing orderly procedure out of whack, there's no business like no-show business.

Recently, some of the airlines inaugurated a reserved-seat policy, which is a blessed step in the right direction (the direction of travellers' aid), for it has always seemed foolish that people emplaning (that's a DC-6B word) for Miami or Brownsville, or wherever, should have to struggle and spar for seats, as if they were taking a Madison Avenue bus. But the airlines apparently aren't self-confident enough to reserve a reserved seat as long as they sensibly should—until a plane leaves. While they will reserve you a seat, they won't, out of dread of those bugaboo no-shows, hold it for you later than ten or fifteen minutes before departure time. (Departure time, as long as we are touching on terminology, doesn't necessarily mean the time a plane departs, but then you've got to put *something* on a timetable.)

An innocent friend of ours hasn't yet quite recovered from an experience he had out West a few weeks ago. Obliged to travel overnight from San Francisco to New York, he was gratified at being allotted a reserved seat on a non-stop DC-7 United Airlines flight reverently called, by United, the Red Carpet Special. He presented himself at the ticket counter, yielded his baggage, received his gate pass, and, feeling infinitely superior to the unreserved-seat rabble who were clustered supplicatingly around various clerks, strolled at a leisurely pace to the prescribed landing gate. He was twenty minutes early, and nobody had said anything to him about when he should claim his seat, so he stood there watching approvingly as his bags were gently hoisted aboard and chuckling in anticipation as a big red carpet was rolled out from the gate to the plane. He noticed that many of his fellow-passengers seemed in a great hurry to board, but he couldn't imagine why, unless they were anxious to go to sleep. He found out why, all right, five minutes before departure time, when he presented his credentials at the gate and was summarily turned away. The plane was full, he was told, and he gathered that some standby had been ushered into the seat he thought was his. The poor, deflated fellow fought his way onto a carpetless, unreserved flight, got to New York four and a half hours later than he'd expected, and eventually caught up with his luggage.

Stepping Stone

WHERE there's a will there's a way. Our hat, if we had one, would be off to the Botanical Garden, a kitchenless institution that last week



"I see there's a big sale of unpainted furniture."

celebrated the opening of its new million-dollar research laboratory—an austere brick-and-glass building two stories high—with a far from austere buffet lunch for more than two hundred guests, including us, in the main exhibition hall of its rococo Administration Building. This was preceded by sherry and Dubonnet in the entrance hall, which was buzzing with horticultural ladies, many of them wearing camellias and red ribbons bearing the legend "Hostess." Mrs. Fergus Reid, Jr., a former president of the Garden Club of America and the present head of the Garden's Volunteer Associates, introduced us to Mrs. Harold I. Pratt, who was wearing a corsage of green orchids.

"I'm chairman of the City Relations Committee," Mrs. Pratt said. "The city contributed more than a hundred and eighty thousand dollars toward the construction and equipment of the new building. I have the highest regard for Commissioner Moses."

Thomas H. Everett, the Garden's horticulturist, pointed out a distinguished-looking man and said he was Edwin De T. Bechtel, a lawyer and a student of old roses. "Has a great collection at Mt. Kisco," he said. "Great authority on their history."

Presently, all hands filed into the exhibition hall, where, surrounded by cases containing samples of tobacco, sugar, spices, rubber, hemp, jute, corn, rice, medical herbs, flax, cocoa, tea, and pandanus, we sat down to some capital creamed chicken, string-bean salad, ham, strawberry shortcake, and coffee. "Estelle Thompson, of Tarrytown, did the catering," Mrs. John E. Parsons, a hostess at our table, said. "She had to import stoves, and so forth, and set up a kitchen. There's nothing but a cold-water tap on this floor. That's State Senator Thomas C. Desmond over there. He has an interesting arboretum at Newburgh."

Frederick S. Moseley, Jr., the Garden's vice-president, talking into a microphone at the speakers' table, said he was representing President Charles B. Harding, who was in Russia. "A large anonymous gift set our new laboratory in motion," he added, and introduced Mrs. Pratt.

"I feel the laboratory is a stepping stone to a far greater Garden," she said. "It's well on its way, but I assure you it needs a few finishing touches. We must have adequate quarters for our library. All I did was to light a candle, and that was a great privilege."

"This monumental addition to the city's resources will help establish New York as a world cultural center," said the next speaker, Mr. William Ronan, First Deputy City Administrator, who was representing Mayor Wagner. "The Mayor wishes he could be here with you to rejoice on this monumental occasion."

Mr. Ronan was followed by Commissioner Moses, who was representing himself. "I've always thought that exhibition and education are the prime functions of institutions like the Garden, and that research should be financed privately, but I was persuaded by Mrs. Pratt that this was an exception," he said. "So the city made a modest contribution, which grew. We felt we were betting on a sure thing in the case of Dr. Robbins, the Garden's director and the laboratory's director. Miraculous drugs may come out of this."

Dr. John A. Krout, a tiny man with a smile, made a tiny, smiling speech. He is the vice-president and provost of Columbia University and was representing Dr. Grayson L. Kirk, Columbia's president. Next at the mike was Dr. Detlev W. Bronk, president of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, who produced an oration larded with quotations from Edwin Markham, Trevelyan, and Pasteur.

A few words from Dr. Robbins ("... increase man's factual knowledge of himself and the world about him ..."), and we all trooped over to the new building, full of shiny rooms and shiny equipment soon to be devoted to media preparation, bio-assay, microbiology, plant pathology, mycology, enzyme preparation, isotopes, histology and cytology, and abnormal-growth and tissue culture.

"Looks like my new apartment," an anonymous lady said to us. "No wonder I don't feel at home."

•

OVERHEARD in Costello's bar, man to evasive friend: "Now, look here, George, I just asked you an academic question, so you got to answer it."

Leader

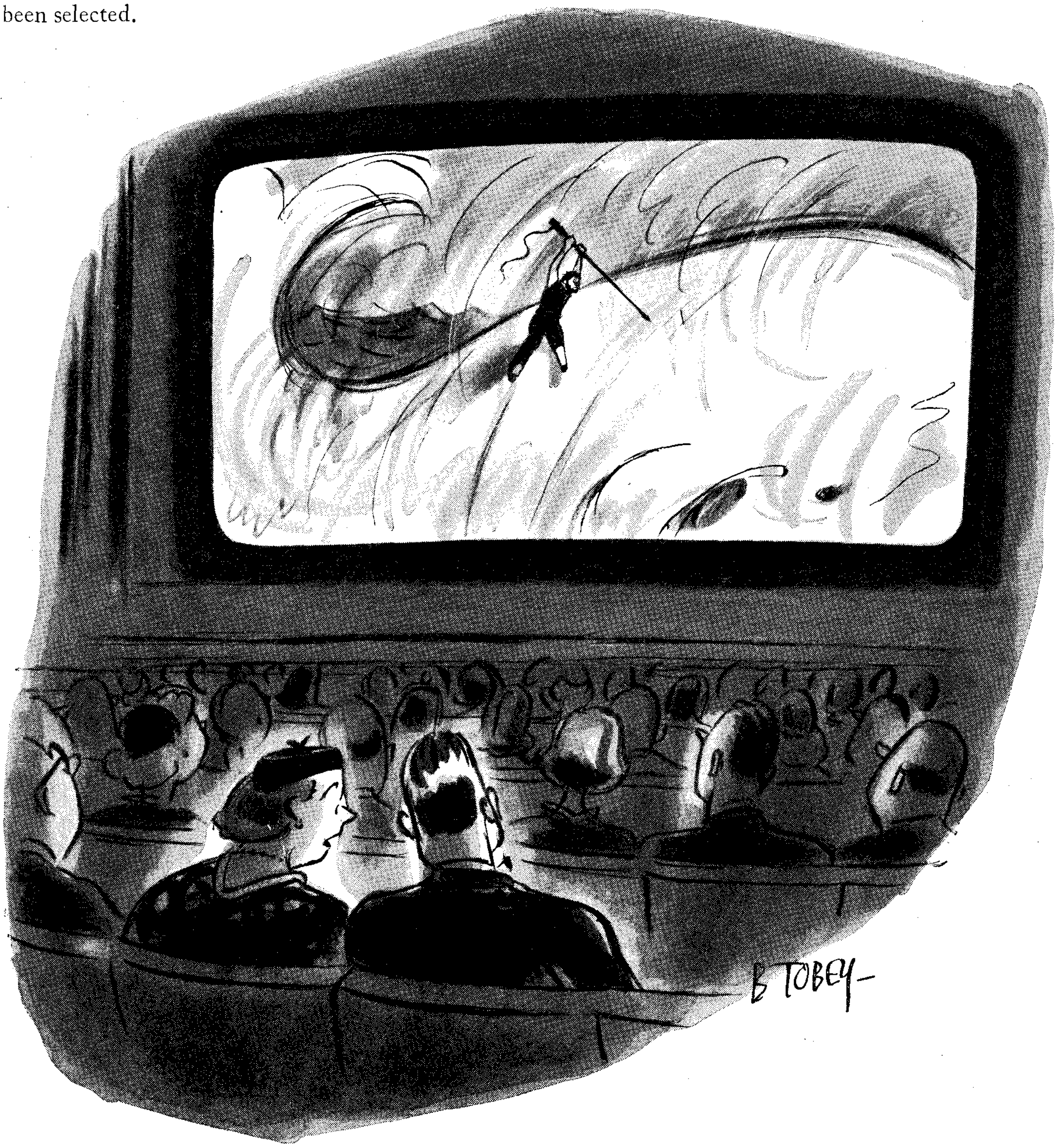
THE New York City Board of Elections consists of four Commissioners (two Democrats and two Republicans), has a hundred and sixteen people on its staff and an annual budget of three and a half million dollars, and works day in and day out, year in and year out, regardless of who's running for what in which election. It is the Board that is responsible for the thousand and one legal and practical arrangements that have to be made before the rest of us can step inside a booth and start flicking those little levers. Among other things, it apportions election districts; maintains the rolls of registered voters; chooses polling places; furnishes each polling place with voting machines, an American flag, four chairs, and two tables; appoints four volunteer workers (two Democrats, two Republicans) to act as election officers; and tallies the votes when the election is over.

The current president of the Board is a tall, blue-eyed, white-haired, seventy-one-year-old Democrat and Brooklyn district leader named James Michael Power. The other Democratic Commissioner is Dennis Mahon, who succeeded Carmine DeSapio on the Board when the latter became Secretary of State under Governor Harriman. At the moment, there is only one Republican Commissioner, John Crews, on the Board. His colleague, David B. Costuma, died last week, and a new Commissioner has not yet been selected. Commissioners of Elections are designated by their party organizations and appointed by the City Council. They serve four-year terms and are paid an annual salary of fifteen thousand dollars.

Commissioner Power occupies an office in the Municipal Building in Brooklyn, and we went over there the other day to pay a call on him. He gave us a cordial welcome and, like the good district leader he is, bade us sit down and tell him what he could do for us. For a starter, we asked how he had become a Commissioner. "Got the job by vote of the Democratic County Committee, in August, 1952," he said. "A terrific contest. We met in the Eastern Parkway Arena, where they hold the boxing matches, and an appropriate spot it proved to be. How I got to be president of the Board is a simpler story. When we four Commissioners met for the first time, we couldn't agree on who should preside at meetings, so we put our four names in a hat. I did the drawing, and darned if I didn't draw my own name."

Mr. Power was born in Long Island City, but when he was a year old, the family moved to Brooklyn, where an uncle of his, John Maguire, was already a prominent political figure. "The best orator in Brooklyn, and there he is," Power told us, directing our attention to a photograph of a handsome, black-haired, profusely mustached man. "Uncle John was district leader of the East New York-Brownsville section and an assistant district attorney of Kings County. He had the strange distinction of prosecuting the first woman ever sent to the electric chair in New York State. Martha Place, her name was, and she bashed her stepdaughter's head in with an axe. In 1898, my uncle became Commissioner of Elections. Exactly the same job I hold now, only I've got seven times as many voters to deal with as Uncle John had."

Young James was obliged to leave school at twelve, his father having fallen ill. He worked as a messenger boy for Postal Telegraph, then as an office boy for Bird S. Coler, who became Borough President of Brooklyn in 1905 and took him along to Borough Hall. Power acted as secretary to the Commissioner of Public Works in Brooklyn from 1906 to 1915, when President Wilson appointed him a United States marshal. He held that post for eight years. Meanwhile, he had been elected leader of the Twenty-third Assembly District. "I knew the neighborhood, and it turned out I had more friends than the other fellow," he said. "We used to have some pretty rough times in those days—broken windows in the



"I wish I wouldn't keep seeing him as the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit."

clubhouse, stink bombs in the piano. It's a lot quieter now."

In 1919, Power left Brooklyn for Long Beach, where he went into business as a builder and was elected councilman and district leader. He returned to Brooklyn in 1930. "I had the longing to be a Brooklyn district leader again," he explained. "In 1933, I founded the James M. Power Democratic Club, on New Lots Avenue. I went through eleven years of hardship before I finally got elected a leader. My district is the Thirteenth Assembly District, which takes in part of Sheepshead Bay, Marine Park, Mill Basin, Flatlands, Bergen Beach, and Brownsville, and is the third-largest in the county. Before I was elected Commissioner, I served as secretary to Justice Kleinfeld, of the Supreme Court. In case you're wondering about the rewards of politics, this is the highest-paying job I've ever had."

We asked Mr. Power how today's elections differ from the elections of fifty years ago. "They're clean, that's the big difference," he said. "New York is the cleanest-voting city in the world, but when I was a lad the fraud here was something fierce. The ballot was a piece of paper, and the voter marked it with a pencil. Well, when an inspector was counting the ballots, he might just happen to have a bit of pencil lead under his fingernail, and how the ballot looked when he got through wouldn't be how it had looked when he started. Along about 1915, we began making voters sign their names in the registration book, and in 1925 came the voting machines. Between signing your name and voting by machine, the monkey business was done for. People who talk about crooked voting nowadays must like to hear themselves talk. Our present system of registration can't be outwitted. First, a card with the name and address of every registrant is sent to the nearest police precinct house, which verifies it in the course of a house-to-house canvass. Then we publish two complete lists of registered voters. One comes out ten days after registration and is arranged by street and house number and gives the names of the registrants at each address. The other is an enrollment list, published in January, and gives the names of the registrants in each district alphabetically, followed by their addresses and political affiliation. The two parties have captains in each district whose business it is to know everybody there. Suppose they look down the list and say, 'Hey, what is Joe So-and-So doing registered on Flatbush Avenue, when he belongs three blocks over?' If the Democrats don't catch a phony registration, the Republicans will. Anyone who tries to fool around with his vote these days should have his head examined."

We had one last question for Mr. Power: Where was he planning to be on Election Night? "At the club, where I belong," he said. "There're no votes to be got going over to the Biltmore with the big shots. At the club, we'll have people tabulating the results for our local candidates. Those are the results that matter most to us. Later, the captains will be coming in for a little treat after a hard day's work. Whether we have a celebration or not—that all depends. Anyhow, I'll be where I ought to be, among my people."

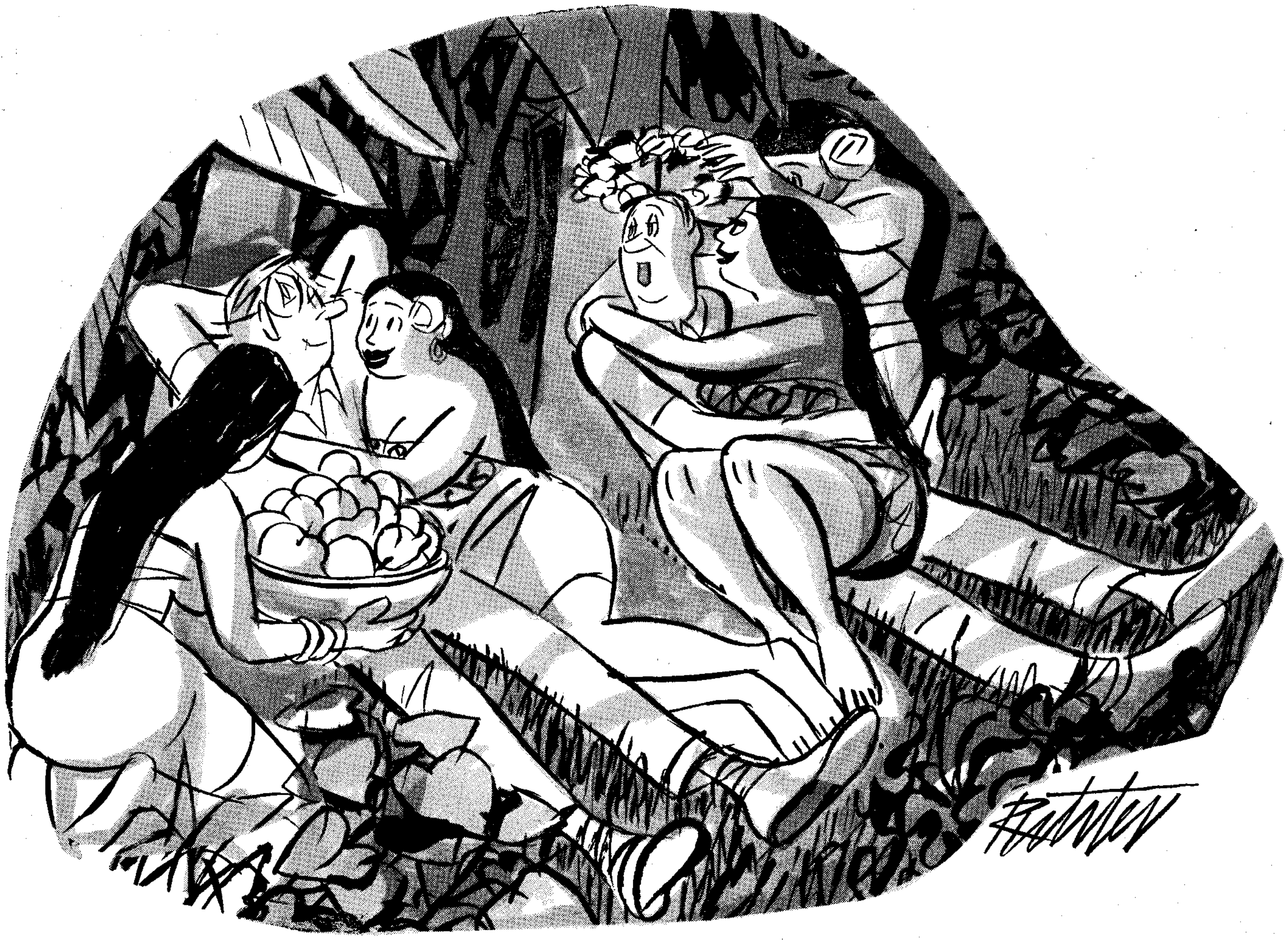
Heretic

A KINDERGARTEN teacher putting her charges through a psychological test set them to work carving soap. "Panda, dog, man, table, tree, gun, car," she wrote as the tots told her what they were making. Then she came to a lad whose work appeared to defy description. "What's this?" she asked. "Soap flakes," said he.

Unexpected Elegance

WE donned a lumberjacket, Levis, and a pair of heavy-weather walking shoes one recent morning and set out for the Waldorf-Astoria to see the National Auto Wreckers Association flexing its muscles in its annual convention, which was held this year in the Perroquet Suite of the hotel. We were met by a gentleman in an impeccable business suit who advised us that while the six hundred members of the N.A.W.A. are in the main the scions of junk dealers throughout the nation, most of them have been veneered by residence at Harvard, Princeton, Yale, or Slippery Rock State Teachers. He studied our getup and suggested that we repair to the solitude of the Chinese Room, which is on the same floor as the Perroquet Suite, and await a Mr. Diamond, publicist for the N.A.W.A. As we were bungling out of the suite in our great clodhoppers, we were taken in hand by the past president of the organization, Mr. Ray Morris, of San Francisco, who charitably invited us to sit down with him at a table in a remote corner of the Perroquet Suite. "You have probably imagined that we are a large lot of illiterate junkmen," said Mr. Morris. "Actually, we are quite as respectable as your next-door neighbor. Many of us, as a matter of fact, have now combined the business of selling new parts with the business of wrecking. We're all convinced that 'wrecking' is a misnomer for the work we do, but no other word seems exactly to encompass our endeavors. Our organization emerged during the Second World War, when the government was desperately in need of scrap. Our advice as to regulations and so on was apparently welcome, and while our organization includes only six hundred of the estimated ten thousand wreckers in the country, it does set up a code of conduct that is beneficial to our industry."

Once he had us on the hip with his syntax, Mr. Morris, who resembles a professor, complete with absent-minded stare and tortoise-shell glasses, suddenly got down to cases. "Boom, boom—we can take a car apart as fast as the manufacturer can put it together. Maybe faster," he said. "The larger wreckers can process twenty to thirty cars or trucks a day. Four men in four corners with blowtorches, four men behind them to pluck out salvageable parts—radios, differentials, transmissions, and the like—and you're really rolling." Mr. Morris went on to tell us that in eight or ten years any car, except a custom job, is obsolescent, and is automatically scrapped if it comes into the hands of a wrecker. "The spread went to fifteen years during the war and thereafter, but now there are drastic changes about every three years—added horsepower, gas-turbine engines, that sort of thing," he explained. "Even so, hunks of these new cars can be salvaged within a ten-year period, and with a manufacturer like General Motors, for instance, it is always possible to modify parts saved from a wreck so that they will fit any car in their line, from the Cadillac to the Chevrolet. Obviously, with passenger cars there isn't the urgency about getting a part that there is with trucks. A truck must be kept in motion, and for that reason anything salvaged from one of them that has been banged up has greater value for the wrecker. Whole fleets of worn-out trucks are frequently sold to wreckers, but passenger cars are something else again. Mostly, the wrecker acquires these from insurance companies, which take a parcel of wrecks and auction them off. A '55-'56 car that is technically a total wreck can bring anywhere from three hundred to a thousand dollars. Reputable wreckers never go in for the sort of am-



"Know what I miss? The thrill of the chase."

• •

bulance-chasing that may be indulged in by the small repairman with a tow car. They wait for insurance sales, or the like. Every now and then, the insurance company or the owner of a wrecked car will tell the small repairman to accept title to the thing, whereupon a bona-fide wrecker steps in and takes it off his hands. Something else I should tell you—and I guess I'm rambling—is that a wrecker has to keep his eye open for certain types of motors, which can be used in boats."

We were interrupted at this point by Mr. Frank Diamond, a small, enthusiastic man, who proclaimed, "Wreckers save lives."

Mr. Morris looked at him thoughtfully, and he calmed down.

"What I mean is that, say, some Elvis Presley fan comes along and asks a wrecker to rebuild a wreck for a quick buck," said Mr. Diamond. "Will he do it? No."

"There is not much in the way of rebuilding among us wreckers," said Mr. Morris. "It is usually much more profitable to dismantle. Obviously, the cars most in demand among us are the cheaper-type cars, which are more likely to suffer breakdowns and need replacement of parts. You can readily see that a new Cadillac or Lincoln isn't going to need parts within the foreseeable future."

"Mr. Morris has a wreck right outside his place in San Francisco," said Mr. Diamond. "It has a sign on it saying, 'Don't let this happen to you.' "

We asked Mr. Morris what would happen to the wreckers if everybody drove with skill and caution. "Ninety-nine per cent of us are not only wreckers but dealers in new parts and accessories," he replied. "Would you forgive me? I must go to a meeting."

After Mr. Morris had departed, Mr. Diamond remarked, "These guys kill me. Their old men were junkies, but they're sure shined up." He looked despondent.

Mnemonics

A FRIEND of ours was descending in a Waldorf Towers elevator the other day when the car stopped at the twenty-eighth floor to pick up a resident who looked vaguely familiar. As the resident boarded the elevator, he was having a conversation with a young lady, obviously a secretary, who was remaining behind. "Better give me the dentist's address again," he said. "My memory for addresses is abominable."

"It's 630 Fifth Avenue," the young lady said.

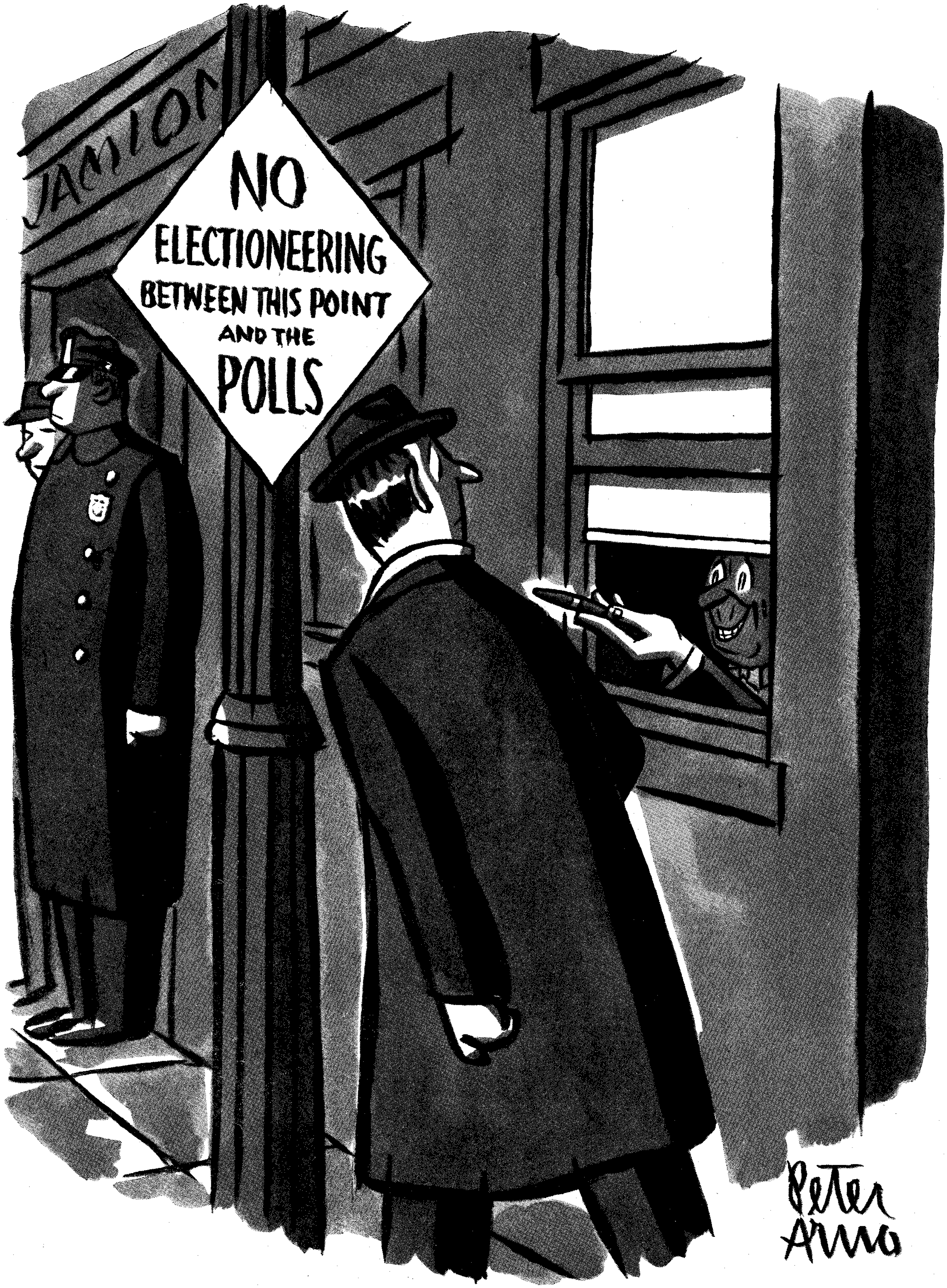
"Ah, yes, 630," the resident repeated. "The year after Mohammed conquered Mecca."

"And the room is 1854," said the young lady.

"Of course, charge of the Light Brigade," said the resident.

As the elevator door closed, the resident thanked the young lady and began to mutter to himself, "Mohammed conquered Fifth Avenue—charged the room with the Light Brigade."

Interested in getting a good look at the originator of these memory exercises, our friend peered closely at the resident. Turned out to be the Duke of Windsor.


JAMIOI
NO ELECTIONEERING BETWEEN THIS POINT AND THE POLLS
Peter Arno

"*Pssst.*"

ANYBODY BUT THE BELLINGHAMS

THE two sisters sat across the hearth from each other on identical small yellow sofas, but they did not resemble each other except in coloring.

“All up the entire coast of Maine we went,” Helen said, “stopping for nights here and there.” She was taller and rather rangier, a little smarter, a little less tranquil in bearing than the woman across from her. “It made a wonderfully detached-feeling sort of a vacation and you should see how rested Alex looks. Well, you will see him, Saturday.”

“Oh yes, the Assembly dinner.” Bet groaned, and took another sip of sherry. “My summer was so peaceful and sedentary on the beach I’m never going to be able to get into my one dress to *go* to the Assembly at all.”

“It’s not that that fattens.” Helen sounded as if she was about to voice one of her four or five deepest convictions and perhaps she was. “It’s drink that does it—but have a little more sherry,” and she waved the decanter gently. It was her house. “Do. Luncheon won’t be ready for fifteen minutes, even if it is only eggs.”

They each had three-quarters of an inch more and Bet leaned forward to the small table and added a spurt of vermouth to hers, saying she wondered if that might make it a trifle less fattening than all sherry; a trifle less. “Or possibly more,” she admitted, open-mindedly. “We never know, do we? Everything’s so treacherous to us, at our age. When I’m forty-five, I’ve decided, I’m going to drink nothing but fruit juices. You’re looking very well, I must say. A motoring holiday must be a bit more thinning somehow than a purely doing-nothing one.” She admired her sister over the rim of her little stemmed glass. “Nary a care in the world the whole month long,” she said. “You have my envy.”

But instead of meeting her eyes, Helen was looking at the floor, the rug alongside her own feet. “Well.” She sounded as though she might not go on. “One,” she said. Bet waited. “It wasn’t a care, exactly; it was a perfectly horrible loathsome experience, all over in less than an hour, but horrible.”

“Tell,” suggested Bet, knowing she was in no real danger of being left in the dark.

Helen drew a prolonged, audible breath. “*Oh* dear,” she said, expelling it. “Well—it was this. Alex and I were staying for the weekend with the Bellinghams, near Castine, and having a lovely cozy time, but you know how they are, the Bellinghams, so neat and rich and worth while, and so on!”

Bet, sipping, said yes indeed; she reminded Helen that as a matter of fact she and Walter had known the Bellinghams longer than Helen and Alex had, and this Helen freely acknowledged. Bet said, “So go on. I think they’re kind of stuffy, really, but do go on. Don’t tell me you put your feet up on Laura’s antiques, or did some *outré* thing like that?”

Helen shook her head. “I hate to tell you, but I might as well. It was Daddy,” she said, simply, at last.

“Oh God, now what?” Bet’s eyes rounded with understanding and premonition. “I haven’t seen him for months. What did he do?”

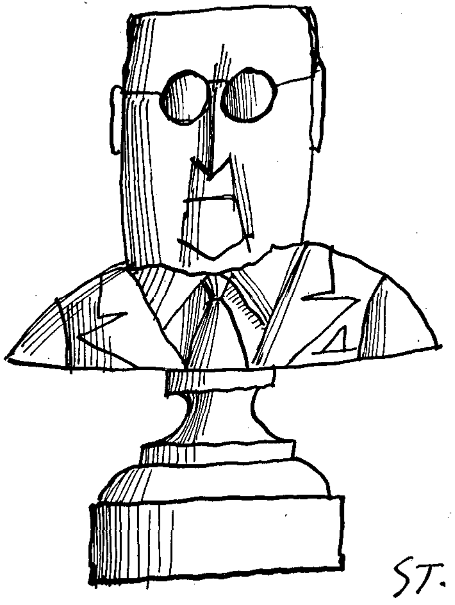
“He left New York and came driving right up the whole coast of Maine, *too*, with one of them, and stopped at the Bellinghams’ back door.”

“Not with one of *them!*”

“Yes he did.”

The two sat silent, without words for once, for a little while. The November wind came down the chimney and stirred a miniature vortex of white, dry ashes, which spun for a moment up from their cold gray bed and then advanced out on to the hearth, whirled, dispersed in air. Bet said, not listening to herself, “Winter’s coming.”

“Not yet— There we were all four sitting, Henry and Laura B., and Alex and me, so contented, out on the porch above the beach, doing nothing, talking, thinking no evil, when this car drew up at the back and Laura said ‘Who on earth—’ because we were just about to have dinner. The Bellinghams’ food is always marvellous.”



Bet said yes it was.

“And it was Daddy. With one of them.”

“Which?”

“How should I know!” Helen flung out her free hand. “Or care! She was hard as nails, very smart in a nasty way; a very tight silk suit, too dressed up for August. Wouldn’t you think, after all these years, he’d begin to—to—”

Bet thoughtfully added a trace of vermouth to her glass. “Slacken. Yes, I should,” she agreed. “He’s pushing sixty-five. I can remember when we were younger, when we were at Vassar, we’d say, ‘Daddy’s being a widower with a vengeance,’ and then laugh in a broadminded way. But I never really thought it was funny, and now I’m older I mind it more. Who do you suppose she was?”

“Oh, God knows. Our age, though. There they sat on the Bellinghams’ beautiful bamboo with Daddy looking like a senator—as he *does;* you can’t get around that—and she perfectly poised and not cheap; well cheap of course, but terribly expensive, too. Miss Higgledewatts. They’re always Miss, if you’ve noticed. Calm as a head of iceberg lettuce she was. It was me that spilled my salted nuts and bumped into things, even sitting down. *Oh!*” She set down her glass and laid her hands up her face, hiding the flushed cheeks and the shamed and reminiscent eyes.

Bet’s look was composed entirely of pity. “My poor darling, what a horrid shock for you, right in the middle of your vacation. How did Alex react?”

“Furious,” came from between the two flat palms, “but controlled; you know the way he is. He kept calling Daddy ‘sir’ because he knows how he hates it, and pointedly not talking to Miss Higgledewatts at all. A lot she cared.” Helen drew her hands down her face and bending forward picked up her little glass from among the things on the small round table—the potted green orchid, the Battersea box sprayed with flowers, the decanters, the white ashtray, the scrap of taffeta that was perhaps the right color for new curtains.

Bet brooded. “D’you remember him when we were very little girls? He was sweet then, wasn’t he?”

“Yes. Yes. But even then, I’ll bet—I’m older than you, and I seem to remember—*parlormaids.*”

Bet gave a faint hoot. “What are they?” she inquired, and answered herself at once, "They're the Vanishing American. So he's at least gone up in the social scale, anyway."

"Not far enough up for the Bellinghams. Nor for Alex. Nor for *me*. Sideways he's gone, I should say; quite definitely not up. Oh the jewelled clip she had on! As big as her face. Opals and diamonds."

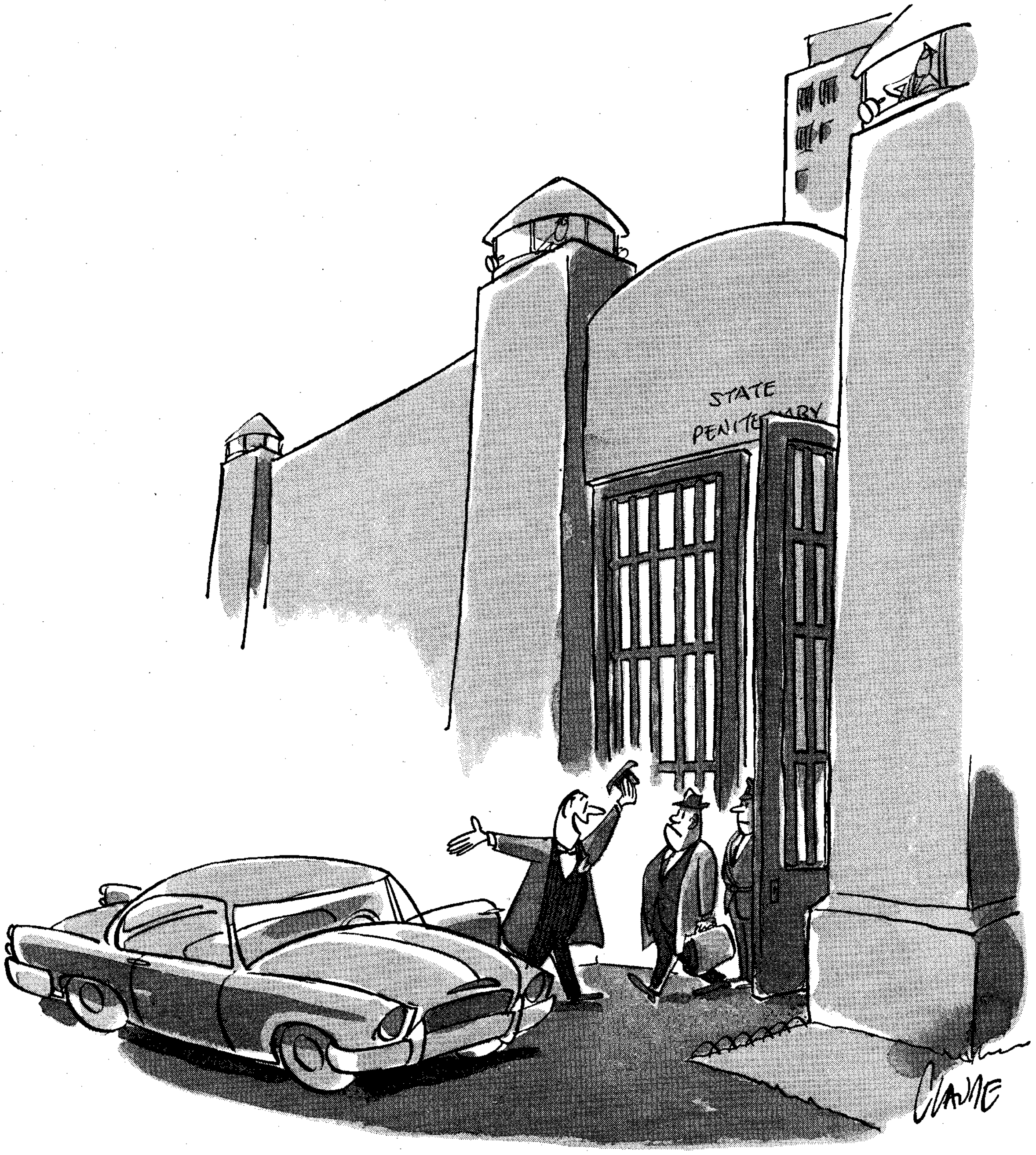
"Daddy's favorite stones. You haven't made her sound an opal type, however."

"I imagine she's adaptable."

"Great thing to be. Do you know, there's a terrible draft coming down your chimney. What if we shut the damper?"

"You do it. I'm too weak. Rage wears me out, and every time I think of that desperate evening I go absolutely limp with pure boiling rage."

Bet crouched upon the hearth and fumbled up the chimney. "I can't—here it is. How do you—oh, damn!" There followed a heavy, successful click. She stood up. "But now look at my hands." She spread them out and Helen smiled lovingly up at her and said while she was washing them in the pantry would she crane her head into the kitchen and see if there were any signs of luncheon, because although she, Helen, had become so revolted all over again by what she had been telling that she hated the very thought of food, Bet might be beginning to be hungry.



"Welcome to the outside world, Mr. Dominick. May I offer you a trial ride back to town in our great new jet-feed 1957 model?"

"I always am hungry," Bet told her with regret and went out of the room.

Helen, leaning, lifted the stopper from the crystal decanter. "I'm pouring you out just a lit-tle bit more," she called, hospitably, and Bet called back, "Good!"

WHEN she returned and sank back again on her yellow sofa she asked, "How did he know you were up there, at the Bellinghams'? It was the most horrible bad luck for you—having it be them, of all people."

"He'd telephoned here from New York a couple of days before, and she"—Helen swayed her glass, carefully, in the direction of the back of the house—"she'd told him where we expected to be for that particular weekend. Because I always write it down if I know where we'll be and thumbtack it to the grocery-list holder, don't you?"

"To the back of the cellar door, for some reason." Bet took a sip.

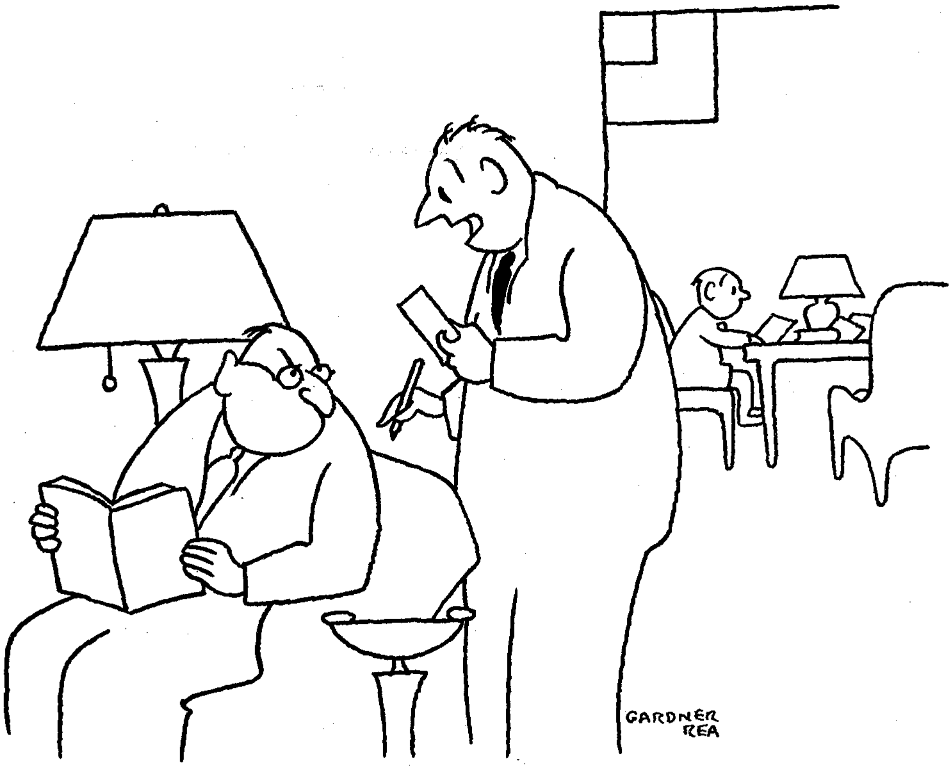
"Any signs of luncheon?" Helen asked.

"Something sizzling in a pan."

"I can't think why. There should have been a gentle hiss coming from the oven. Eggs Benedict."

"What did they say? What excuse did they give for popping in on you way up there?"

Helen shook her head. "Do you suppose Alex and I would ask them?" she demanded with scorn. "Or Laura? Laura looked as though she'd eaten a wasp, but good dear Henry—oh, I think we've underrated Henry all these years! He went right along pre*tend*ing in his *won*derfully stolid stodgy way that everything was perfectly natural and normal; a little evening call among neighbors. He was an angel. In fact, I felt, all red in



"I hate to keep pestering you, Father, but it's Johnny's arithmetic again."

• •

the face and neck and utterly miserable with shame at Daddy as I was, and fit to fly—I felt he overdid the hospitality. He even, for instance, asked them if they were having a pleasant trip, and do you know what she said, all glitzed up with diamonds as she was, she smiled a loathsome smile and looked over at Daddy the way they all do, as if he were whipped cream, and she said, 'Oh we're just out for a drive'!"

"Some drive," Bet commented, bitterly.

"Laura Bellingham's eyes were fixed on that clip, positively fixed, in the half dark, as it was then becoming."

"Would she know who'd given it to her, do you think? She's so respectable."

"She knew. Any woman'd know."

"I suppose," Bet concurred, and sighed. "Was it pretty?"

"It was probably the prettiest clip I ever saw and certainly the largest."

Bet sighed more deeply. "It's incredible," she said. "And what has he ever given us, except stocks and bonds?"

"For some illogical reason I disliked Laura almost as much as *her*, for the time being."

Bet murmured she could understand that, and expressed again her conviction that if it had had to happen, the pity was it had happened just there; though as a matter of fact she would be hard put to it to name any friends she would enjoy having their father descend upon, accompanied as he had been. They sat, silent and brooding, each on her sofa, and now they did resemble each other rather more than they had. The November wind, balked of its play in the fireplace, roared down the side of the house and pushed against the window and Bet roused to look around but Helen was sunk still in recollection. "He's so treacherous," she whispered. "He must have known how I would feel. He's not stupid." Then, louder, she demanded, "Do you know what she called me as they were leaving? She called me 'my dear.' Me, who hadn't, happily, known she existed. 'Well, goodbye, *my dear*,' she said, and patted my arm as though we were old, old friends. I could have hit her. He must tell—them—all about us, so they feel familiar, so they feel they know us. And we know nothing about them."

"All we want," Bet said, crisply. "So they did leave, finally? Where for, I wonder."

"Oh some plush hotel or motel or hidey hole, and I went right out into the Bellinghams' kitchen and had hysterics."

"Alex, too?"

"No, no. Alex very sensibly stayed on the dark porch with Laura Bellingham and made conversation about Italian mosaics, or so he told me later. It was the best possible thing he could have done."

"Henry?"

"Henry came and was an *angel*. Oh there's so much more to Henry than meets the eye—than we've ever given him credit for, I mean. He followed me out into that brightly lighted kitchen and got rid of the cook so ingeniously! Sent her off up the road to get some local kind of clam at a shack place there that sells them. He said to her he had all at once decided to have them on the half shell for dinner instead of soup and he gave her two one-dollar bills."

"Clams," marvelled Bet. "That *was* very ingenious of him. I'd never have thought of it."

"And there I was, so wild, so upset, all *énervée* and embarrassed and ashamed and stricken and laughing like a fool all at the same time, and weeping, too, with rage at Daddy, I suppose, and Henry couldn't have been nicer to me. I could have kissed him."

"Probably you did."

"Probably. I hope so. He *knows* how respectable *they* are and how I must have hated the whole thing. He put his arm around my shoulders and we stood there together staring at a row of bright shiny orange-colored tins labelled *flour*, *sugar*, *coffee*, and *tea*, with sprays of pink lilies of the valley on them and—"

"*Pink* lilies of the valley? Lilies of the valley aren't—"

"These were," Helen hurried on. "And he told me—to comfort me, to make me feel less guilty about that awful visitation, he confided to me a scandalous—thing—from his own past. Henry!"

"He did!" Bet's eyes at once grew bright with delight; her lips remained parted after her exclamation; she leaned forward, giving a little anticipatory laugh. "Well, *what?*"

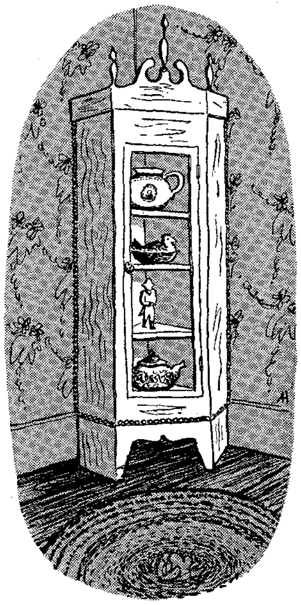
But Helen shook her head, mournfully, regretfully. "I don't *know*," she said. "I was so wildly upset by Daddy's horribleness I forgot it then and there."

Bet made a sound of utter disbelief. "You're simply not telling me, for some stupid reason of your own—maybe because you think it would be betraying him. But you know very well that Walter and I have known the Bellinghams longer than you."

"I tell you, I don't know at all what he told me, but it was something pretty bad because what I do remember is how awfully grateful I felt to him. For telling it, you know." She laughed weakly.

"You just want to gloat in private."

"Oh no, it isn't that way at all, and I'm so sorry. I'd love to tell you, and I certainly would tell you, as you know very well—but I can't! But oh, I was so grateful to him. Wasn't it a wonderful thing for a man to do?"



Bet suggested with cunning that her sister was practicing an overweening, unnecessary, unnatural, female chivalry—a thing she had never known any good to come from. "Did you tell Alex, later?" she asked shrewdly. She bet to herself that Alex wouldn't have been so ridiculous as to forget such a tidbit.

Helen said certainly not; not after Henry had been so noble as to confide in her, the way he had. But she would have told Bet, she said earnestly, because she was her only sister and shared to the full her feeling of shame and embarrassment about Daddy, and so on; and, reluctantly, Bet knew she had to believe her, though she would have given anything not to. Maybe, she thought, shock tactics will wrench it out of her. So she repeated, rudely, "'And so on!' You remember a tiny item of no interest like his giving his old cook two one-dollar bills and you forget the juicy, fascinating scandal—maybe something he hadn't ever told Laura, even."

"Oh I'm sure he wouldn't ever have told Laura; it was so—startling."

"Illegitimacy?"

"N-no." Helen's brow wrinkled. "No. Not his anyway, I guess. His father was a bishop out in the Middle West somewhere, you know, so it seems unlikely."

"Adultery?"

"Now that I doubt he would have told me about, even if I did so badly need cheering up, do you think?"

Bet was forced to admit that probably he would not. "If I could only scare it out of you," she said, longingly, and Helen said she only wished she could.

"A spot of rape, as they say?"

"I don't *think* so. I don't think that was it."

"When we were young, *you* were the child who always recited the Thanksgiving poem in school because you could be counted on not to forget the words, and *you* were the girl who didn't *read* her paper to the Sunday-evening religious group at Farmington but stood up and *said* it, freehand, because you said you felt it would make more of an impression on the other girls. I always thought," she added, "that was an asinine thing to do."

Helen reiterated how terribly sorry she was, couldn't possibly be any sorrier, but then she giggled again, and then she apologized. "I'm sorry you're so aggravated," she said.

Bet said Helen ought to know by now the true meaning of the word "aggravate," and it wasn't applicable to this situation at all. "And many's the time Daddy used to correct us about it when we were young. *Aggravate* means—"

"I know perfectly well. *Exacerbated* is what you are."

"That's it." Bet slowly revolved the amber liquid in her tiny glass. "Embezzlement?"

"Nothing so dull."

Then what other sins were there, these two nice women sat and wondered. Bet was convinced that if she could hit on the category, a light would flash on in her sister's mind and the details come flooding back in delightful abundance. "It was the shock," Helen murmured, not without a tinge of complacency. "It induced a kind of amnesia, brought on by Daddy's brutality. A psychiatrist would understand."

"*I* understand all right," Bet said, crossly. "I believe you absolutely, but I simply feel you ought to try to conquer this thing, so *think*, dear. *Tell me what it was!*"

"I am. Of course I have been, ever since. I've lain awake nights, naturally, because I'd love to know, too, but it went—right—out—of—my—mind."

THEY brooded for a moment, cast up together on the shores of helplessness, and then Helen said her impression was that whatever it had been it had all happened years ago when Henry was young, young and hot-blooded, difficult though that was to imagine now. "That angel Henry," she said, softly, but Bet was inconsolable. Then from the kitchen came a final-sounding slam of the oven door and in a moment the click of two plates being set down in the next room, and Helen rose, saying languidly, yawning with sherry, "At last." She linked her free arm in her sister's. "In we go. Shall we just take what's left of our drink along in with us, barbarous custom though that is? Cheer up, darling, I *may*, someday, when we're old, remember, and I'll call up and tell you, that instant minute." But Bet said she knew for a fact that would never happen. All that juicy, cheering information which it would have been such fun to have was lost forever. And, declining to follow her sister's example, she drank up her glass then and there and set it firmly down beside the nearly empty decanter, on the little table with the green orchid, the white ashtray, and the amber taffeta sample.

—Louise Field Cooper

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HERO'S WINTER

Leaf by leaf, the days descend
And let the light in, and the cold:
By night, the widening windows fend
More black away; by morning, gold
Drips softly to ground—
Oak leaf, laurel are mold.

It seems an opening out, a spell
Of vistas binding head to heart.
The eye sinks higher in a well
Of blue, now leaves have blown apart,
And winds whirl with a will
In the naked yard.

Snow comes out of this, I know:
Out of the open sky comes in
Deciduous heaven. It shall throw
Deceit in white across the lawn,
Eager at sills and slow
But sure to win.

Let strip house and heart and trees,
Weather shall never find me wide!
My doors are double. Let it freeze!
I keep the fallen year inside,
Green forever with deeds
And blown with pride.

—Louis O. Coxe

CROMWELL HOUSE

GAVARNI has a picture of an old woman, toiling along in the heat under a load of wraps, hats, balls, hoops, and toys, with the caption, "Providence gives the aliment of nature to little birds but to little children it has given the grandmama." To me, it sent grandmamas, and also one great-aunt who did me more than kindness and gave me more than love. I did not know it then, but I know it now.

She lived from the late eighties in Cromwell House. I don't know what Puritan or Republican chose the name, but it wasn't my great-aunt or my great-uncle. They were Church and King people. Cromwell House was a solid, double-fronted Victorian house at Gunnersbury, near London, on the Richmond Road, with the usual basement story, front steps, and high, pillared porch. To one side, there was a stable and small coach yard; on the other there were garden buildings. At the back of the house, a conservatory gave on a balcony overlooking the garden, which was just big enough for a croquet lawn. The whole place, in short, belonged to its period, when the Englishman, tied to town by business, still aspired to live the life of a country gentleman, with at least one horse, one greenhouse, and some small area of lawn under his windows. But Cromwell House, as a household, was not at all English; it was deeply foreign to England. My great-aunt herself, for all her English blood, was essentially a foreigner. She had been brought up in France. Her father, Henry Oakes, was a Waterloo captain, who, when he retired, settled in France, where his half pay went further than in England.

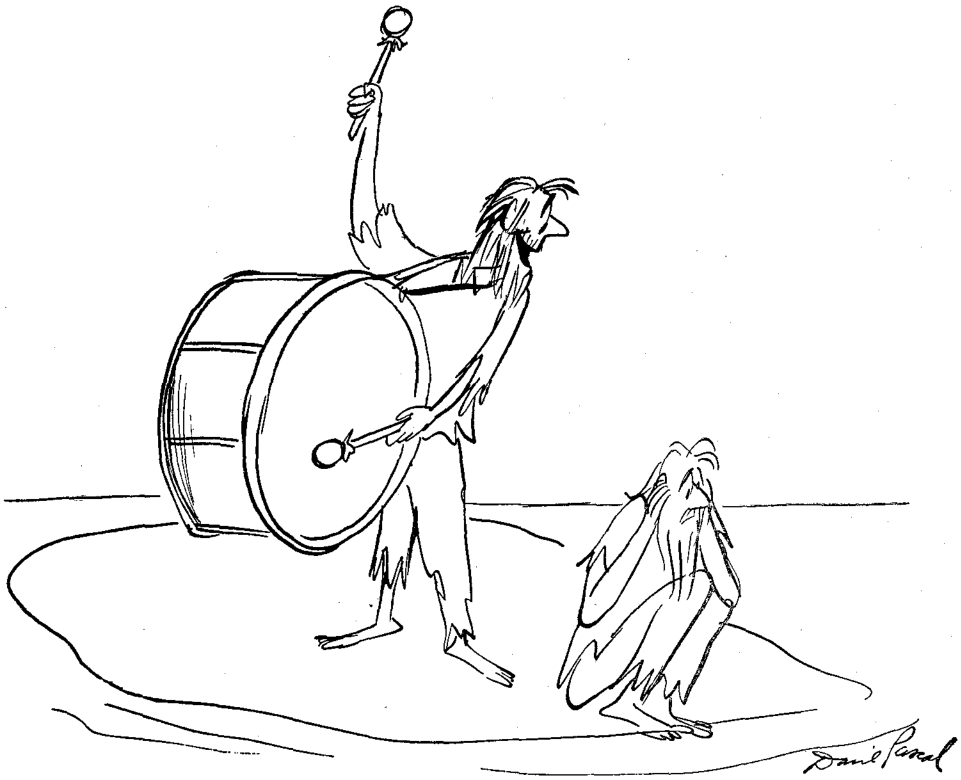
Oakes had a large family, and my great-aunt was born in 1824. She was christened Dorothea Maria but was known almost invariably as Aunt Doll. She was a very little woman, always dressed in black, and she never lost her French accent, or French turn of speech. With her brothers and sisters, she commonly talked French. One of her sisters, Sophie Vialls, widow of a Crimean general, lived near Cromwell House, and the Vialls household was all French, even to the fierce maid, Honorine, who detested children as much as my aunt loved them.

Her love was that special kind of love that delights in children, that can't have too much of them. It covered not only small children like my brother and myself but all her various nephews and nieces for whom Cromwell House was the family center. The Cary nieces, brought up in Ireland, in the careless abundance of Castle Cary, were now, after the land war of the eighties and the loss of the family property, scattered about London in various jobs. They came to Aunt Doll with all their troubles—to be scolded, to be cherished. The two things were almost one act in my aunt. She had the French volubility; she would pour out her comments at the latest folly, or mischief, in such shrill tones of horror and wrath that strangers were surprised to see the comparative indifference of the culprit. Whether it was one of us children who had broken the second window in one day, or some niece who had refused a good proposal, lost a job, or gone to the races in company my aunt could not approve, we knew that these exclamations were themselves a kind of sympathy. In them, so to speak, my aunt brought her feelings into full relation with the affair. It became her affair, and even her horror conveyed a certain guilty satisfaction to the criminal. A niece who had merely run up bills and wanted a small loan was made to feel all the desperation of ruin, a dignified state, together with the appropriate compassion given to bankrupts, before receiving a present. Aunt Doll was strongly against debts. She never lent money; she gave it.

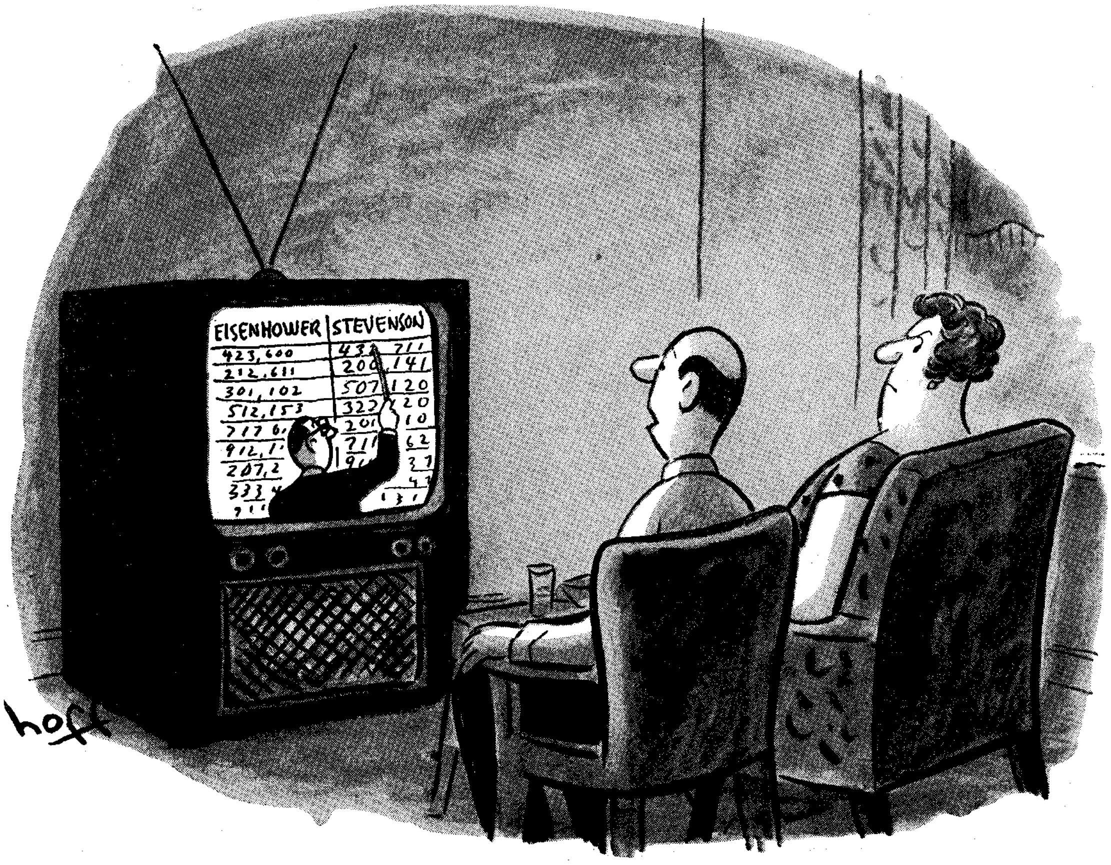
She had the kind of generosity that is simply not aware of itself, which gives by nature, as by a reflex. Aunt Doll was so much concerned with others that she seemed hardly to consider her own griefs. Yet she had had a very sad life. Apart from the loss of her own children, who died in infancy, she had seen a continuous decline of fortune and hope.

She had married, in 1852, my great-uncle Tristram Cary, whom she met when he was in Europe on a grand tour. He was a second son, and had been brought up to a profession, as a doctor. But his father, my great-grandfather, died young, in '48, of typhus, caught while attending victims of the Irish famine, and Tristram inherited a property young, at eighteen. He did not practice medicine, therefore, till many years later. He brought his bride to Ireland, settled at Ballybrack, in Donegal, and employed himself, like his older brother, my grandfather, of near-by Castle Cary—Arthur Lunel Cary, already a magistrate—in developing his share of the estate, in a fairly leisurely way.

They were both great sportsmen, loved racing, shooting, driving matches—tastes very much approved by their tenantry. The last time I was



"Wrong again. That was 'The Stars and Stripes Forever.' Now, what's this one?"



"Well, in a few minutes we'll know who's boss—of the country, that is."

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over in those parts, in 1940, I had a vivid account from an old man of my grandfather's habit of racing his tandem against a fellow-magistrate, after petty sessions, from Moville to Castle Cary. The Moville-Derry road along Lough Foyle is beautiful but not, even now, remarkably wide or straight. It is full of hills and fenced by stone walls. The notion of driving a tandem, even by itself, along such a road, is alarming.

Those were the days, too, of the long trace. That is to say, the traces from the leading horse went straight back to the wheeler's trace buckles. This meant an immense length of leather, which, unless the leader was right up to his collar all the way, looped down toward the road, so that, at any check, he was extremely likely to get his leg over it. He would then kick the wheeler on the nose, the wheeler would put his hoofs through the gig, and the driver, if he was wise and lucky, jumped over the fence. Tandem driving was probably the most dangerous road sport ever invented. The driver had almost no control over his leading horse. A shy could tangle him up; a wagon, met at a corner, could mean a heap of kicking horses, splintered shafts, and broken wheels, all over the road.

My father has told me how my grandfather, in one race tooling along at full gallop, braced up with back well hollowed and his elbows well down, said to him, then a boy of sixteen, sitting beside him, "Hold me together, Arthur—I'm bleeding."

He had just had an operation for stone, and the wild bouncing of the gig and the pull of the reins had torn away some stitches; blood was running on the floor. My father duly put his hands up under my grandfather's coat and shirt, took a grip of his flesh on each side of the wound, and squeezed it together until the race was over.

Uncle Tristram did not drive tandem, but he kept and raced horses. And a taste for betting, combined with the Irish land war, gradually impoverished him. In the eighties, he went to England, and became a gentleman farmer in Kent, at a place called Holdfast. But the eighties were the worst times that the English farmer has known; thousands of the most practical were ruined by cheap imports of food. The gentleman farmer—that is, a man who farmed for a pastime and followed sport as a career—had no chance at all. My uncle failed to hold Holdfast, and came at last to Gunnersbury, and Cromwell House.

GUNNERSBURY was suburban, in its main streets, but it was still rural in its hinterland, and this was its chief attraction for my uncle. Since he could no longer keep race horses but only a trapper for the gig and brougham, he bred greyhounds for coursing, and he needed to be near fields for their training.

Here at last he practiced medicine, though by the methods of the fifties. He did not believe in microbes, but neither had he heard of psychosomatic complications, and since he did not suggest them, they often failed to exist. His figure, as he walked through the streets, was itself therapeutic. In his frock coat and top hat, he seemed to me about nine feet high, and a certain dreaminess, which caused him often not to notice the passersby, added to his prestige. He appeared to be sunk in reflection on the problems of his science. So when he was greeted, he would gaze down as from an intellectual as well as a physical height, a trait that gave to his genial greeting and friendly inquiries a special gratefulness. Also, I've heard, he would always give advice on such occasions, and he never remembered, or perhaps disdained, to charge for it.

When I began to know him well, he had been already some years in Gunnersbury. After my mother's death in '97, when I was eight, my father came to live close by, to be near the Tristram Carys, partly for his own sake and partly for that of my brother and myself. As I say, theirs was the family center and we were still foreigners in England. As a family, we clung together. And it was from this time that Cromwell House became a second home to us. We still spent our summers in Donegal with Grandmother Cary or Grandmother Joyce, but on all other holidays we sought Aunt Doll and Uncle Tristram.

So I remember several of my uncle's consultations by the wayside; one especially, when I was honored to be included in a party of three—my uncle, myself, and Barney Magonagel, who was my uncle's dogman, as well as butler and groom—to try a couple of hounds. They were always tried in pairs to make them used to starting with another dog and to accustom them to being bumped into by one.

The training runs were managed in this manner. One person held the leash, to which the collars of both dogs were fastened by a spring catch, until Barney had walked off to a suitable distance; Barney would then throw up his cap and utter a yell; the leash holder would pull the spring catch and let go the dogs, who would race to Barney. On this occasion, my uncle intended to take his stand halfway along the course, and I was to start the dogs. I was already aquiver with excitement and nervousness. Barney, who had unbuttoned the dogs' coats and was about to hand the leash to me, was saying, "Now, Master Joyce, mind what you're about. They're fresh the day. Be quick on the spring, or they'll pull you over," when a serious-looking, middle-aged man, from one of the terraced villas across the road, started toward us. He had on his top hat and he tipped it to my uncle as he approached. I had the idea he had put it on for the purpose.

My uncle acknowledged the salute by raising the gold top of his big Malacca cane toward the brim of his own hat and saying, "Well, Mr. Smith, and how are we this morning?"

I don't remember what the man's name actually was, but I recall his great red face. He at once began to pour out a long tale of his symptoms.

My uncle interjected, speaking to Barney, "Blackie, there—he's shivering this morning."

"Sure, sor!" Barney exclaimed in an explosion of wrath that made his mustache shake. "Why wouldn't he be? They'll both be catching their death."

His voice and look accused my uncle of neglecting the dogs to attend to Mr. Smith's idle chatter. Actually, of course, the dogs were not stripped; their coats still hung on their backs, and greyhounds, the most high-strung of creatures, are always shivering. But Barney had a standing grievance against my uncle—indeed, against the whole world—that they did not give sufficient consideration to his dogs.

My sympathies were all with Barney. I looked indignantly at the red-faced man, and he, realizing his mistake, began to apologize. But my uncle would not allow him to reproach himself. "Not at all, Mr. Smith. Not at all. It's the east wind; it plays the devil with dogs and men. We all have to look after ourselves in a wind like this. Now, what you need is to go home to bed, and Barney'll bring you a bottle of medicine. Then in a few days you can send and tell me how you are."

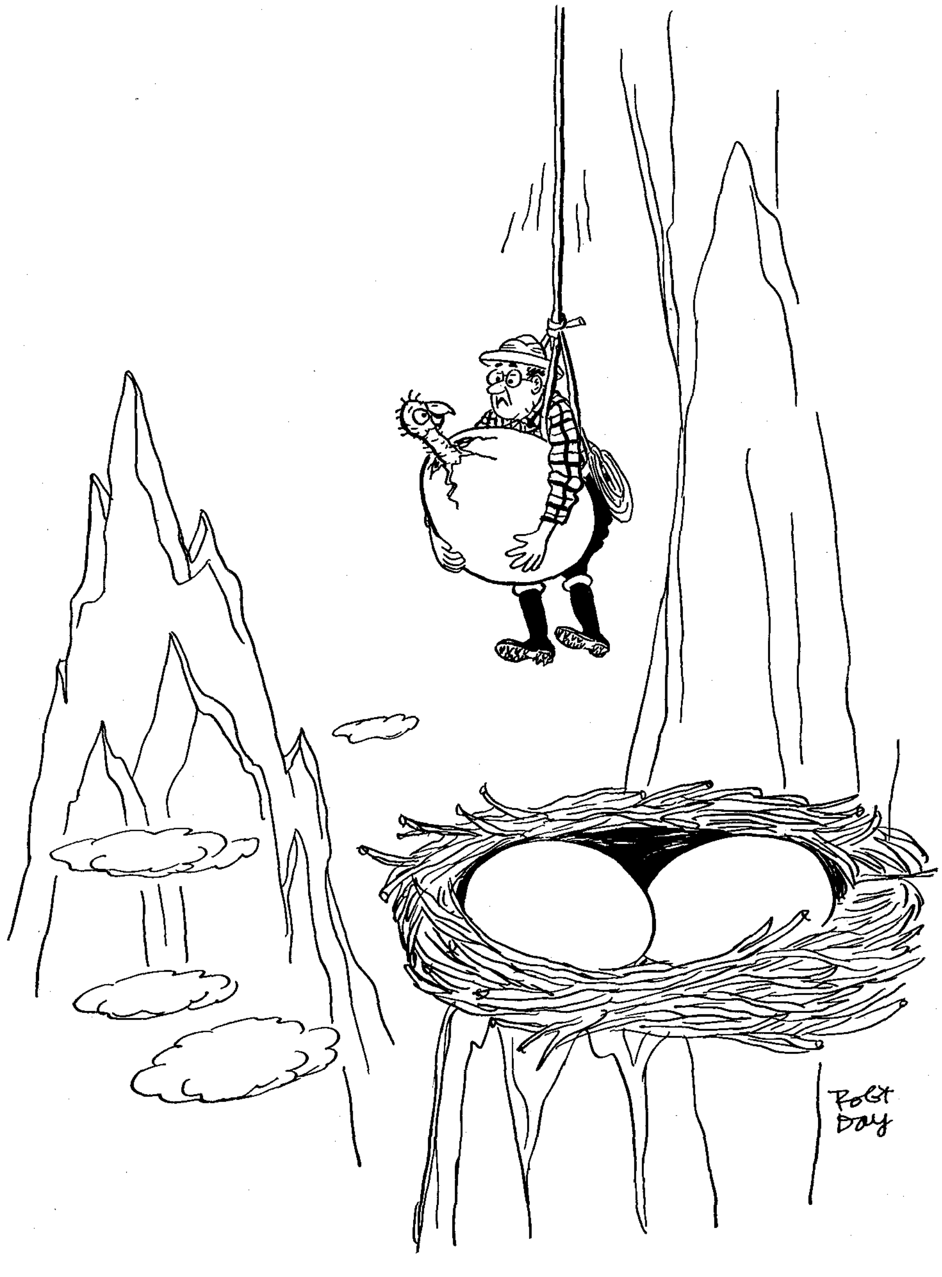
The man stooped to pat one of the dogs, and asked, "How many days?" He was clearly a hypochondriac.

My uncle paused a moment to reflect, and answered, "Three days, unless the wind holds longer. Yes, three for a start."

The red-faced man thanked my uncle profusely, apologized again for breaking in upon him, shook hands, tipped his hat, and went away. His very back expressed self-deprecation and gratitude. My uncle turned once more to the serious business of the morning.

I'm not going to say that my Uncle Tristram cared more for his dogs than his patients. On the contrary, there was something in his voice, his face, as he looked down upon some interlocutor over the long slope of his chest, that expressed both the warmest kind of sympathy or fellow-feeling, and a certain resignation in the face of human ills. The whole man seemed to say, "We are but mortal—but let us at least die like men." And I believe it was this courageous sympathy, combined with his majestic presence and his prestige as a sportsman, that made him so popular with his patients.

NEXT to my aunt and uncle, Barney had my devotion. He was then about forty, and he had been with my uncle from the age of twelve—one might say from birth, for he had been born in a village on the estate in Ireland—and his imagination had been brought up largely on the family history, centered in my uncle himself. He had, I daresay, after thirty years' close study, as deep a knowledge of my uncle



as any man can have of another, and treated him with what, to an Englishman, would have seemed like the rudest frankness. He would question his orders, and criticize his judgment, on anything from the care of dogs to the management of a mushroom bed. But what to an Englishman would have seemed like insubordination was, in fact, the mark of a relation profounder than any ordinary personal loyalty. To Barney, my uncle was the master, and masters had their place by appointment of Heaven. On the other hand, Barney had *his* place also, a place of responsibility and dignity. And as with any Prime Minister to an autocrat, it was his duty to criticize, to state his own point of view, to propose the right policy, even if it was to be rejected, and to remind my uncle of past failures, if the reminder could lead to wisdom. He had also, as a good Christian, a direct duty to Heaven—that is, to truth—so he would interrupt my uncle's stories to correct him in any detail that, to Barney's recollection, was not exact.

With Barney, I entered, without knowing it, into a social idea, a form of existence, now extinct in the West. For instance, Barney did not divide his life into work and play. He always had a task and he always gave to it special and appropriate attention; he carried it out with the pleasure that an artist takes in technical accomplishment. I never remember him except as being on duty. When at times I found him sitting down, he would be cleaning harness in the stable or silver in the pantry or, seated on a bucket in the yard, sorting a box of spring bulbs, early windfalls, or winter potatoes. I especially enjoyed these times. It was then I had with Barney some of my best and most philosophical talk, about the nature of man, the nature of the world, the strange ways of horses, the traits of different hounds, and the odd character of Carys generally. Barney knew the family history for three or four generations back, and in his view Carys formed a special race, admirable but foolish, mysterious in its crotchets, wild and rash in conduct, but, all the same, of a unique and valuable quality.

This quality consisted almost entirely in the fact that the Carys were, in Barney's words, old stock. At one time, this seemed to me an odd title to distinction in a family of otherwise quite undistinguished squires. But now I see that it is one that includes everything old—old coats, old books, old chairs, old trees, old houses. Man lives by his imagination, and his imagination is deeply engaged in history—the human drama. An old chair, an old house, carry with them the idea and the marks of a long concern in the affairs of men, their struggles, hopes, desperation, follies, and glories. Barney, who could not read, had exercised a great deal of imagination on Cary history. He would say suddenly, "Ah, it was thon Lucius that ruined himself with marrying that Miss Ray." "Thon Lucius" would turn out to be a Cary who had flourished half a century before Barney was born.

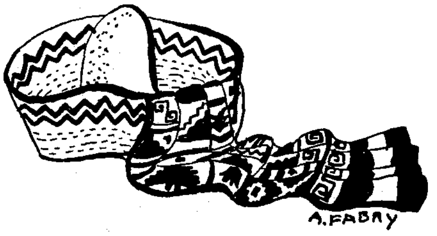
He dwelt on the Carys' follies and disasters rather than on their successes as resident landlords who had three hundred years of reasonably good development work behind them. Yet he held them in honor above all others. For instance, in spite of his deep respect and affection for my aunt, he thought nothing of her own family, the Oakeses, with their far more obvious distinction. He would say of my aunt's brother Hildebrand Oakes, one of the finest, handsomest men I've ever seen, "Thon Master Hildy, ye only have to look at the poor fella to see he's a wanderer," expressing in the last word both pity and a mild scorn.

Hildebrand, in fact, was a great traveller and, at that time, possessed no settled home. His headquarters were a room kept for him at Cromwell House, where he would suddenly arrive from some distant port, to spend a month or two with his sister, of whom, in his undemonstrative way, he was very fond. For Barney, the want of a home, above all the want of land, was a prime defect, amounting to a misdemeanor. There was a certain amount of malice in Barney's view of Hildebrand. He knew that Hildebrand thought little of the dogs, and he suspected that he did not sufficiently admire and respect his brother-in-law, Tristram, or even the Cary family generally.

This, I may say, was certainly true. To Hildebrand, brought up in Paris and Brussels, we were wildly provincial. It was with consternation that he had seen the tall young Tristram from Donegal—a place as remote and barbarous-sounding to him as Kamchatka—carry off his small, neat, delightful, and highly cultivated sister to his native mountains.

For Barney, France was the remote, barbarous land, and his remarks about Hildebrand were a favorite part of the Barney canon, as treasured by the numerous Cary male relations, known commonly as "the nephews," who frequented the house. They would repeat in Barney's tone of commiseration, "Ah, what would the poor fella know of dogs? He's nothing but a Frenchman."

This, as I say, was thought a joke, one of Barney's sayings. But I think it was more true than we realized. Hildebrand, as I see now, was intensely French in mind. He was a man of logic and method, with the highest standards of private and family duty, and deep but extremely narrow sympathies. He had absolutely nothing in



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I guess a preposition is the same as a conjunction,
I guess an adjective is the same as an adverb,
And "to parse" is a bad verb.
Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not that unkind
Like man's ingratitude to his ancestors who left him the English language for an inheritance;
This is a chromium world in which even the Copley-Plazas and the Belvederes and the Book-Cadillacs are simplified into Sheratons.
I guess our ancient speech has gone so flat that we have to spike it;
Like the hart panteth for the water-brooks I pant for a revival of Shakespeare's "Like You Like It."
I can see the tense draftees relax and purr
When the sergeant barks, "Like you were!"
And don't try to tell me that our well has been defiled by immigration;
Like goes Madison Avenue, like so goes the nation.

—Ogden Nash

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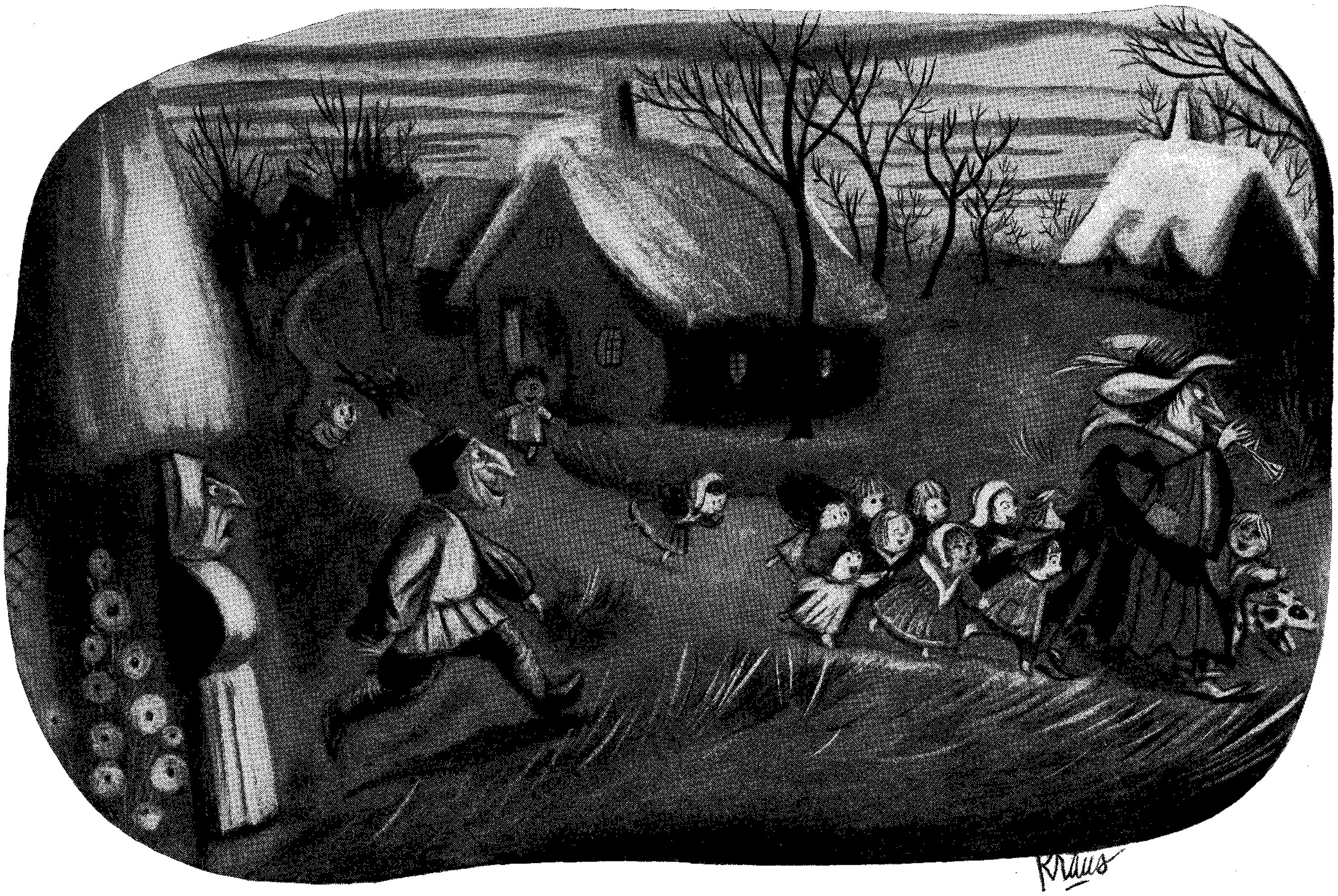

"Heinrich! For heaven's sake!"

common with my Uncle Tristram, who was as intensely Anglo-Irish as the Oakeses were French. The Carys were, to Hildebrand, impossibly vague and careless, and indifferent to the ritual of social life. I have seen him point out, with the end of a cigar, on a picture of Castle Cary, the mistake made in extending the house to the rear instead of at the sides. The house should, in his view, have had wings with roofs at a level lower than that of the central block. My grandfather, rebuilding the house in the fifties from the ruins of the old semi-fortress—a real castle—had produced simply a plain Victorian house, and this in Hildebrand's view was a betrayal of family duty. He acknowledged that in France the squire's house was always the château, but declared that, however modest, it at least asserted itself in some lordly pinnacles on the roof ridge, a high mansard, or conical extinguishers over the attic windows. Even if it were no bigger than a week-end cottage, it had a flavor of Chambord or Azay-le-Rideau about its skyline. But Castle Cary had no pretensions at all. It was simply a family house.

Hildebrand had, in fact, something of the prejudice against us that you find in Proust, among the society nobles, in their amused disdain for the country gentry of Brittany or the deep French South. His attitude was not at all Irish or even English. A society lord from Dublin or London visiting a country gentleman would be very happy to tramp the fields with him and talk of drainage or turnips as if he understood them. There is, I daresay, a lot of British and French history in this distinction. And Hildebrand was French of the old style, to the last degree—to his beautiful linen, his manner with ladies, at once gay and formal, his quick and alert mind, his sharp gaze. I have seen this look fixed on Barney when Barney, waiting at table, entered into our conversation, and I felt rather than knew that he regarded Barney as a comic Irish character, almost a joke.

Hildebrand always treated Barney with courtesy. The rest of us, however, would chaff him—a process that Barney much enjoyed if he was not too busy. But, unlike Hildebrand, we never thought of Barney, or Kate, the cook, who was rarely quite sober after six o'clock and usually roaring by bedtime—we never thought of them as comic. They were part of the family, in the old sense of the word. We were an Irish household; everyone under the roof was a member of it, and, in some respect, concerned in all its family affairs.

BARNEY was expected to remember the names and even the ailments of my uncle's patients. This enabled my uncle to give them occasionally what some of my younger uncles, the nephews, called the "absent treatment." Uncle Tristram woud be sitting in the back parlor, a combined library and smoking room, in midafternoon, entertaining a party of these nephews, and also cousins, at conversation. Barney would appear at the door, and say gruffly, "Mr. So-and-So, sor—in the surgery."

Surgery hour was six, and Barney objected to patients at any other time. They interrupted his routine of work. Thus on such occasions he would appear always, not only in working dress—stable jacket and gaiters—but carrying some implement from the task of the moment. He would hold a trowel in his hand, or, if he had been grooming, a curry comb or water brush. My uncle, checked in full anecdote, would turn his

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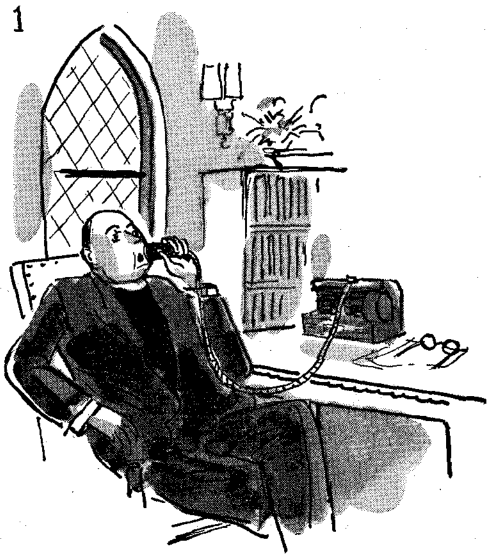

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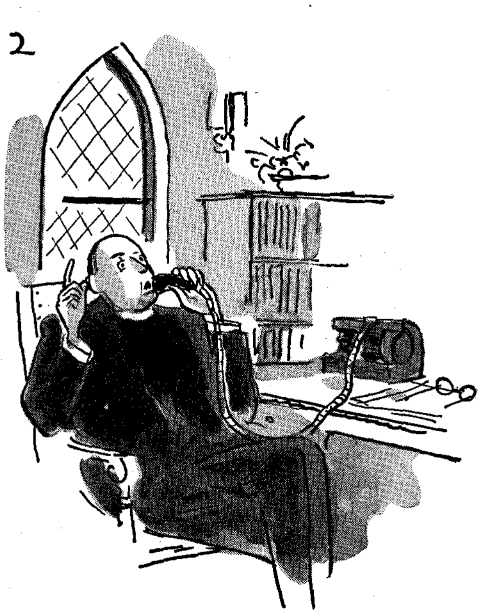

head slowly and gaze at Barney as if he had come up by a trap.

"Mr. So-and-So," my uncle would say. "Ah, Mr. So-and-So. He has a pain. What sort of a pain, Barney?"

"Why, sor, he didn't say. But sure, sor, he never has but the one."

"Never mind that, Barney. Haven't I told you always to ask what's wrong with 'em? Go and ask him, Barney. Go and ask him what sort of a pain."

Barney would disappear with a slight wave of trowel or brush as if to say, "This is what I ought to be doing." After a moment's pause, my uncle would resume his tale. At Barney's reappearance, he would again gaze round with surprise.

"It's what I telt ye, sor. It's the same pain," Barney would say, more gruffly than before.

"The same pain—ah. The *same* pain. Well, Barney, what did he have the last time?"

"Why, sor, I didn't think for to ask him." Still more gruffly.

"Ah, Barney, you'll never make a doctor." And here, my uncle, realizing that he had been interrupted for the second time, would straighten his tall back and say, "Bless my soul, Barney, go and ask him. Go and ask him."

Barney would turn round and clump away. The surgery was downstairs in the basement, and every thump of his boots up and down was a protest against this foolish affair. He would reappear once more with abruptness and stare at my uncle in silence until one of the attendant nephews would say, "Here's Barney, Uncle."

My uncle would stop again, gaze at Barney for a moment, and collect himself, "So it's you, Barney. Well, what is it now, Barney?"

"It's Mr. So-and-So, sor. In the surgery."

"Ah, yes. So he was. And what's wrong with him now?"

"It's thon pain, sor. And we gave him some of the red. But it didn't shift it, sor. It's there yet."

"Then give him some of the blue, Barney. Give him some of the blue."

The red and the blue were two of my uncle's favorite medicines. I've heard that he ordered them by the barrel, but this is probably a family legend put about by some nephew.

The surgery was forbidden to us children, and therefore we would always slip in when the coast was clear. But we never stayed long, or went far beyond the door. My recollection of the room is still full of a special awe. It was essentially a brown room. Everything in it seemed to lie in a brownish shadow—its two dusty mahogany bookcases, one full of brown books, the other of dim bottles, a fog-browned ceiling, a brown carpet, a brown desk covered with dun-colored papers, and what I can only call a brown smell, compounded of ancient chemicals and a cold earthy damp like that which rises from a lately opened tomb. There was a fearful stillness in it. All its associations—the idea of dangerous poisons, sudden agonies, sinister knowledge of people's insides, and that brown earth smell—combined to produce a horror in my veins delightful to any child, and probably as necessary to me as salt to wild animals. In those quick, nervous visits, I seemed to go into another world—a lower world—and even now I can't imagine my uncle in it. I never saw him as a doctor, but only as a sportsman who had patients.

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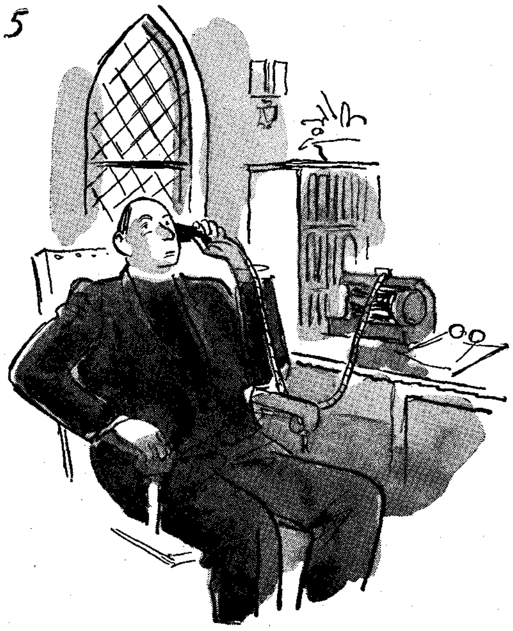
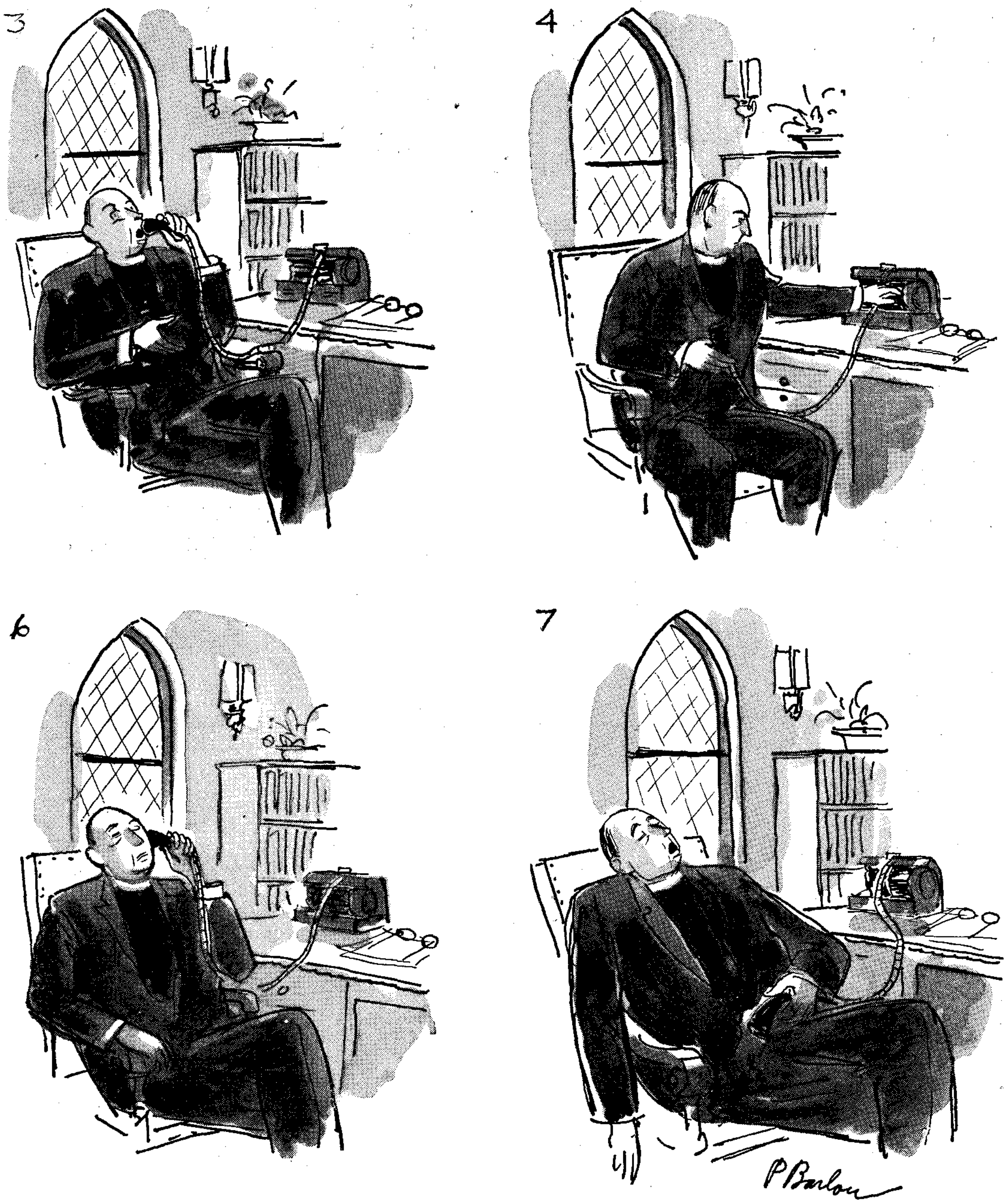


ALL this gives the impression of a harum-scarum place. Nothing could be further from the truth. Cromwell House, like other Irish households of the time, had a very definite order, even a rather elaborate routine. Meals were punctual. The cake and Madeira always appeared in the morning room at the same hour, eleven. Everyone and everything had an acknowledged time and place. But the whole atmosphere, the whole effect, was quite different from that of an English household. There was room, within the stout framework of routine, for more individual whim. Two nephews would borrow the kitchen for a boxing match, and the spectators would build a gallery with chairs on the kitchen table. My brother and I would organize an aerial railway with string, down the main staircase, by running a cord from the top landing, to a picture nail at the half landing, and so to anchorage on a hall chair or door handle below. A small box or basket slung to this stringway by a cup hook would take one dive to the half landing and, with luck, jump the fixing there and fly on down to the hall.



If the hook stuck, as it often did, at the nail, it could still be sent forward on the last leap. But often it simply jumped off the string and crashed down the stairs.

This game might be condoned, even by the servants, for a whole morning, or it might end in two minutes, even before the first big crash, by offending one of the nephews, who, possibly depressed by the morning's racing news, would suddenly demand, in passing, what the devil we were playing at—giving to the verb a meaning so different from ours that I can remember a certain perplexity mixed with my consternation while I dismantled the string.

A visiting niece, full of some private distress, would stalk about the house with a cigar in the midst of the morning—all the Castle Cary girls, to my aunt and uncle's high disapproval, had smoked from childhood. But the niece risked meeting my aunt, who, if she were in the mood, would denounce her in a speech of twenty minutes, without a single pause, for poisoning herself and the house, for ruining her complexion, for throwing away all her chances in this world and the next, for being a reproach to her sex, her name, and her generation. It was my aunt's very force of affection that made her so angry with this young thing who thus imperilled her happiness by a shocking self-indulgence. She would literally throw up her hands in despair of these girls; she had probably no hope of making any of the Castle Cary nieces respect the conventions of Victorian England, much less of Bourbon France. All the same, wild and independent as they were, they did not smoke in her drawing room.

And though the boxers in the kitchen had Kate's permission and probably her invitation, they must bundle out as soon as she needed her table or suddenly took the whim to resent their presence.

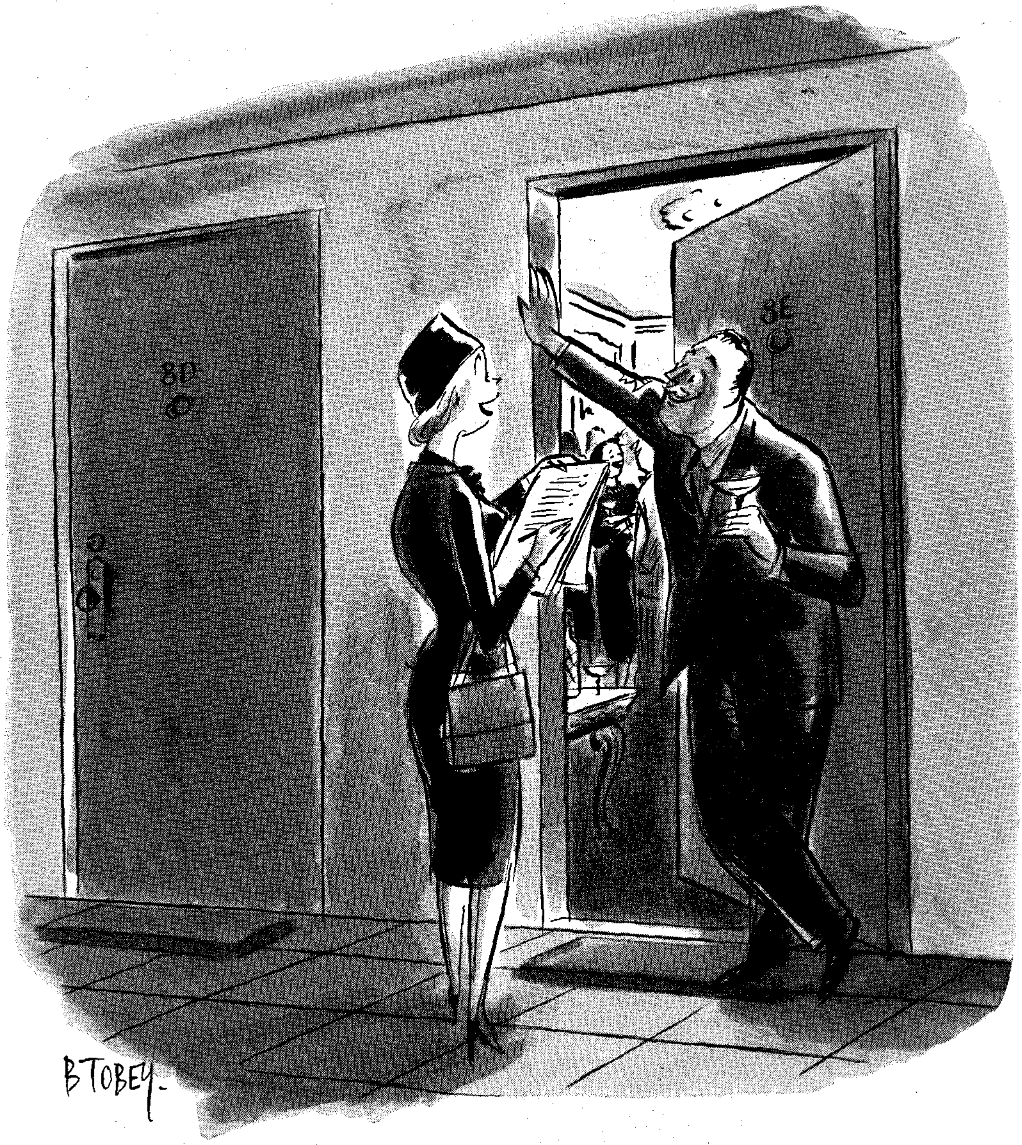
Cromwell House was a place of civilized order that must, I suppose, be described as a feudal relic. It was hierarchic—from my uncle, titular head of the family since my grandfather's death, to Barney and Kate, by their own will and feeling, family retainers. Everyone had his place in it, and the nephews, the nieces, even the cousins, to an English eye mere visitors, entered by patrilineal right. There were enormous pressures, as in every human society. But in Cromwell House, at that time, they were in balance. And the result was a society highly satisfying to everyone's living needs of body and soul—imagination and affection, humor and pride—a household unforgettable to all who knew it. I suspect, though, that its solidarity, so resilient and so tough, owed something also to outside pressures, to the fact that we were all, except the English housemaids, who came and went, in a sense exiles and refugees. We not only gave way more freely to imagination, to dreams, including my uncle's dream of winning the Waterloo Cup, the blue ribbon of coursing, but we had richer sources to feed on, of regrets, of memory. Even the children, ourselves, were never without the sense of a special fate, renewed every year when we went back to the countryside where we were native, proscribed, and yet honored for our name.

THE imperturbable Hildebrand Oakes, too, as I realize now, was an exile and a dreamer. His room, a big front bedroom, was reported to us children, by way of the housemaids, through Barney, to be a regular Aladdin's cave of wonders; that is to say, of battle pictures, soldiers' portraits, weapons. There hung on the wall, so we had heard, his father's Waterloo medal and, above, the Waterloo sword. The idea of the room was, of course, fascinating to us children. We had never seen inside. When Hildebrand was away, the room was locked; when he was at home, it was taboo. I don't know why this taboo had so much effect when we took lightly the prohibition of the surgery; the reason was probably in the difference between the two uncles' characters.

We admired Hildebrand immensely. He was not only a very handsome man, with a great white mustache, an eagle beak, and fine blue eyes, but he was almost as tall as Uncle Tristram. He carried himself superbly in his frock coat. His glance, when he looked at us, was penetrating and shrewd. Uncle Tristram, on the other hand, with an equally superb presence, had the abstracted gaze of one who sees visions. You could always hope, when in mischief, that he didn't notice you at all. Children are highly sensitive to such distinctions; they feel and respond to the subtlest degrees of personality. So though our Uncle Hildebrand's eyes, unlike our Uncle Tristram's, acknowledged our existence, we were uneasy with him—on our guard. He was essentially from outside, and his taboo had great force.

But by the dialectic of children the strength of the taboo added to the attraction of the room. I knew that Hildebrand, when he went out, often stayed out for the day. Besides being a traveller, he was a great man of affairs, a company director, an executor of important estates. And on days when he went out early, the housemaid would often attend to his room last; until she did so, it would still be open. One day, I watched carefully and darted upstairs at the very second when the front door closed behind Hildebrand. The room was better than any expectation. I was, for a moment, quite astounded and stood gaping just inside the door. The walls were covered from top to bottom with pictures and trophies. Tiger skins lay on the floor and were draped over a sofa; Uncle Hildy was a sportsman himself, and had shot tigers in India. Then I heard the stairs creak, and, fearing the maid, I shut the door behind me. I looked around and saw what I knew must be the medal—a gold medal in its glass case—and over it the sword. But both were far up on the wall, out of my reach, and this was a fearful disappointment.

Swords were a good deal in my imagination at that time. I was destined for the Navy, by my own choice. I had played about in boats from early childhood, and fancied that to spend my life at sea would be the most delightful and romantic of occupations. Only short sight prevented my going into the Navy. It was my brother who became the sailor, and his first appearance, at twelve, in blue and gold, made him my hero. Sailors, indeed, had been my highest admiration from the age of three, but I respected soldiers also as men whose business was glory, whose uniforms were distinguished, and who—above all—wore swords. And a Waterloo sword had supreme quality. Thus the sight of old Sir Henry's Waterloo sword, the first of its kind I had ever seen, had a powerful effect on me. I had an irresistible desire to touch the relic—more than a desire, an urge, an obsession. I could not leave the room without putting at least a finger on it. The risk of being caught was now enormous; footsteps had reached the landing and seemed to be turned toward this very room. But I did not care. After all, the housemaid would only scold, or at worst report me to my



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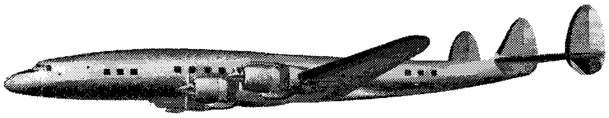

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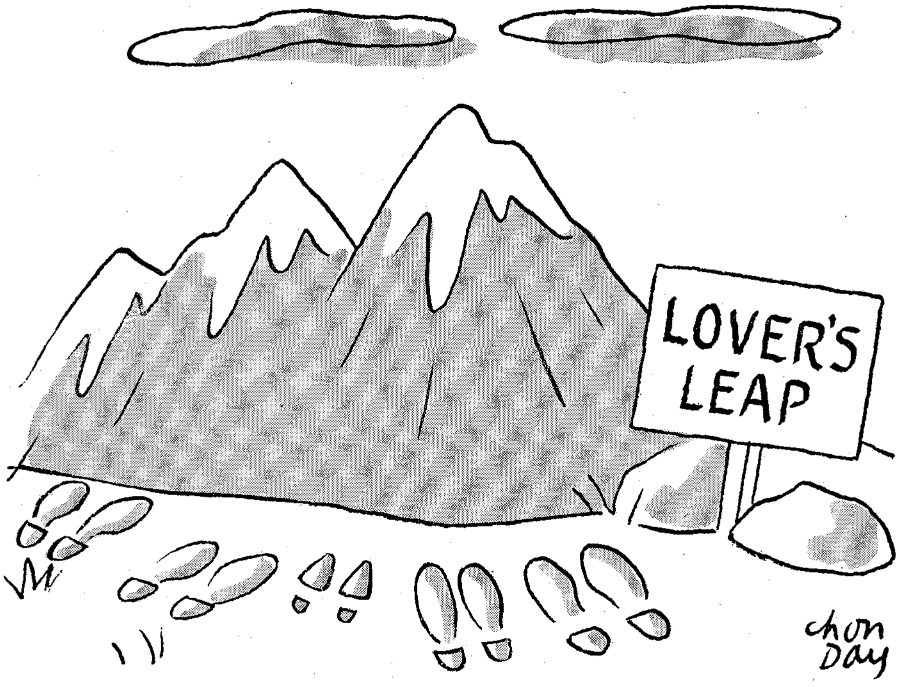

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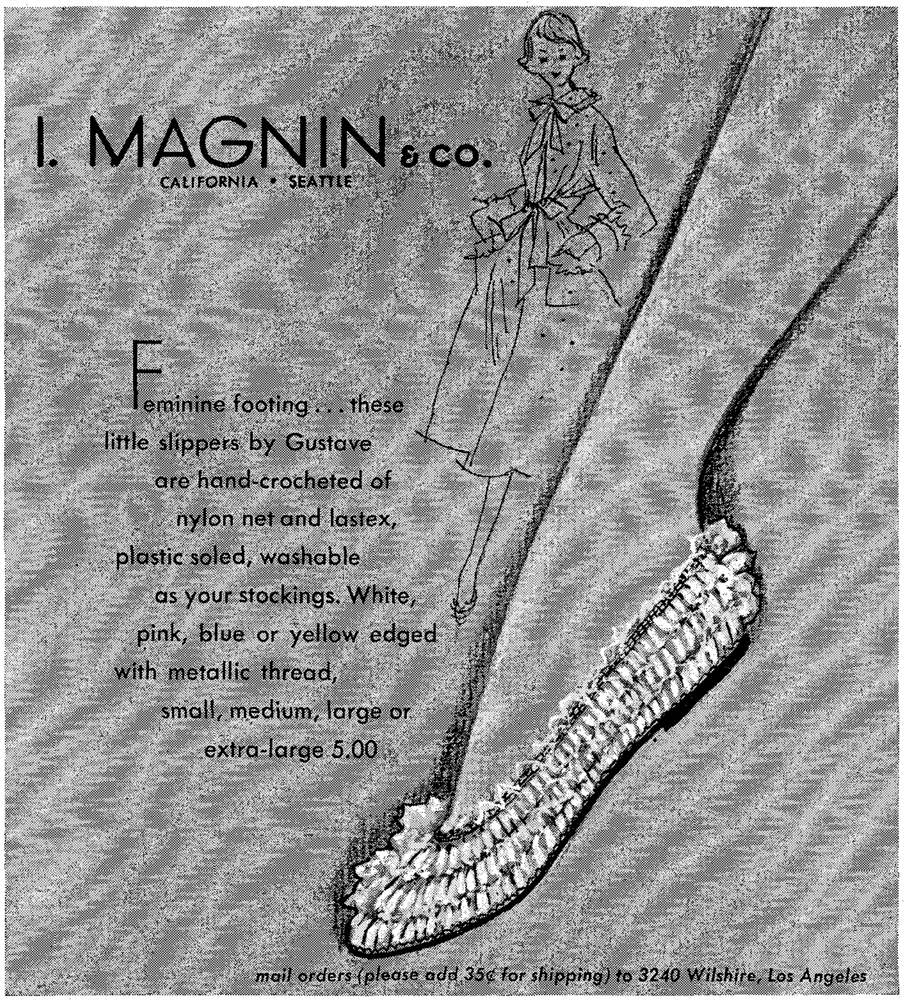
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aunt. There was no chair near the sword, so I seized a large carved upright and desperately pushed it across the carpet. The door handle was actually rattling as I climbed up and reached for the sword. And then it was Hildebrand himself who walked in. Terrified, I clutched the sword and pulled it off its nail; it fell across the chair with a tremendous clatter. But Hildebrand showed neither surprise nor indignation. He lifted me down from the chair and said, in his deep voice, full of French gutturals—the richest voice I ever knew—"Ha, I thought so! Don't you know you're not allowed in my room?"

I was too overwhelmed to be able to answer.

"Of course you know. You've been told often enough. It's no place for children. You've no sense—you just break things. Don't you do it again, you understand. Or I shall have to go away and live somewhere else."

He then led me to the door by the ear and left me outside. He did not hurt me. And later that day he took a half crown out of that same ear. He was an accomplished conjurer, and though he did not give me the half crown, I daresay he chose to make me his subject as a mark of reconciliation. But I was not fully reconciled. The idea that a grown-up, and especially a grownup of such dignity and prestige, should change his habit of life because of anything I could do gave me a frightening sense, not of my power but of my responsibility. I scarcely dared to look at the door of that room again. I would pass it on the far side of the landing to avoid all suspicion of lingering within temptation.

I did not exactly dislike Hildebrand for putting this anxiety upon me. I couldn't dislike a man so distinguished, and so favored by my aunt, but I felt that he was, in his calm way, the most formidable as well as the most mysterious of all my relations. I did not understand him at all. And yet Uncle Hildebrand, as I came to know him later, when I was at Oxford and he had settled in a house of his own, was essentially a very simple man—simpler, I think, than any of the Cary clan. He was, like all the Oakeses that I knew—my Aunt Doll, my Aunt Sophie—a very strong person, and the strength of them all was in the simplicity of their values and the black-and-white clarity of their judgment.

Even Uncle Hildy's dream was simple. Although he was at that time over ninety, he still wanted to inherit the family baronetcy. He had already inherited from various quarters a fine col-

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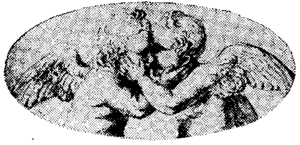

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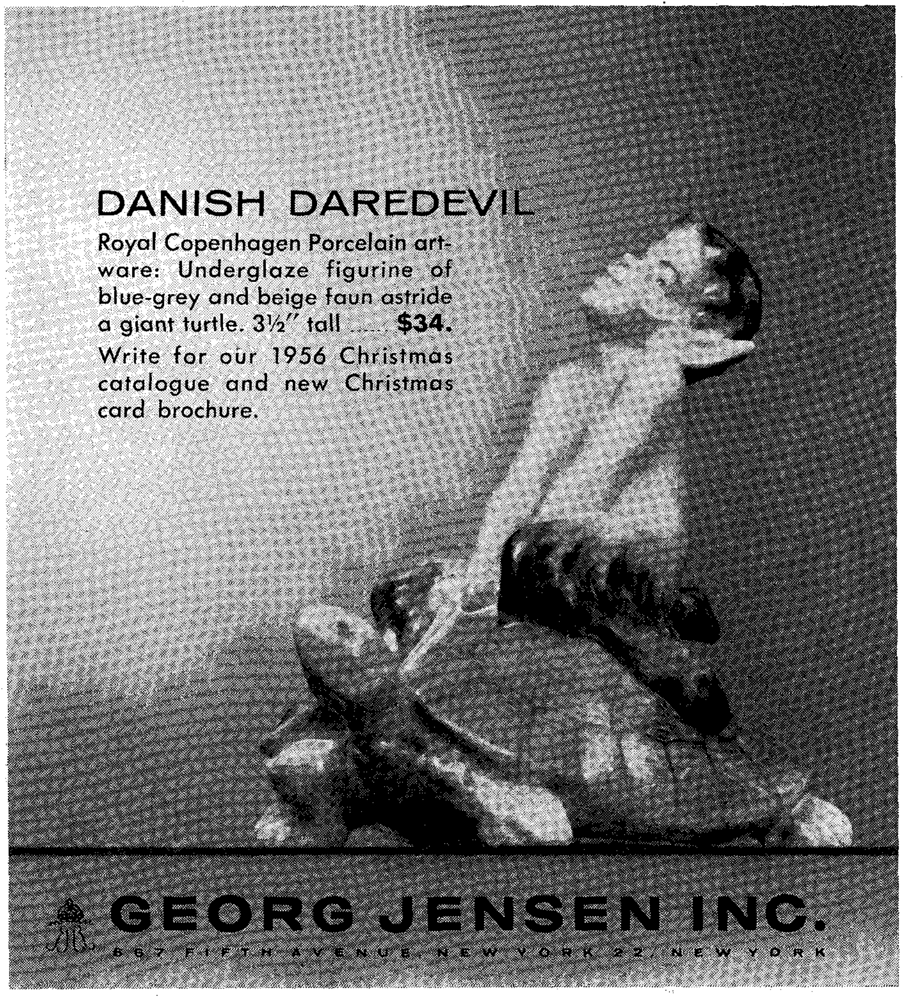
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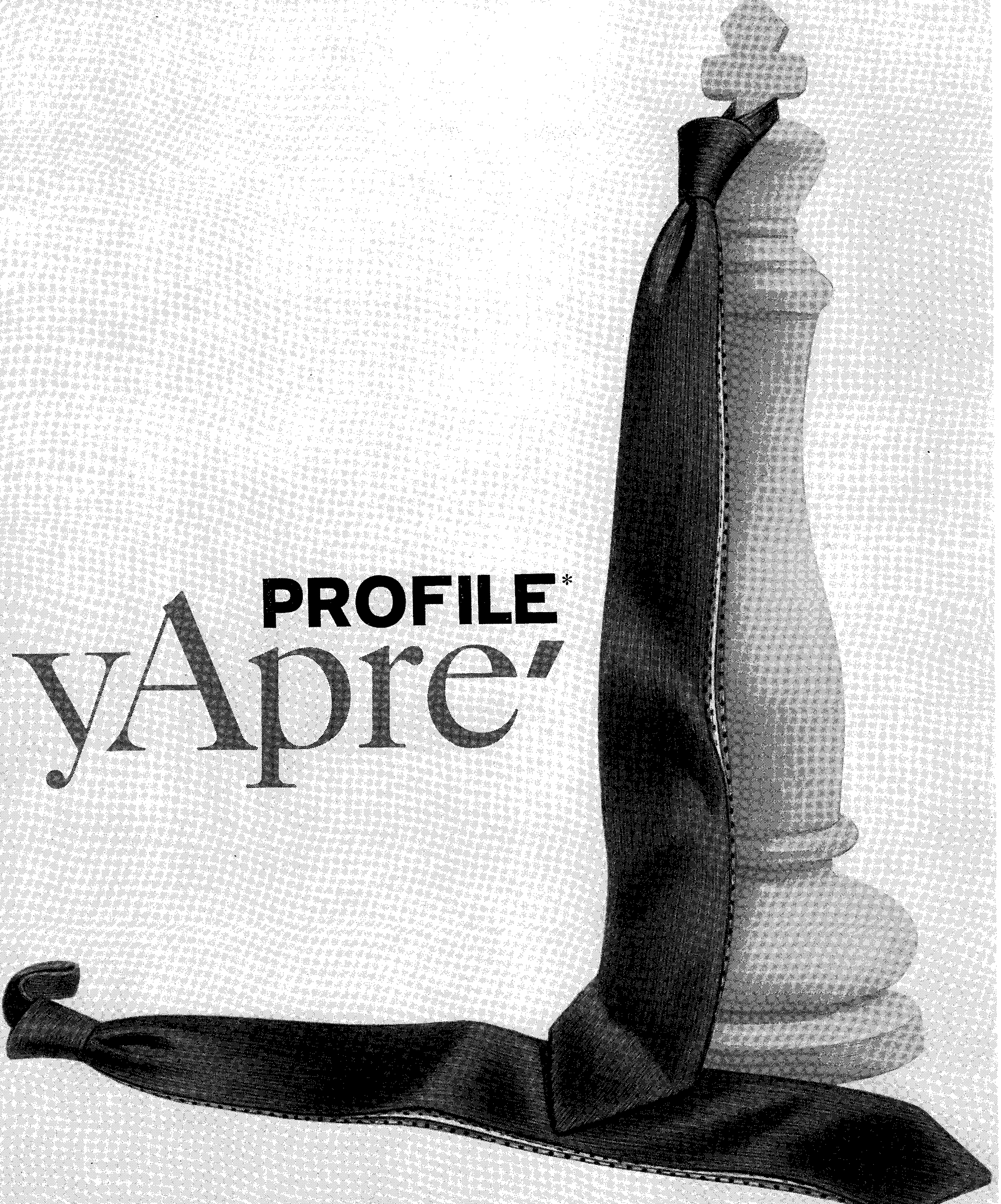
lection of family portraits, which he hung in a row on a wall of his house. But there were gaps in the row, and he would point to a gap and say, "Regy has that one." His nephew Reginald, the reigning baronet, was then about sixty. And yet Hildebrand's dream was not unreasonable. He was still perfect in wind and limb, a man of energy and health. He had been a great cigar smoker. Lately, the doctors had forbidden him to smoke, and he obeyed them. He still carried a cigar in his mouth but he did not light it; he only chewed it. In this way, he would eat four or five cigars a day. It is pleasant to record that this habit in some degree reconciled the Carys, and even Barney, to Hildebrand in his old age. The fact that he risked his health, and the baronetcy, to eat cigars, approximated him, all at once, to their idea of what befitted a man. For them, one who cosseted his health, like one who took too much care of his money, had something ungenerous in his soul, and want of generosity was for them a fundamental vice.

IT was, in fact, made almost a crime in Hildebrand that he kept and improved his small fortune, while Uncle Tristram consumed his, as much in gifts as in bets. All the nephews except my father came to Uncle Tristram for money; if they did not borrow, they won it from him at cards. He was a careless player and he had lost so much already that he did not particularly mind losing more, especially if it stayed in the family. As children, my brother and I were allowed to attend the card table, hear the bets made, see money pass. There was nothing of that separation between grownups and children which obtained in English households of the same standing. Except into bedrooms, we penetrated everywhere and at all hours. We were, much oftener than our English cousins, allowed to stay up to dinner. I was put up, at eight or nine, to propose some family toast. I don't recall the toast, but I remember vividly standing on a chair to speak, and afterward the sour taste of the wine and water in which, in the French style, I drank the toast. After such a dinner, though I was always supposed to be hustled to bed, no one noticed me if I kept quiet in the back of the room. Only Barney, that stickler for routine and good behavior, would protest. "Now, Master Joyce, you know you ought to be in your bed. Ye'll never grow to be a man like the Master if ye wear down your legs in your growing time." But on party days he was too busy clearing the tables,



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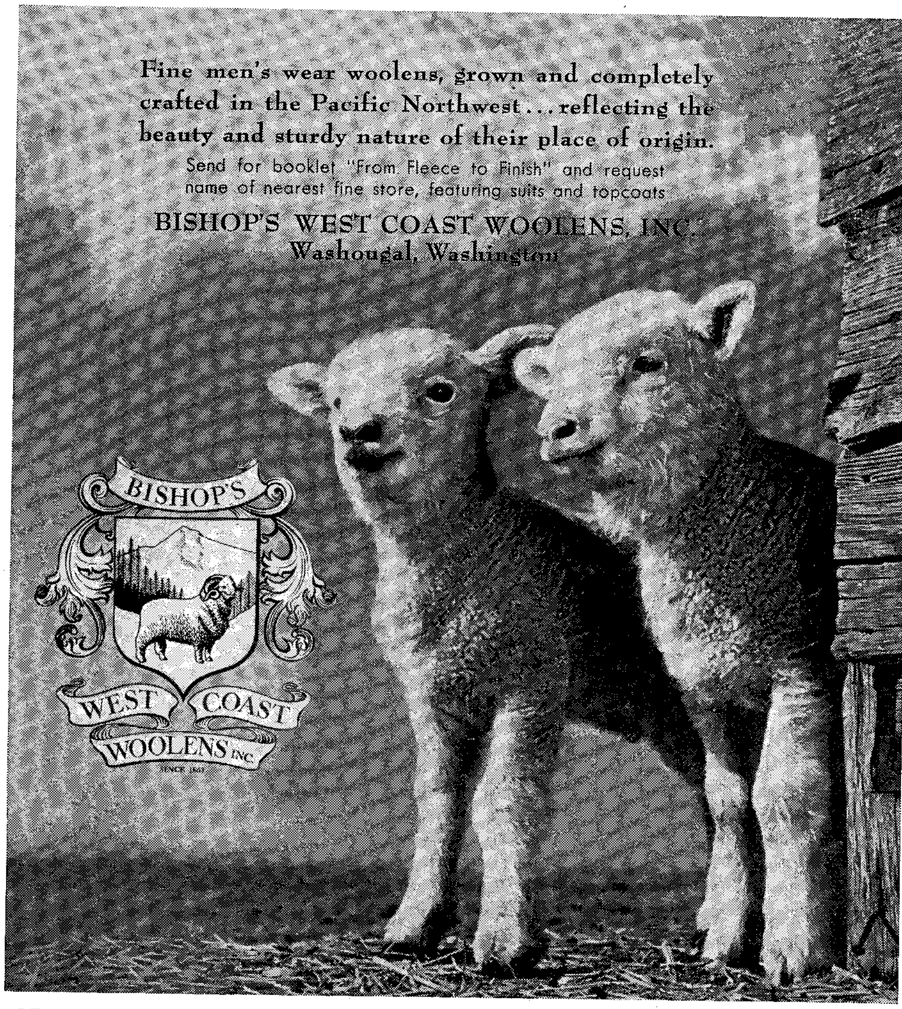
hustling the maids, and attending to coffee in the drawing room and the gentlemen's whiskey in the back parlor to harry me further.

I would slip into the drawing room, where I would find the ladies sitting around the fire in upright chairs, gossiping about family affairs, in a style at once lively and formal. This assembly, in full dress, was like a committee of ex-Ministers or state secretaries; they had the manners of the old bureaucracy. Barney, coming in to gather coffee cups or make up the fire, would be appealed to for a detail. And, like some chamberlain to the court, some gold stick in waiting, he would address the party, poker in hand, with all the circumstantial particulars of the court memorialist.

But even the entrancing analyses of these acute social observers could not keep me long with them; I would soon steal away to the back parlor. Here Uncle Tristram, in a black velvet skullcap shaped like a small porkpie, would be playing poker with half a dozen of the nephews. The cap was to keep the smoke out of his hair, still thick and curly. He himself did not smoke, but all the nephews and cousins—comrades of exile and old wars—smoked like veterans. The room always comes to me in a mist of smoke, blue as a Donegal haze, through which I watched the players, tense and wary as duellists, play their hands in silence broken only by a bid or a demand for cards. After each hand, there was an explosion of talk and laughter. One heard the echoes of triumph as well as of grief and frustration. My uncle would recall some pertinent incident. But some young nephew would already be shuffling. The nephews enjoyed my uncle's stories, but for them the game was the serious occupation of the evening. And in a moment there would be silence again, the tension of the battle.

The pictures on the walls were of horses, dogs; the shelves were full of the *Gentleman's Magazine* and the sporting novels of Nat Gould; racing and coursing trophies stood on the mantelpiece. The atmosphere, especially my uncle's grand gestures as he laid down a broken-backed flush or a couple of low pairs, had the charm of the raffish combined with a certain distinction. For in spite of the bursts of laughter and the stories and lively talk, all these men, but especially my uncle, had manner—manner as distinct from manners—a certain poise, genial but always extremely self-possessed, above all, dignified.

While Tristram played cards in the evening, Hildebrand would often sit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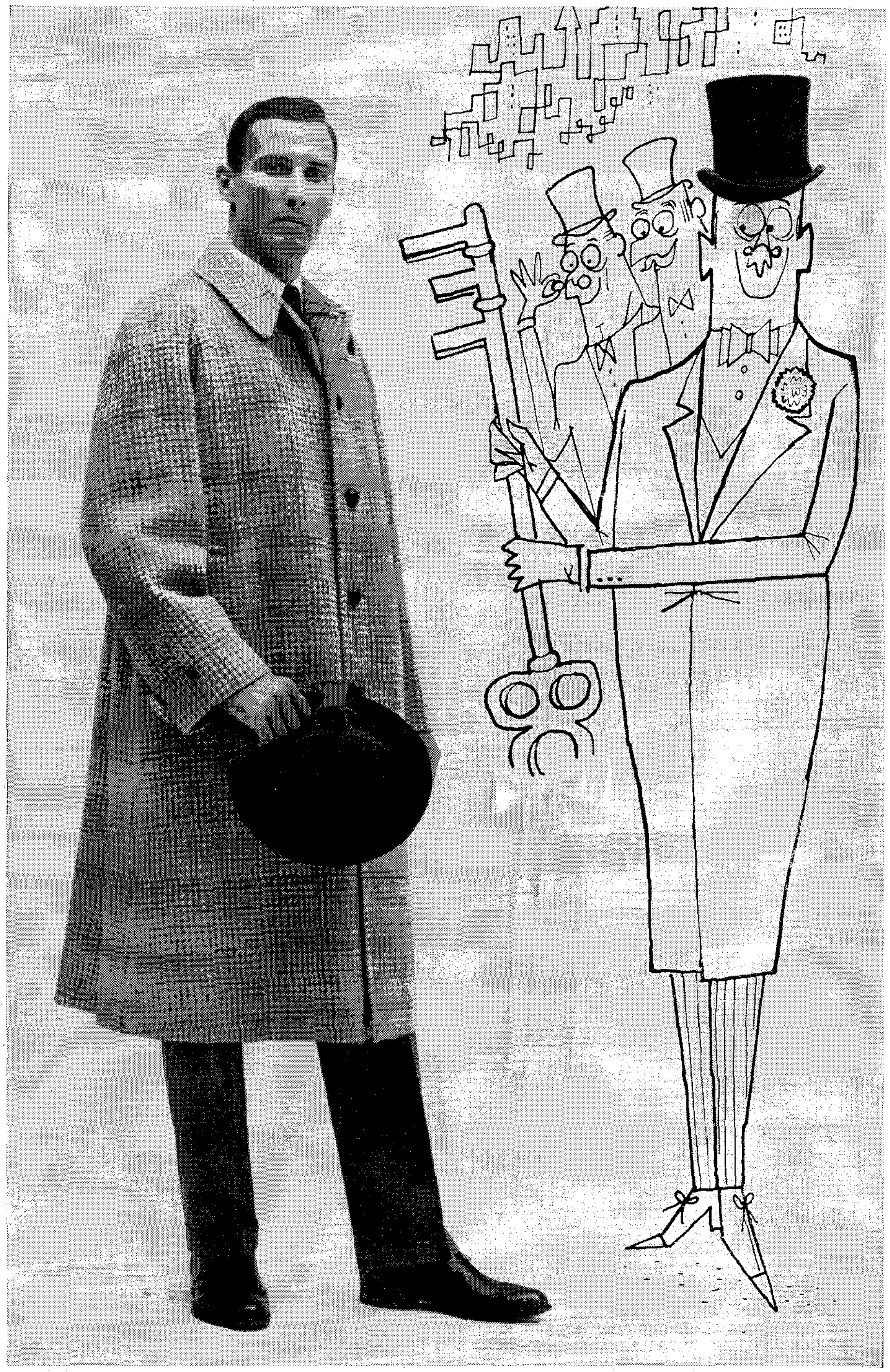

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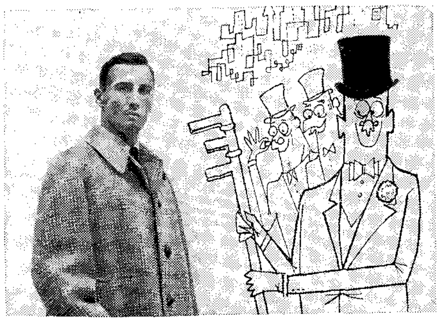

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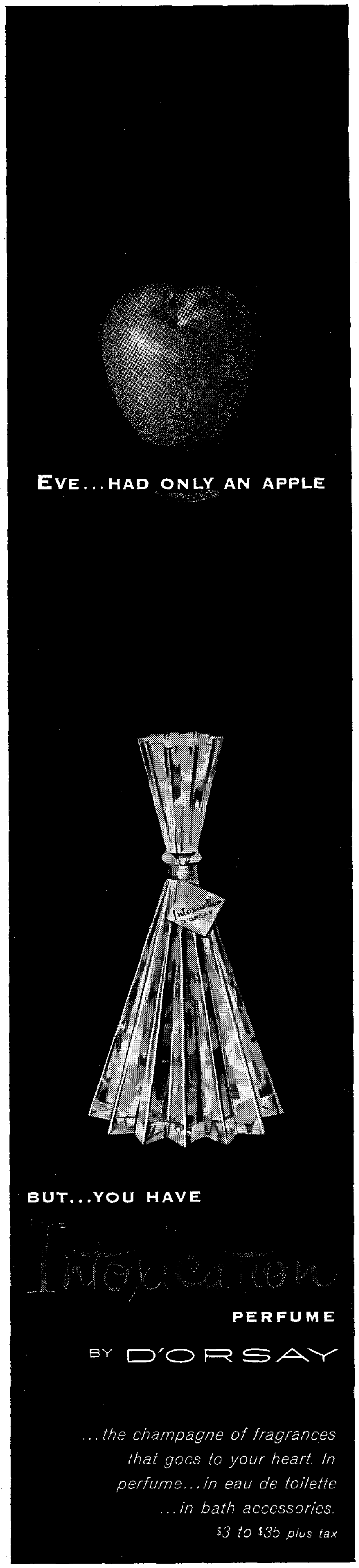
with the ladies. He considered our habit of keeping the sexes apart after dinner until a late hour—when they united, in the old style, for tea before the bedroom candles—uncivilized, savage. Yet Hildebrand, himself foreign-bred, without a local seat, was essentially out of his time. He preserved from his youth, unmodified by new social neighborhoods, the tradition, the aristocratic poise, of an old France. As one Cary nephew, always critical of Hildebrand, said of him, he would have been just right for a tumbril in 1793.

He was, in his way, as much an anachronism as the whole household, as Tristram, who himself had brought from the Ireland of the fifties, itself fifty years behind the times, the grand manner. Tristram's distaste for smoking dated from the period when smoking was regarded as a dirty and blackguardly vice. He had the Byronic attitude toward sport—that it behooved a gentleman to be skillful in all the athletic arts. He was an authority on boxing and delighted in the exploits of a nephew who won many matches, and of my father, who was good enough to be considered for the amateur lightweight championship of England. He had strong moral judgments and scorned the pretentious and the sentimental, both in things and people. He heartily scorned the Prince of Wales' circle at that time—Queen Victoria's time—and the Marlborough House set.

MY Aunt Doll had moral views equally definite. But she did not despise anybody. Her distinction was that of a perfectly understanding soul. She was something of a genealogist, like her brother Hildebrand—the French are great on family records—and, like so many thousand others, French and English, she could show her Plantagenet descent. But that consciousness of blood did not serve her for pride. It gave her only a closer relation with history, and history for her was the whole troublesome tale of humanity, doomed to insecurity, injustice, and the everlasting revolutions of politics.

Aunt Doll's affection for us had a special quality; love was for her the only constant, the only dependable thing. Her devotions were passionate. She not only forgave us for mischief; she seemed even to be fonder of us when we were under a cloud. For if she could scold us, she compensated us immediately afterward in direct proportion to the severity of the scolding and the badness of our crime. A broken window might be worth a shilling; a hole in a portrait,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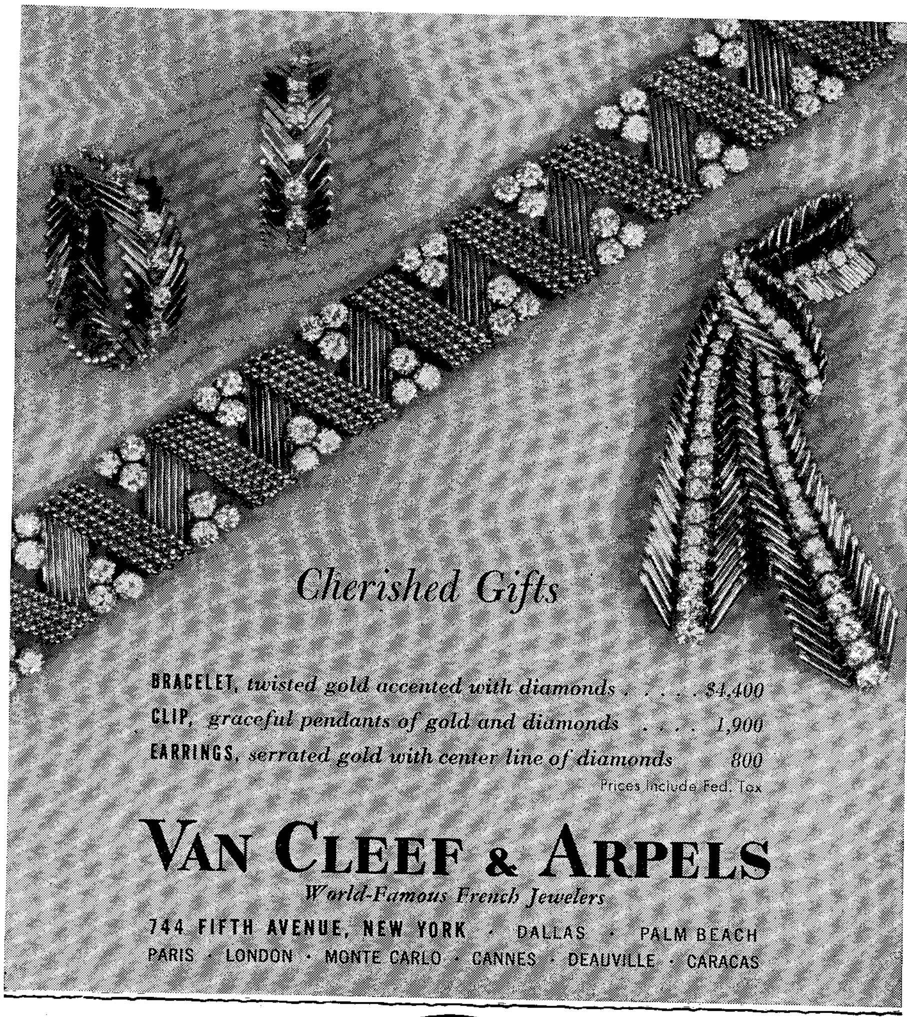
made by an air-gun bullet, rose to half a crown. In short, she spoiled us. In any trouble, my brother and I flew to her, as did all her troubled and troublesome nieces and nephews.

She had no attraction in looks or grace. She was not only very small but plain, with a very long nose, a prominent chin, and pale-gray eyes. Her hair was parted and swept back over her ears in two cone-shaped protuberances, a mid-Victorian style. She wore always a little black apron with twelve pockets in it—three rows of four. Here she carried her keys, her handkerchief, her *bonbonnière*, her vinaigrette, any letters from poor relations that needed attention, her small money, and usually some slabs of chocolate for any child who might want it. She not only spoke all her life with a French accent, but her intonation was quite un-English. Her scolding was histrionic, like a recitative from Offenbach. I suspect that some of its want of effect, its total failure to hurt, was due simply to this brilliant effect. It was difficult for a niece, even in the greatest default, to believe that such a star performance was serious. For, though my aunt meant every word, she was always so deeply convinced of the difficulties of life for young people, especially Cary nieces in this English world, that she used the words in a special sense. When she said, as I have heard her say, "You are a very *silly* gel. I don't know *what* will become of you," the word "silly" meant "innocent," "unprotected." And a certain lamenting emphasis on the "gel," combined with the despair of the last cry, conveyed strongly her sense of the pathetic helplessness of the victim in a bad world.

And as her reproaches were in dramatic form, so she would express admiration, for instance, when my brother and I had summoned her outside to see us ride our bicycles without hands, in loud birdlike cries. She also had a special scream, like that of a parakeet, when, at dessert, my uncle would bombard her down the length of the dining-room table with sweet biscuits or Carlsbad plums. But "bombardment" is the wrong word. It calls up pictures of Edwardian horseplay, so scorned by them both. What happened was that the decanter, in going round the table, would come to a stand at my aunt's elbow, and my uncle would call out, "Doll, the port sticks with you." My aunt, deep in vigorous conversation, would not hear, and then my uncle would lob a biscuit over the centerpiece and onto the cloth in front of her, and she would utter her scream, not so much of pro-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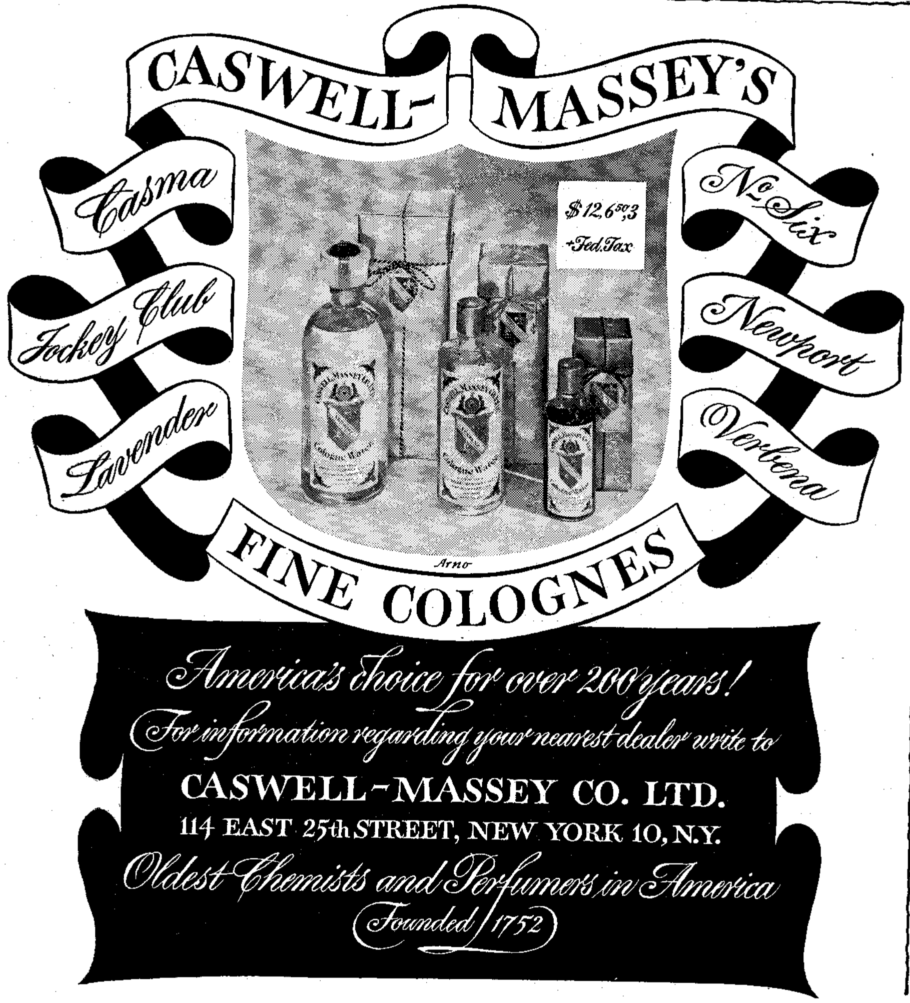
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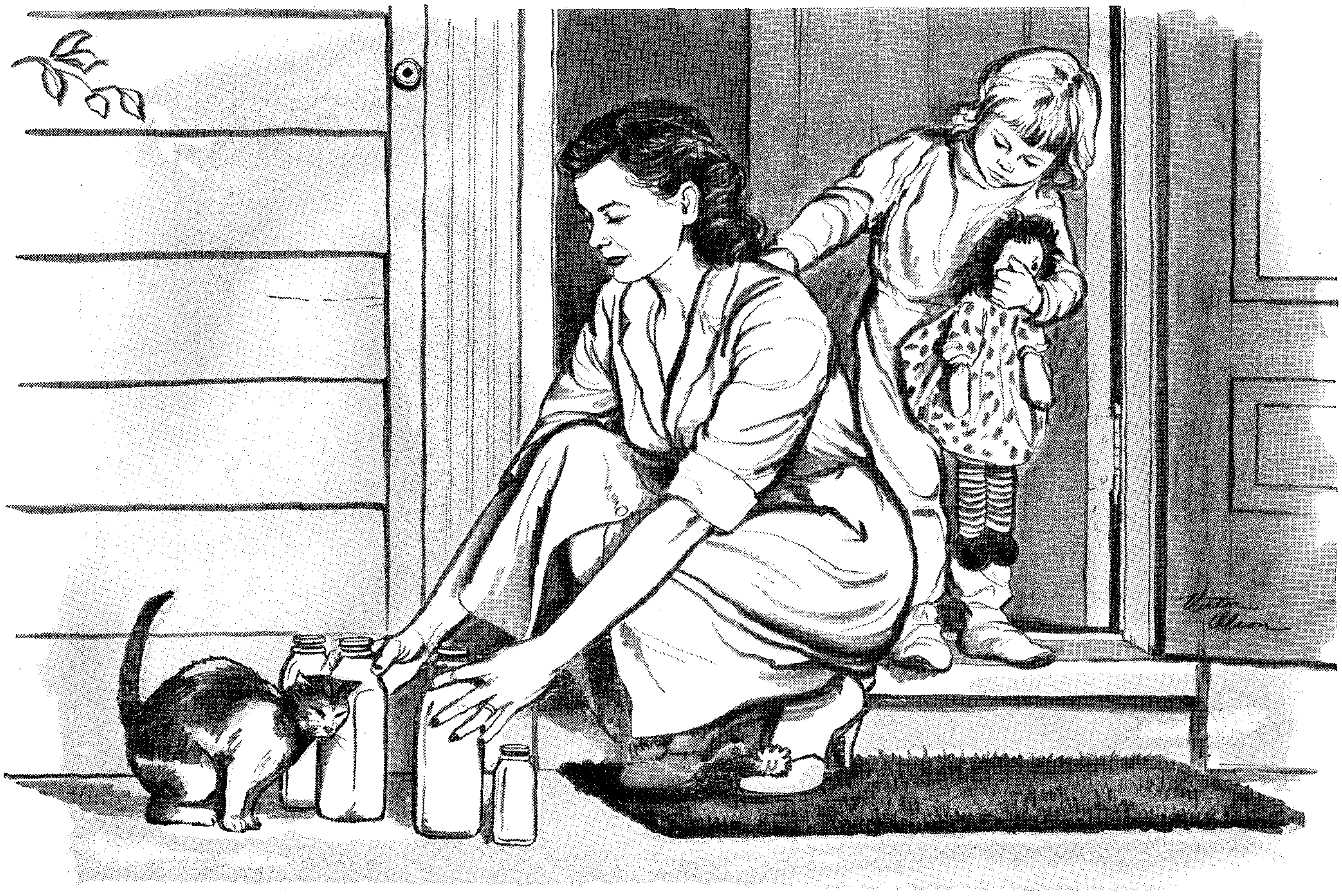

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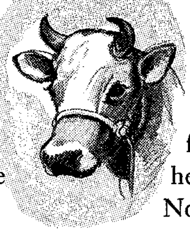

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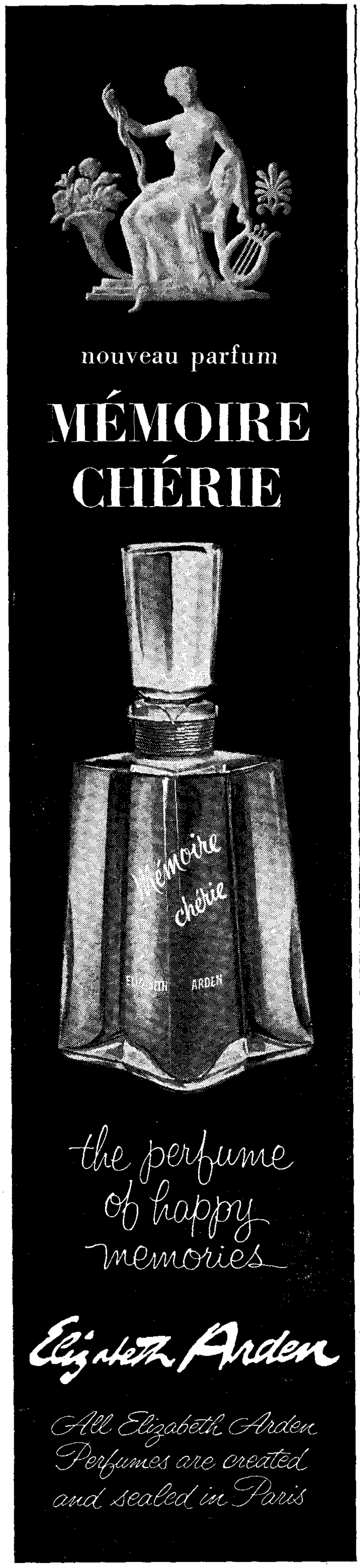
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Uncle Tristram and Aunt Doll were essentially sad people, and had that devotion to each other of those who have shared tragedy. In my uncle's case, the sadness came not only from the loss of his property but the realization that his order had been thrown aside and was about to suffer the slanders of history. My aunt was sad for him, for the loss of her children, for us all, who seemed to her deprived by no fault of our own. No wife could be more loyal; loyalty was the very center of her nature. Yet for children, for us, she would even conspire against her husband. My uncle loved croquet. How often have I seen him play that immensely dignified game, and watched, fascinated, for the last, the winning shot. For as the ball struck the stick, it caused a fountain to shoot up—a fountain of silver and even gold—the stakes of the game piled upon the winning post. And then it was my duty to run and pick them off the grass for the winner, and probably earn a sixpence. My brother and I, when we got our first bicycles, discovered that polo could be played on bicycles with croquet mallets and a croquet ball. The result of our game was one broken bicycle, two broken mallets, including a favorite of my uncle's, and a good deal of broken skin—also immense holes in the croquet lawn. Like all children, when we came to perceive the enormity of our conduct, we simply couldn't understand how it had all happened. In horror and panic, we rushed to find our aunt, to confess at once. She did not even scold us. I suppose the crisis was too grave. She immediately sent for Barney and organized our defense. The broken mallet was purposely mislaid for three days. By that time, my uncle was half reconciled to another. I don't know how Barney explained the patched turf, but when the old mallet reappeared, with a new handle, he told my uncle what had happened to it. Indeed, as we heard from Barney, who took a serious view of our bad conduct, our uncle heard the whole story from our aunt as well. This news, as Barney no doubt intended, caused us extreme anxiety. My uncle, however, did not even mention the matter to us. He did not much notice children; possibly this was his personal reaction to the loss of his own. And he never punished or even reproached us for any mischief.

Uncle Tristram accepted all misfortune, large and small—the loss of his estate, the failure of a horse, a dog, or a hand at cards—with the same melancholy calm, and the remark "We were

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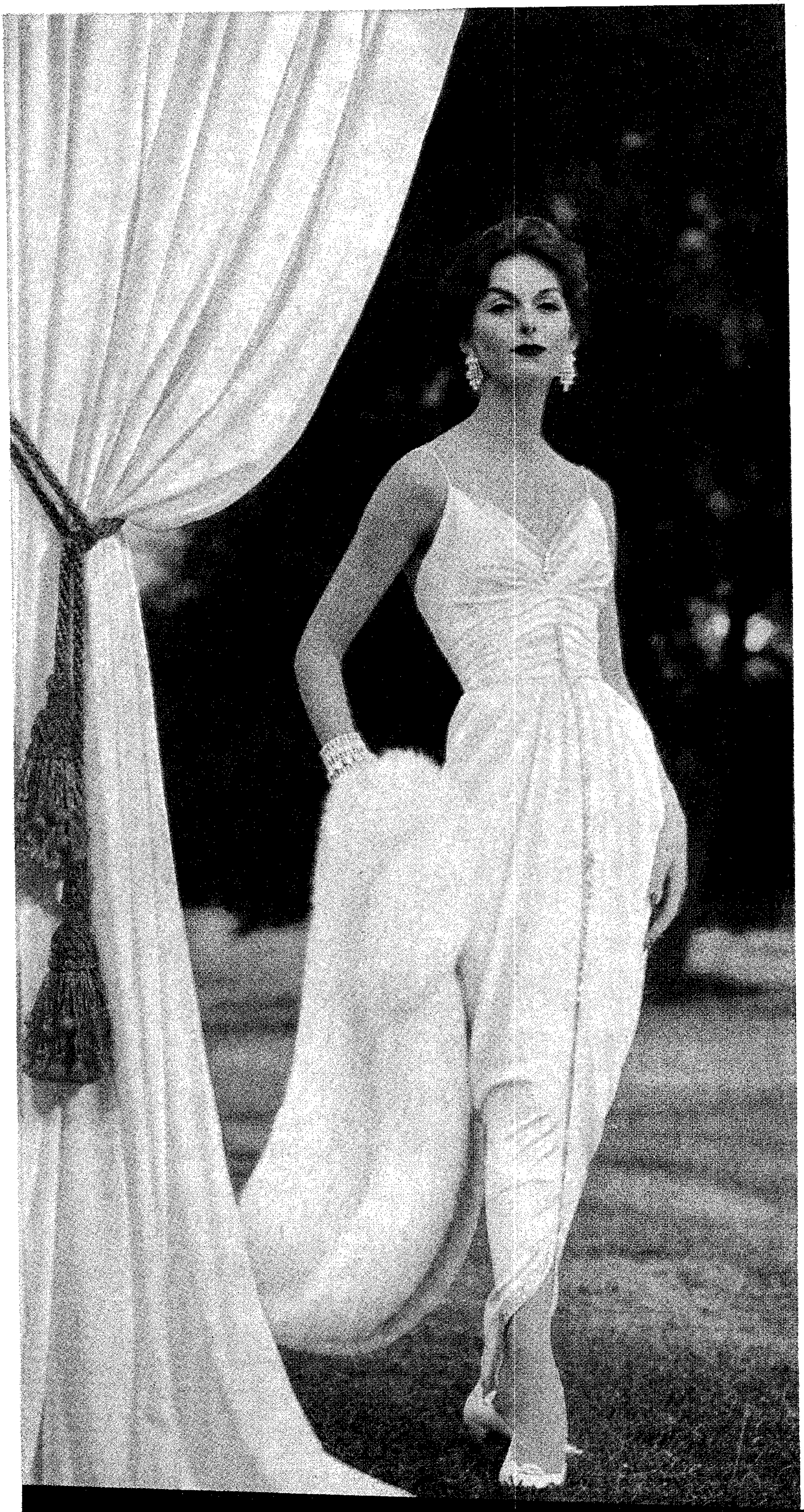

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best business connection you ever made born in a bad time." He did not bewail his luck; he regarded it as his special fate. For my aunt, luck was part of the larger, the universal, tragedy—that world history in which family disasters are of very minor consequence. But these disasters, as I realize now, played a very important part in making our background as children entirely different from that of our English compeers. The perpetual gambling, the sense of chancy finances, the general indifference to the future, which so shocked Hildebrand—all this was part of an atmosphere not so much of anxiety as crisis, natural to a generation ruined in a land war, the cruelest, most tragic and unjust form of civil strife. For it is precisely the resident landlords, who have been born in the country, who have lived and worked all their lives in it and put all their capital into it, who suffer most. To us from earliest childhood, in England or Ireland, the fundamental injustice and instability of things, the cruelty of blind fate, was as natural as the air we breathed, and, as I think now, probably as important to our health. Cromwell House and the Irish households of my various relations had a sense of life, both older and more modern than that of our English cousins. We lived more intensely, and we set a far higher value on what we had of secure happiness. We were more eager in our attachments. We knew, more consciously than other children, what family affection meant, as the one trustworthy thing among so many treacheries.

And it was, above all, my Aunt Doll who gave us that absolute security by her love. Even to be in her neighborhood, to know, if only subconsciously, that she was somewhere in the same house, in the same world, provided a solid foundation to our enjoyment of life. As a young man, I used to think I owed more to my uncle than to her; I admired him as a master in the arts of life, whose distinction was proof against every kind of misfortune. But now I am not so sure. Looking back from my own sixties, the uncle, with his grand head, his commanding dignity, seems like a child lost in a wilderness; the aunt, so small, so plain, with her childish cries, her sudden unexpected gestures, like a giant in strength and grasp. It was life itself she understood. —JOYCE CARY

•

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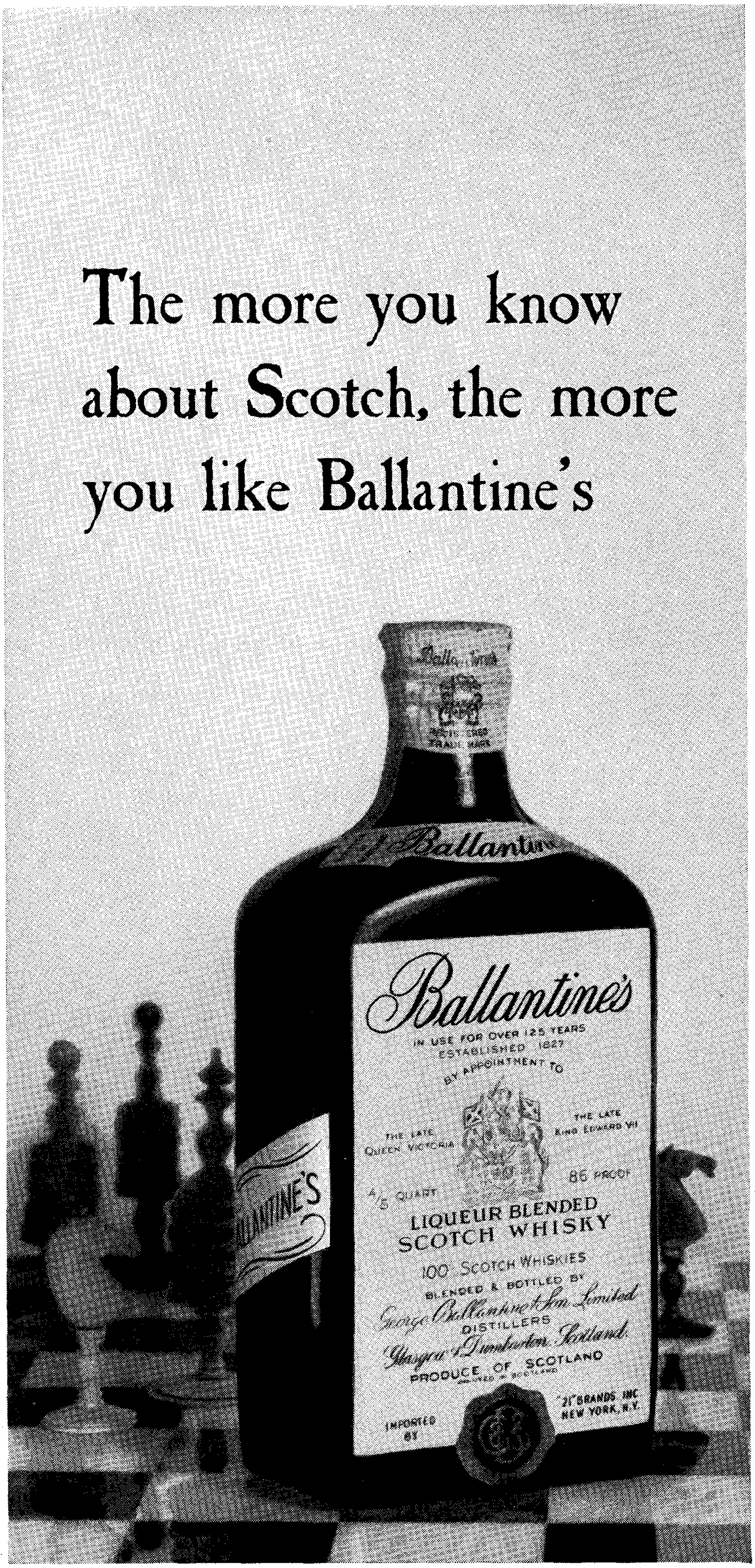
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THE THEATRE

THE REDCOATS HAVE LANDED

THE action in the two plays by Terence Rattigan that make up the double bill called "Separate Tables," at the Music Box, takes place in a seaside resort hotel in southern England. This is quite an establishment, occupied permanently by a collection of aging but still formidable ladies and gentlemen who yelp at one another with unmistakable breeding, mainly about the sorry state of modern society, and intermittently, for the purposes of drama, by a few less standard types, all socially damaged in one way or another. The cast of eleven, nine of whom appear in the same roles in both plays, also includes the proprietress—a philosopher who has learned tolerance through suffering of her own—and two Cockney maids, whose accents are good for a laugh any old time. Mr. Rattigan's talent is a singular one. He is capable of lines that might easily dismay the editors of *Seventeen* (among my indignant notes I find "She is a statue carved in ice, as you once described her"), and almost none of his prose would be endurable if you were obliged to read it in a book. He has, however, a neat gift for theatrical dialogue. This is evidenced, on the comedy level, by the fact that he can make the conversation of bores wonderfully funny by employing, apparently, only such sequences as "Really?," "Yes," "Oh, how dreadful," "Isn't it?," and, in the straight dramatic passages, by his ability to imply in one flat, elliptic sentence everything that a more literary performer would require a lengthy speech or two to say. It is not exactly writing, but it is certainly craftsmanship.

It seems to me that the two pieces vary widely in merit. The first, individually labelled "Table by the Window," has something to do with a Labour Party leader and a high-stepping blonde who have partly destroyed each other (they are on diets of alcohol and sleeping pills, respectively) but come together again in what is presumably a happy ending, though not before he has made a very creditable attempt to strangle her to death. At one point, the lady is caused to exclaim, "You might be Prime Minister and I a millionaire's wife!," thus suggesting that they are both potentially persons of considerable stature, but I'm afraid I'm not convinced. They strike me as singularly vacant and posturing figures, well deserving the rather shabby condition to which they have been brought. The play is rescued from being wholly a nuisance by some exceptionally fine performances, not only by Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton, in the central roles, but also by all the subordinate members of the cast, yet it remains a bit overwrought and—well, stringy, for want of a statelier word. I write this, of course, with the understandable malevolence of a critic confronted with an author who can obviously turn out a successful play in little more time than it takes to write a review of it, and I may be mistaken. I doubt it, though.

The second item on the bill, "Table Number Seven," is another matter. Its action takes place a few months later. The politician and his girl have disappeared, to be replaced by another pair, whose dilemma is much less melodramatic and far more touching. These two, both lost in the world in their separate ways, are a middle-aged man who has provided himself with a public-school background and a military title, though his sad pretending fools practically no one, and a wan, forlornly unattractive girl, humbly grateful for the small attentions he has paid her. It soon develops that, in addition to being an impostor, he is the victim of a wretched

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and humiliating sexual aberration that compels him to annoy women in moving-picture theatres. He is convicted of such an offense, and the news of it in the papers, triumphantly discovered by the girl's bitterly intolerant mother, seems to mean not only his expulsion from the hotel but also quite conceivably the end of his life. The rest of Mr. Rattigan's story is simple, having to do with no more than the birth and gradual spreading of pity and understanding among the guests until, with the intractable exception of the mother, they all give evidence that they are prepared to accept him back among them as if nothing had happened. It is indicated that this testament of faith will somehow cure him of his perversion as well as his weakness for impersonations, and even that there is some common future for him and the girl, who has simultaneously been set free from her mother's terrible domination. Both these happy developments look highly unlikely to me, but I doubt if that is particularly important, since compassion for the lonely and beaten is the drama's real concern. Given a better story, Mr. Rattigan appears to write much better, too, and "Table Number Seven," in spite of its occasional fault of glibness, is a mature and sensitive play, well worth struggling through the irritations of its companion piece to see. Mr. Portman and Miss Leighton, again in the central roles, and this time having much more satisfactory material to work with, are magnificent, though it occurred to me briefly that her appearance was dishevelled beyond the strict requirements of art. There are also effective performances by Beryl Measor, as the owner of the hotel; Phyllis Neilson-Terry, as the demon mother; Jane Eccles, May Hallatt, and William Podmore, as a trio of assorted eccentrics; Donald Harron and Ann Hillary, as a lively young couple who appear to have registered at the wrong inn; and Georgia Harvey and Helena Carroll, as the comic domestics. Peter Glenville's direction seems as accomplished as any I have seen this year.

AS a critic, I'm afraid I am at my worst, which is something to behold, when it comes to the works of Shakespeare. The knowledge that there is nothing to be said about the plays themselves that hasn't been said by eloquent and industrious writers a hundred times before and that there is little left for me to do but comment on the quality of the production and the behavior of the actors weighs heavily on my spirit, and this is inevitably reflected in the subsequent reviews, which, amiable friends have sometimes remarked, read rather like the reports of a comparison shopper. With this warning, we will proceed to the two revivals, "Richard II" and "Romeo and Juliet," that the Old Vic Company offered last week at the Winter Garden. For the information of those who have intelligently decided to go no further than this paragraph, I found them both disappointing, the players in my opinion bringing nothing much more arresting to their roles than youth, high spirits, impeccable diction, and a certain disciplined competence. In view of the traditional reputation of the troupe and the glowing reports that have preceded it from London, this bleak judgment may be hard to credit. I can only say that while I went to the theatre each night in high hopes of a miracle, they were not fulfilled and I left in the end with something like alacrity. Perhaps you'd just better go and see for yourself.

If you are still with me, the leading roles in both plays are taken by John Neville and Claire Bloom, and we might as well consider these two actors more specifically. Mr. Neville, then, is a young Englishman who reminds me, physically, quite a lot of the late Leslie Howard. This means that he is a delicately romantic figure, with a remarkably sensitive face and a graceful carriage, and to this extent, at least, is admirably equipped to play either a ruined king or a doomed lover. In both roles, he speaks with beautiful precision and with proper reverence for the sacred rhythms; his mobile features are faithful mirrors of his moods, which are varied and picturesque, though, of course, mainly disconsolate; his gestures are eloquent, and if at times the air around him seems overfull of hands, they are agreeable hands to watch. In spite of all these natural advantages of his, however, I am in considerable doubt about his interpretation of either of these difficult parts. His portrayal of Richard, properly the study of a weak, corrupt, and petulant king who achieves some degree of nobility only in his hour of destruction, starts excellently, but then, as misfortune gathers, takes on a note of abject self-pity that robs it almost completely of its majesty. Its final effect is pathetic rather than tragic, and the emotion it arouses is unlikely to be more than a kind of contemptuous pity. Mr. Neville's Romeo is harder to assess. The poetry is superbly delivered, but, though it is addressed to Juliet, she seems to be nothing more than a con-

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veniently captive audience, her lover's real and passionate enchantment being with the sound of his own voice. As an exercise in declamation, the performance has impressive style; as an attempt to evoke the picture of a man beside himself with love, it may be just a trifle self-centered. So much, I am sorry to say, for Mr. Neville.

Miss Bloom is an extremely beautiful young woman and intermittently a brilliantly effective actress. Her brief appearances as the unhappy Queen in "Richard" were, I think, genuinely moving, but they were too fragmentary to be more than suggestive, and we will concentrate here on her subsequent Juliet. This part, as you've surely heard too often before, has been described as beyond the range of any mortal actress, on the theory that anyone young enough to successfully impersonate a fourteen-year-old girl is obviously too young to possess the mature technical equipment necessary for handling one of the most taxing roles in the theatre. I wish I could report that Miss Bloom had demolished this foolish superstition, but unfortunately the facts are against her. Visually, she is as fresh and radiant a Juliet as we are likely to see, but her acting, I'm afraid, has two distinct aspects. In the early scenes, when her heart is filled with the new wonder of love, she is nearly perfect, giving the old lines an unfamiliar magic. It is a lovely and touching exhibition, made doubly remarkable by the almost spectacular lack of coöperation offered by Mr. Neville. Regrettably, it is also too lovely to last. As nearly as I can put it, Miss Bloom reacts rather badly to calamity, and when the mood of the play passes from rapture to the final ugly nightmare of daggers, phials, and visits to the cold but far from quiet tomb, her own descent is almost equally abrupt and melodramatic. Under the dreadful pressure of circumstances, Miss Bloom, if such a thing can be said of a Capulet, begins to yell. In justice to her, it should be added that there is something about the final scenes of "Romeo and Juliet" that might have this effect on any actress in the world, but I was still dismayed. I had hoped for so much better from her.

Of the others in the company, I was favorably impressed by Paul Rogers, whose John of Gaunt and following Mercutio were not only triumphs of versatility but also models of resourceful interpretation; Wynne Clark, who defied tradition by playing Juliet's nurse as a lively young woman and got away with it very nicely; Charles Gray, as Bolingbroke and the Prince of Verona;

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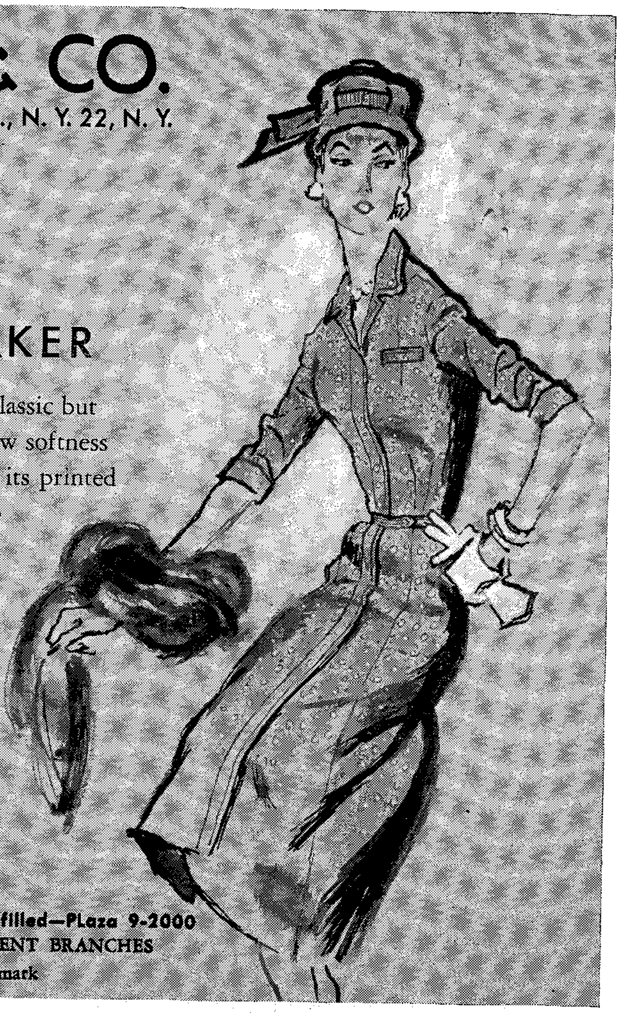

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Jack Gwillim, as Mowbray and Friar Laurence; Richard Wordsworth, as York and Tybalt; Ernest Hare, as Northumberland and old Capulet; and Denis Holmes, as the Bishop of Carlisle and Montague. The settings and costumes, by Leslie Hurry for "Richard" and by Loudon Sainthill for "Romeo," offered no surprises, which is as it should be, I suppose, and the direction, by Michael Benthall for "Richard" and by Robert Helpmann for "Romeo," if it can be absolved of responsibility for the pattern some of the performers set themselves, was ingenious and well paced.

AS several of my colleagues have pointed out, "The Best House in Naples," a gruesome little comedy adapted by F. Hugh Herbert from an Italian original, is a disaster easily comparable with "Harbor Lights," "Sixth Finger in a Five Finger Glove," and "Double in Hearts," all of which opened and shut with almost inconceivable rapidity earlier in the season. There are only two small points I'd like to add. One is that Mr. Herbert, an author firmly convinced that sex and humor are synonymous, has been somewhat restrained in the past by the fact that he has been writing about people whose speech and behavior were trammelled to a certain extent by the usages of polite society. In "The Best House in Naples," however, he is dealing with a woman who has left her employment in a bordello to become the mistress of a painter but in whom habit is so strong that she has subsequently had two, or possibly three, sons by other men. It is a situation that gives Mr. Herbert's terrible vivacity full scope, and you can be sure that he makes the most of it, reaching a memorable peak of something or other at the end of the first act, when he causes his heroine to tear the false bosoms from a rival's dress and fling them triumphantly across the stage.

My other point has to do with what might be called the Tower of Babel fallacy. It often happens in the theatre that a foreign star, substantially innocent of English, is imported to head an otherwise American cast, and while this can be disconcerting, the accent is usually explained more or less satisfactorily in the text. The mystery in "The Best House in Naples," however, remains pure and inscrutable to the end. Of the twelve entertainers, seven speak the language of this country, or regional variants of it, but the five others, including the two principals, are almost as incomprehensible as they would be if they

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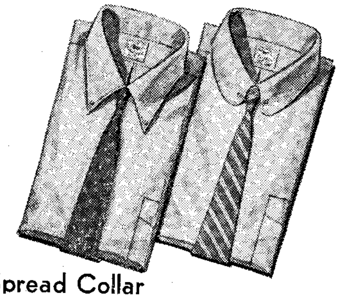

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Peppermint stripe madras—blue, grey or tan	5.50
*Hairline stripe madras—blue or grey	6.00
*Shepherd Check gingham—red or navy blue	6.50
*Tattersall check, miniature size—yellow & black, red & black, blue & green on white ground, imported broadcloth	10.50
*Tartan Deeptone Stripes—red ground, black stripe centered with yellow pencil line; deep green ground, black stripe centered blue pencil line; brown ground, navy stripe centered yellow pencil line	10.50
White batiste (imported Egyptian cotton)	5.00
Pencil stripe batiste, 1/16″ stripe on white ground—blue or grey	5.50
*Natural Fugi silk	12.50
†Dacron & Cotton white oxford weave, wash 'n wear	10.50

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White broadcloth (collar stays)	$ 5.50
White oxford (collar stays)	5.50

†DuPont registered trademark

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White broadcloth, collar stays	5.50

Tab Collar

White broadcloth	5.50
White oxford	5.50
British Cluster Stripe (bold-thin bold)—blue or grey	5.50

Round Collar

White oxford	5.00
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*Hairline Stripe Madras—blue or grey	6.00

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Pleated soft bosom broadcloth	10.50
"The Jabot", a ruffle front, soft pleated dinner shirt, super fine broadcloth, ½″ ruffle on both sides of top center panel	15.00
The Venetian Lattice Pleat—multi-pleats, very narrow, and skillfully worked on a diagonal line forming a V, converging on top center panel, with ½″ ruffle front, sheer batiste body	20.00

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*Sizes 14 or 35 sleeves not made in this pattern. Blue or white oxford carried in 17½-33 through 36 sleeve.

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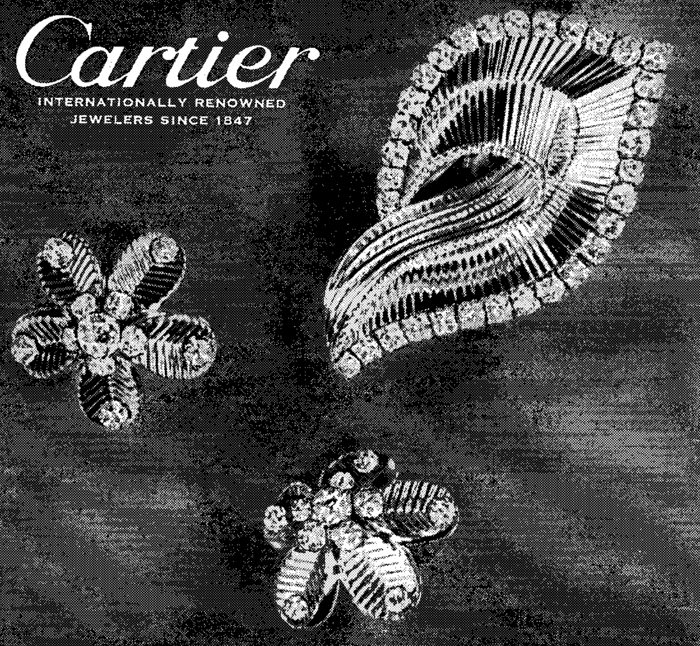

Diamonds on 18kt gold from Cartier . . . "Coffee Bean" ear clips, tipped and centered with round diamonds, $1,450; "Autumn Leaf" Clip fluted and bordered with round diamonds, $2,250.

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were conversing in their native tongues, which are Spanish in the case of the leading lady and Italian in those of her associates. A Dr. Simon R. Mitchneck is listed in the program as "Speech Consultant," but it is hard to imagine what his counsel was, since his pupils continue to refer to their environment as "thees slipping seety of Napples" and the heroine's lifelong occupation as "leafing in seen." Katy Jurado, as the lady thus described, is especially hell on vowels ("I theenk you are seemply bloffing, you heepocreet"), but there is stern competition from Rino Negri, as her lover, and from Esther and Silvio Minciotti, as a pair of ancient domestics. Among the English-speaking members of the cast is a pretty and apparently able young actress named Leila Martin. My heart went out to her.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

OCTOBER 15, 1956

To: All Employes in Building for Brotherhood
From: Merrill M. Barlow, Business Manager

As you know, we have had considerable trouble with the push buttons in the elevator. Originally, it was my feeling that this was caused because of faulty construction of the panel. However, the Otis Elevator people insist that such is not the case. They insist that such panels are installed throughout the city and throughout the country and, generally speaking, they do not give this kind of trouble.

Having been convinced finally of this, I was of the opinion that we were being subjected to vandalism. However, it is the opinion of the Otis Elevator Company that these buttons come loose because people try to pull them out instead of push them in. They were rather insistent that we post a notice in the elevator which is, at this time, posted. For appearance sake, I would like to take the notice down and I am sure that each of our employes would agree with me.

Thus, this lengthy note just winds up to the point: Please do not pull on the floor buttons on the elevator. Let your motto be "Push Don't Pull!" Thank you.—*Memo received by employees of the National Conference of Christians and Jews.*

Maybe the Christians push them and the Jews pull them, or vice versa.

•

Since Akers lost by only 315 votes out of 100,000 cast two years ago in the nation's closest Congressional race, Mrs. Dean got the notion that a handful of enthusiastic neighbors might change the result this time.

"We were swamped with volunteers from the beginning," she said. "We found people liked working together. Right now we have 150 active volunteers, each handling an inappropriate activity. That's the secret of our success."—*The Post.*

That, and utter candor.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM HOLLYMAN

What's it like to live in Puerto Rico today?

YOU probably know about Operation Bootstrap. If you don't, you should. It's the program that has already persuaded hundreds of U. S. manufacturers to set up new plants in Puerto Rico. What, then, is the life like for their executives?

The man who has been running the Puerto Rico branch of St. Regis Paper says—"the climate is probably as close to Paradise as man will ever see." And he likes the people too. "Extremely friendly, courteous and cooperative."

And now to answer a few more questions. Days are balmy. Nights are cool. Hay fever is spirited away by sun, sea and trade winds.

Your office will probably be within fifteen minutes of a beach like this. You swim in your lunch hour. There are special schools for children who don't speak Spanish—and churches of all denominations. The hospitals are superb. So are the mountains, the lakes, the hotels and the baseball.

In a nutshell, this whole enchanting island is in full renaissance. You'll see great new dams, modern factories, four-lane highways. And you'll find it's pretty exciting to be a part of it all.

Why not get your firm to send you to Puerto Rico? Just for a good look around.

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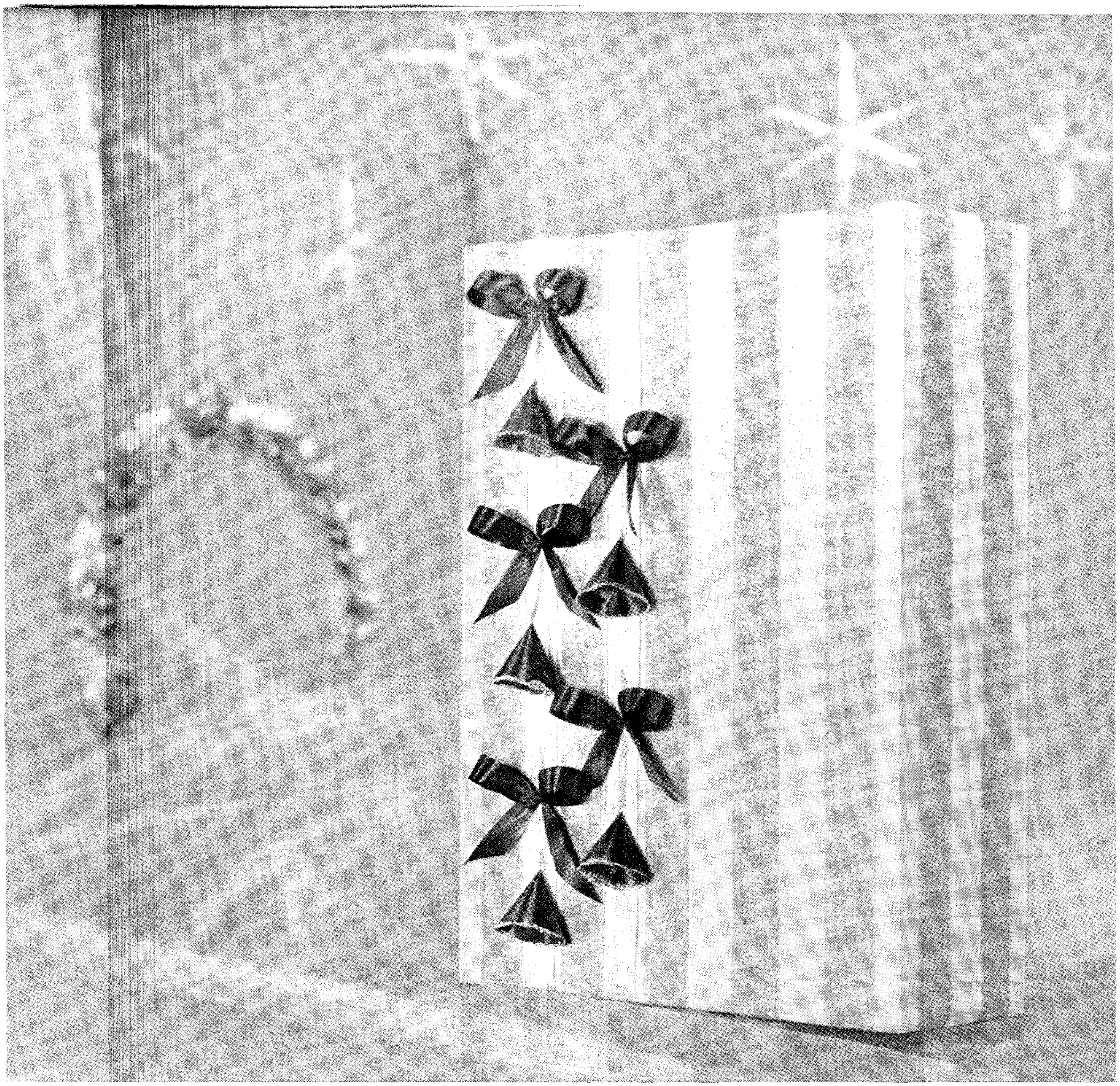

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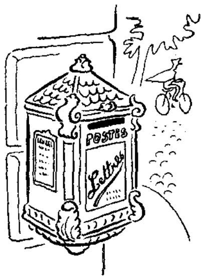
LETTER FROM PARIS

OCTOBER 25



“POLAND has crossed the Rubicon. . . . It is springtime in October,” the Warsaw radio jubilated over the weekend, adding, “Poland did not yield to the intimidation of the Kremlin.” The broadcasters were referring, of course, to the hasty arrival in their city—after Titoist Wladyslaw Gomulka’s sudden rise to power as elected head of the Polish United Workers (Communist) Party—of Khrushchev and friends, reportedly including fifteen Russian generals. The Polish news following the rebellious Poznan riots has been as cheering to the West as it has been depressing to the Moscow orbit—including Moscow’s démodé French outpost, the Communist morning paper *Humanité*, to judge by its treatment of the Warsaw story. In a little front-page piece, it truthfully printed the bare physical facts for its Comrade readers while dishonestly withholding their political meaning. It first baldly stated that Gomulka had been made the head of Poland’s new government, then baldly stated that Khrushchev and friends had come to town—and that was all, as if Gomulka’s anti-Russian victory had nothing to do with the arrival of the anti-Gomulka Russian visitors. However, on an inside page *Humanité* gave its readers the tipoff in a virulent diatribe headed “Events in Poland,” in which it declared that the world’s most reactionary elements—Eisenhower, Adenauer, Franco, the New York *Times*, the London *Sunday Express*, the Falangist *Arriba*, and *Le Monde*, all lumped together—were applauding the so-called “liberation and democratization of Poland.” The article continued, “A pretty example of democracy! Tried and true democrats like the McCarthyites, the witch-hunters, the Negro lynchers . . .” and so on and on—all edited in a scurrilous old-fashioned Cold War tone, as if the two Joes, Stalin and McCarthy, were still on deck.

The stick-in-the-mud immobility of the reactionary French Communist Party, which is still covertly pro-Stalin, has certainly put it out of step with any Eastern European stirrings toward the sort of nationalist, non-Russian, liberal-

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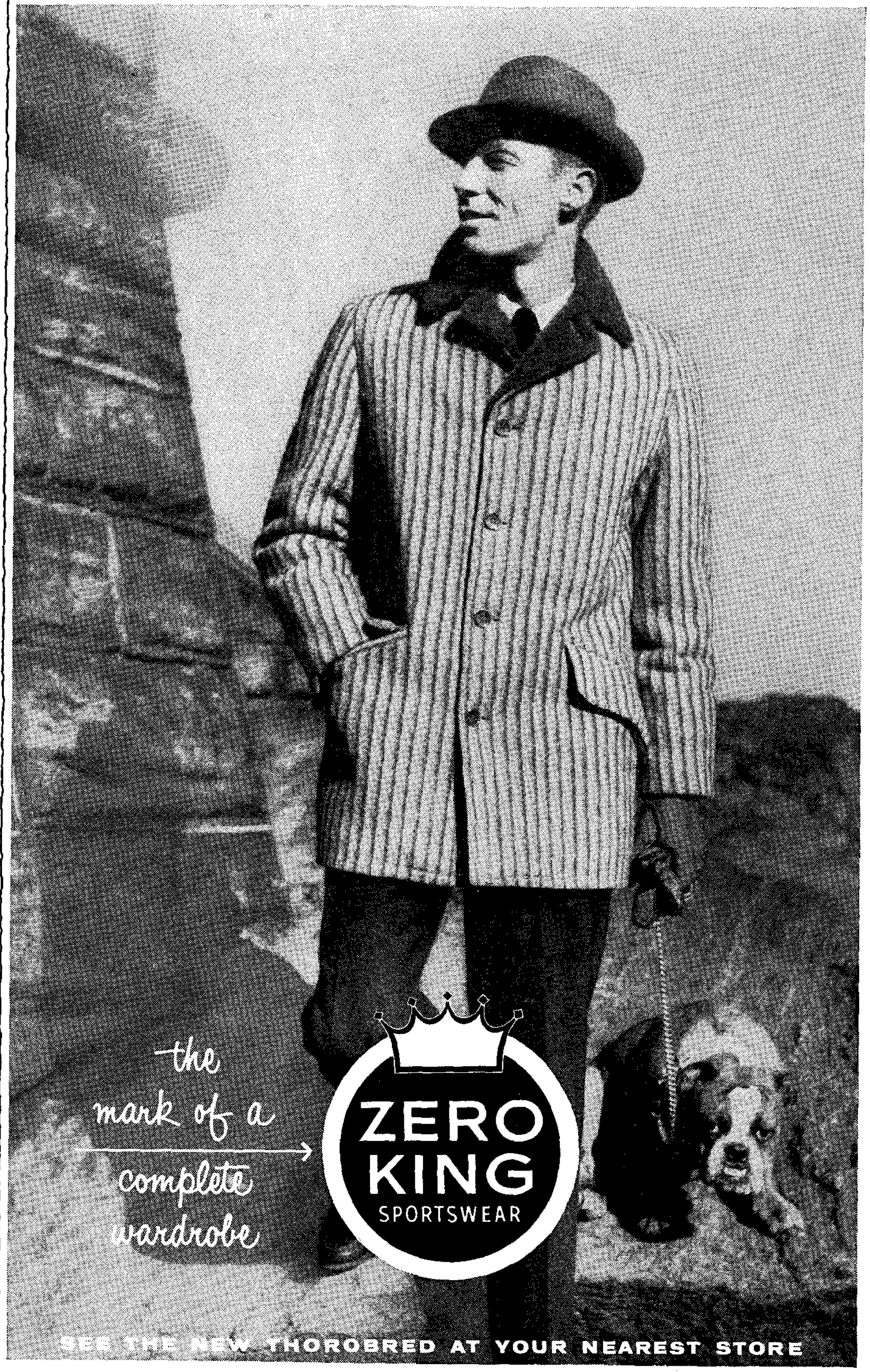
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ized Communism that Western Europe is now hearing about and that thousands of solidly French Comrade workers and most Party intellectuals—both groups sick of having to act and think as if they were false Russians—are now longing for, too. Tristan Tzara, the intellectual who founded Dadaism during the First World War, who was afterward a Surrealist, and who lately has been lost to sight as a Communist writer, last week returned from a visit to Budapest and complained that the French Party press would not print his report on what he called "almost a second Hungarian revolution" that was being led by writers there and backed by the proletariat—a report that turned out to be prophetic. He added, "I keenly regret that we French Communists are forced to read the bourgeois press to be informed of the political evolution now going on in Hungary and other Marxist countries." And, sure enough, Tzara's refused report was gladly printed in all the bourgeois press of Paris.

The independent *Monde*, with its customary authority, said Monday night, "The revolution of Poland places the Soviets at a decisive crossroads . . . perhaps at the beginning of an important period in world history." The conservative *Figaro's* Tuesday-morning editorial was signed with the initials "P. B."—those of its editor, Pierre Brisson, who only on special occasions appears in print. "The entire Western world is asking itself what is happening in Poland," he said, in part. "Something seems to be shaking. Cracking sounds are heard. Are they in the hegemony of the Great Empire?" The gravest error anyone could make about the Polish events, he continued, would be to confuse Moscow and Communism, and to imagine that a weakening of the U.S.S.R. necessarily presages a retreat of Communism. "It is against an apparatus forged by a monster [Stalin], against the oppression of labor camps and poverty, that the men of Warsaw have lifted their banner. Tito, without being a Savonarola, is in their eyes the [Communist] purist. The Polish convulsion, far from showing any symptom of Communism's decline, shows, on the contrary, the vigor of the Communist faith. Menaced by abuses, it now denounces them, and if it can eliminate them, then it will have no more doubt of its own triumph. The custom in our old democracies is to lull ourselves with our illusions. Let us at least recognize them when we see them."

The Parisian man in the street, a

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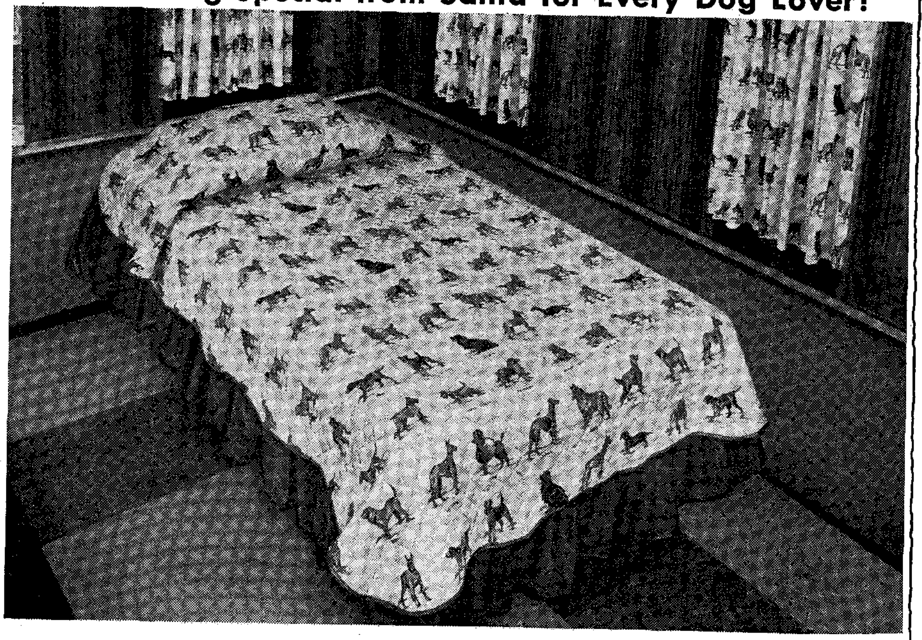

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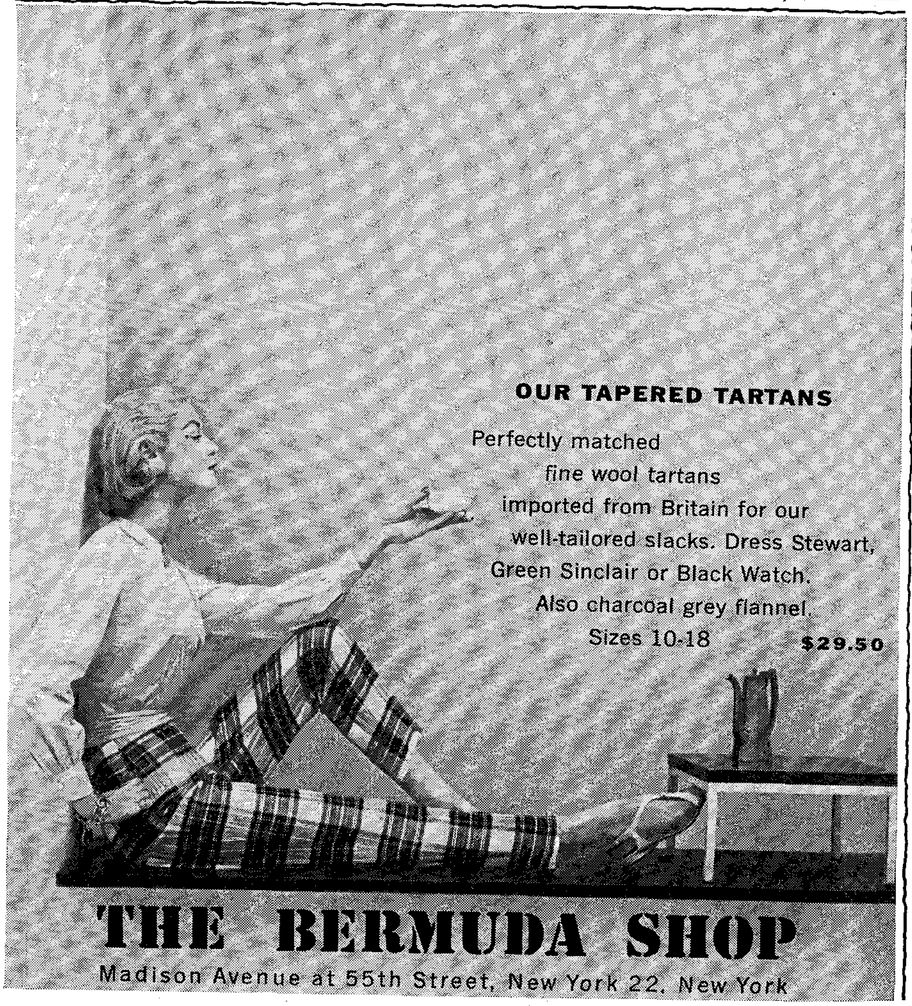

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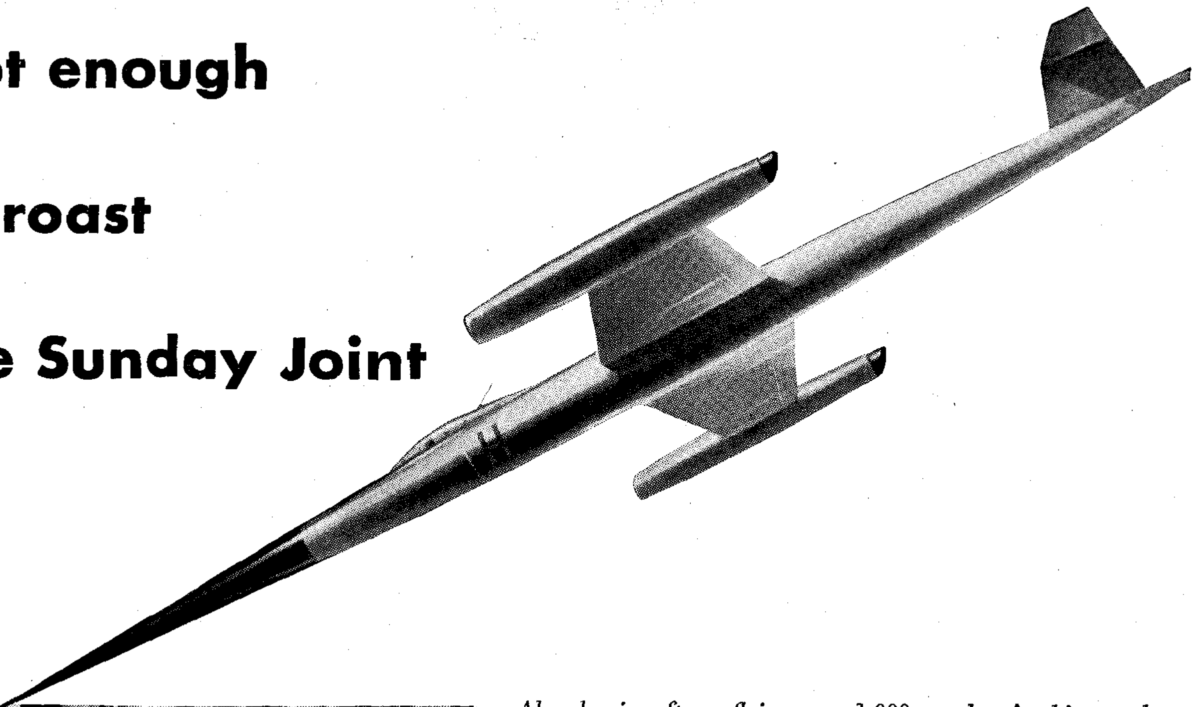

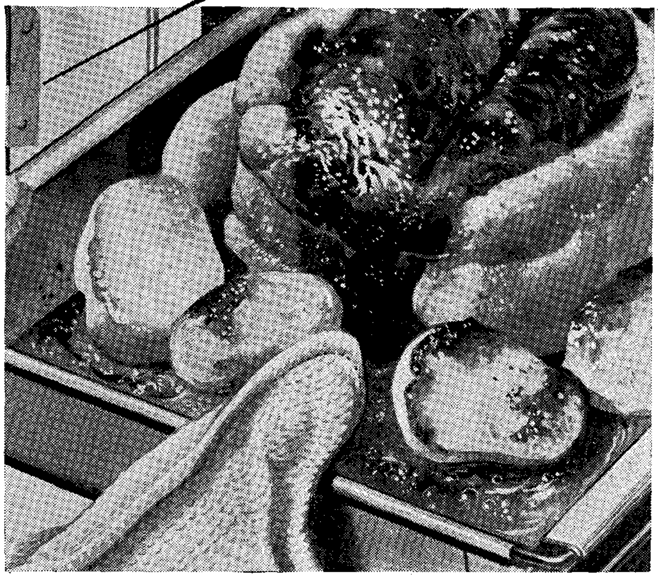

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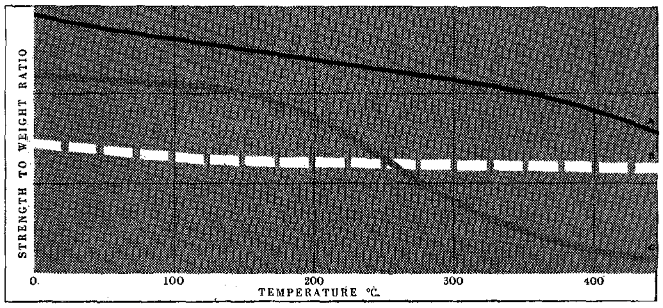

Already aircraft are flying over 1,000 m.p.h. At this speed an aircraft begins to encounter the phenomenon known as the 'Heat Barrier'. This presents difficulties akin to the problem of climbing an ever increasing slope. At speeds of around 1,500 m.p.h. the surface of an aircraft heats to a temperature of about 120°C due to friction with the air. At 2,500 m.p.h. the temperature will be about 350°C. At such temperatures the metal in an aircraft begins to lose strength, the cockpit could become an oven in which one could roast beef. Finding an answer to this problem is one of aviation's biggest headaches. New heat resistant metals (see diagram), means of refrigeration to keep the pilot cool, insulation—all these questions and many others are the unceasing concern of physicists and aeronautical engineers within the Hawker Siddeley Group. Men who in the short span of 50 years have progressed from speeds not much greater than that of a fast car to beyond the speed of sound. This effort must be applied to keep ourselves equipped and ready to meet any threat to our existence. These problems are being faced not only because we cannot as yet assume that all men have learned the lessons of two World Wars and the Hydrogen bomb, but because perhaps tomorrow we can apply our knowledge, so hard gained, to the pursuit of peace.

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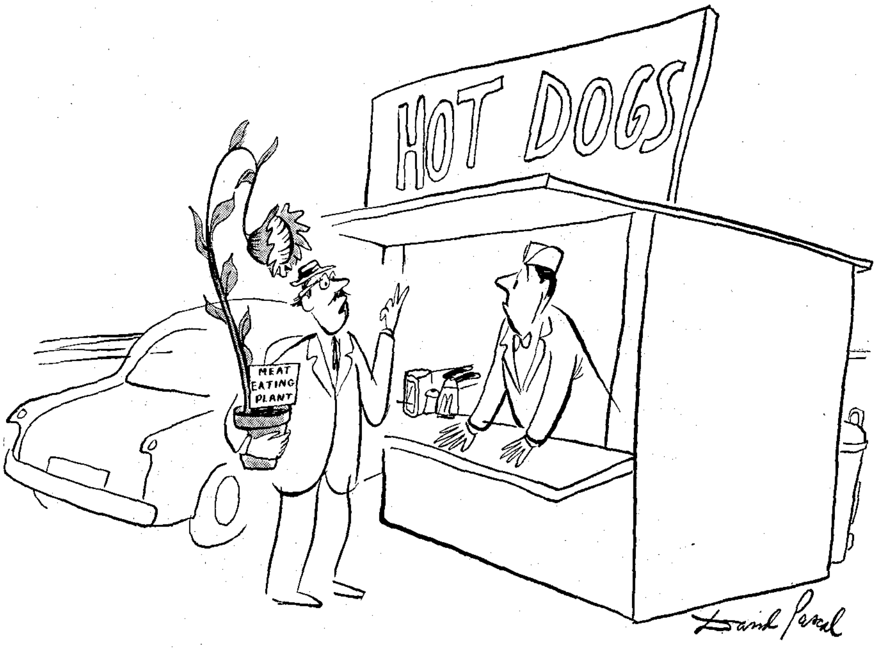

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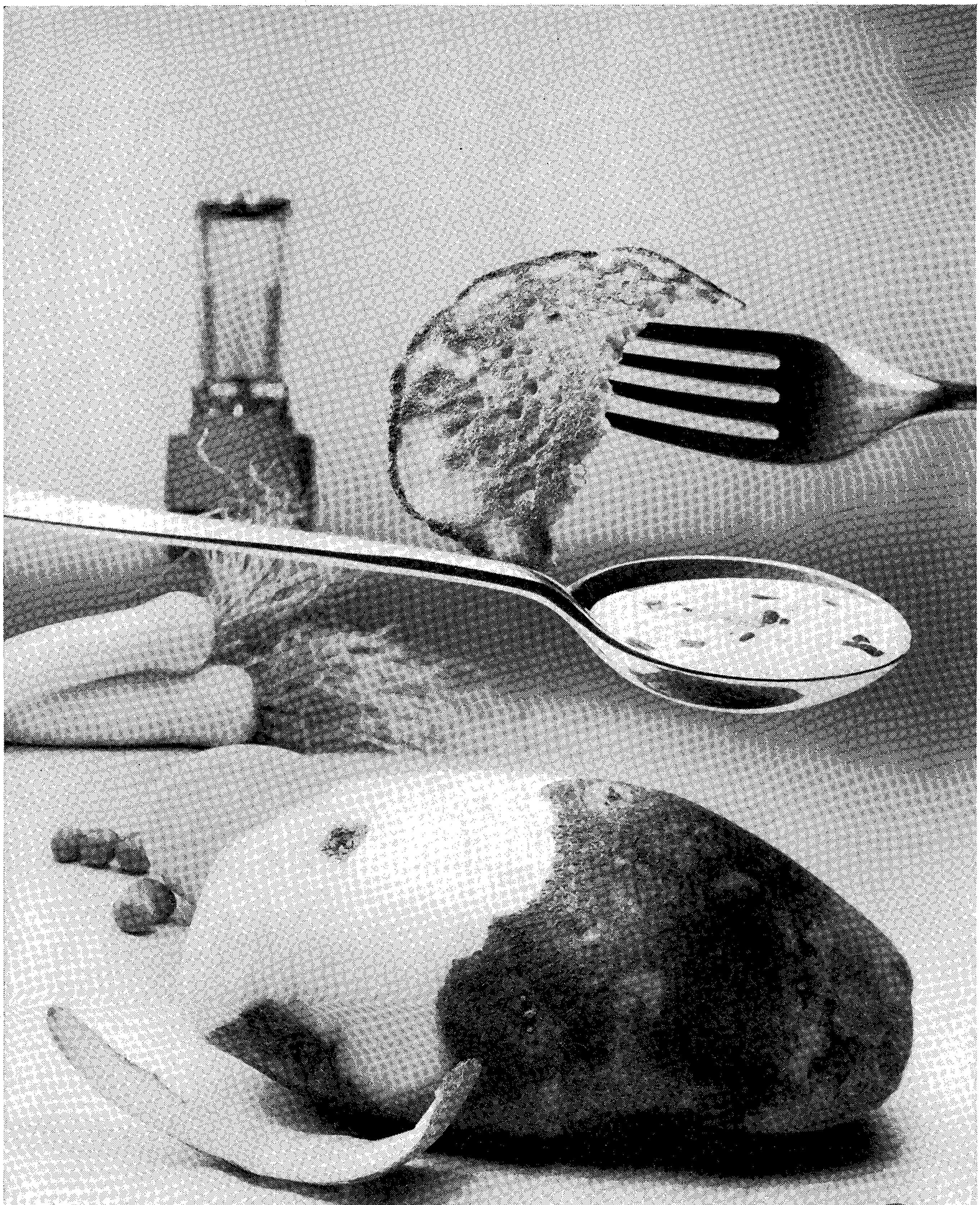
hardened political expert after observing his own governments, sees Khrushchev and his new-style Russian leaders plainly caught in a forked stick and bound to suffer a loss of face whichever way things go. If they shoot up Warsaw and Gomulka, they will kill their de-Stalinization legend, which is the foundation of their power in Russia and abroad; if they accept Poland's disaffection as a *fait accompli*, independent, homemade Titoist Communism may run around the edges of the Iron Curtain like chain lightning.

This has been the half century of shivered colonial empires, as the French well know right now. Britain's empire gradually fell to bits as the notion of national independence, learned in part from the British, rose in the east, just like Britain's sun that would supposedly never set. For the last morsel left of the French North African empire, France is now fighting in Algeria. As for the young Soviet empire, only eleven years old, whose western colonies consist of its European neighbors, with their conveniently adjacent lands, it has shown in recent weeks its first unmistakable signs of the spreading imperial malady of this century—the visible surface lesions of contagious rebellion against foreign management in Poland and Hungary, and the noise of local voices shouting "Go home!" And as the Soviet Russian empire shows its first deep fissures, another new empire, of Arabs, is dangerously collecting itself below the Mediterranean—or so it seems to the tired, elderly French Republic, which is, after all, the only republic with the double burden of a dominant Communist Party and an insoluble Arab colonial war.

IN that war, what seemed at first like an episode from a movie thriller has turned into a serious governmental drama, and also into one more bloody group tragedy. Initially, it appeared merely that five native leaders of the Algerian National Liberation Front, who, from safety in Cairo, had masterminded certain rebel forces and who on Monday were flying in a French-piloted plane from Rabat, Morocco, to Tunis (or so they thought), came down, instead, outside Algiers, where they were arrested by the French Security Service of the Air Force. At the time, the trick seemed very smart, although it had been plotted so fast that the Service had had no chance to warn either Premier Mollet or the President of the French Republic. By Wednesday, it turned out that the Tunis rendezvous



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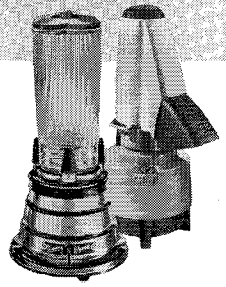

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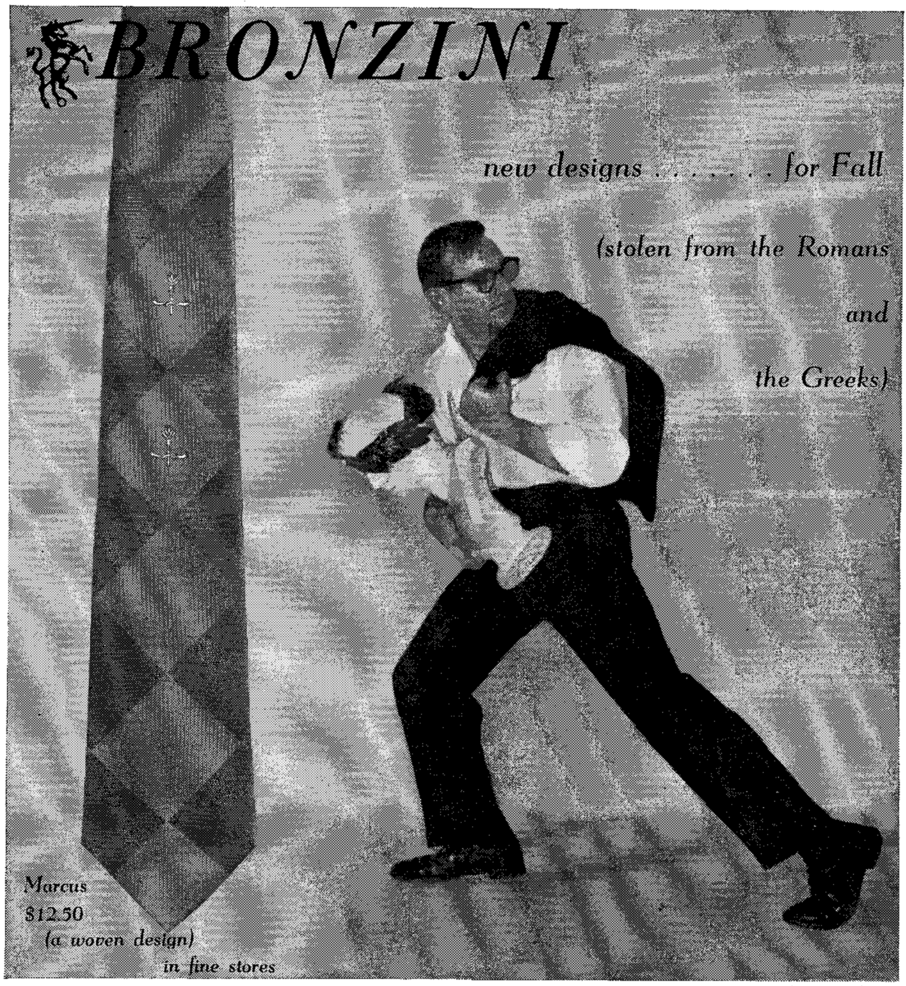
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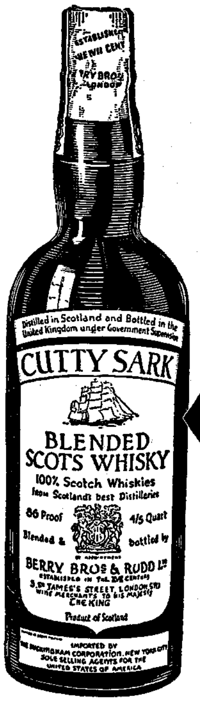
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was to have been a secret meeting with Sultan Mohammed V, of Morocco, and Habib Bourguiba, the Premier of Tunisia; Premier Mollet, it was said, was aware of the meeting, and had hoped to obtain a basis for possible peace negotiations with the Algerian National Front, which possibly wanted peace, too. The reason the meeting had been put under the aegis of the Sultan and Bourguiba was reportedly that reactionary French opinion, especially among the *colons* in Algeria, would not permit the French government itself to meet with the rebels to talk of peace, because the rebels are the enemy—though who it is except the enemy that a government negotiates with for peace the *colons* have never made clear.

Thirty Europeans, mostly white French, in Meknes, Morocco, were murdered on Tuesday with the customary cruelty, strikes began throughout Tunisia, and Algiers is being patrolled especially intensively by soldiers against possible native rioters, all since it became known by the Arab North Africans that the five leaders—who, by every civilized practice, should have been protected as peace emissaries, and particularly if their meeting was countenanced, though without their knowledge, by the French government—are jailed in Algiers. On Tuesday, the Sultan publicly declared that his honor as a sovereign and as a man had been injured, and that it was to aid France, as a Moroccan, "with the assent of the French Government, that I undertook this delicate Algerian peace mission." He went on, "I suffer that these men are imprisoned because they had confidence in me, accepted my word, and knew I was seeking an honorable arrangement for them and for France. If I were in Paris, I would say to the French Government, 'Imprison me, imprison my son, but free these men, who are prisoners only because of their confidence in me.' " He also said that he had lost much of his own confidence in the French, "though I still don't despair of them entirely." Premier Bourguiba, at a Tunis press conference, said that "the trap worked be-

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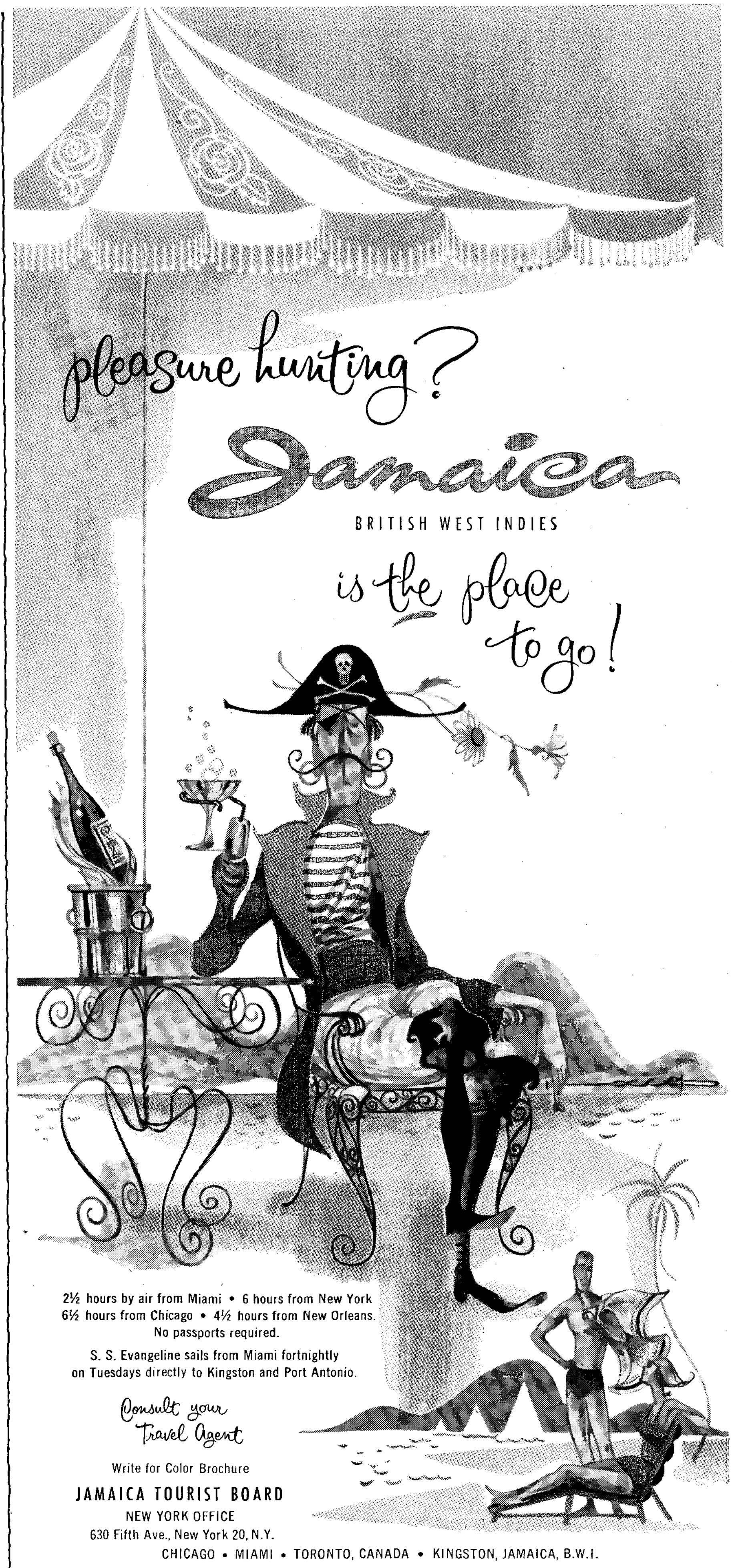
cause we had had confidence in the French after our talks with them in Paris about the necessity of this contact [with the Algerian rebels] to end the killing and to seek a basis for real peace, for solid, rewarding coöperation among the three North African countries and France." He added grimly, "This French error is not going to help stop the war," and remarked that the Sultan, in flying back from Tunis to Rabat, had taken an Italian plane, since "Who knows but what a French plane might have taken him to Madagascar?"—where, indeed, he had been briskly flown to exile in 1954. So far, the airplane trick seems to have been the most dubious French move of the Algerian war.

THE French have finally got around to talking about our Presidential election, late in the day. Some of them say dryly that this time the French and the English ought to vote in it, too, since they are the ones who most often have to put up with American foreign policy. A leading French correspondent has just cabled from Washington that United States poll-takers have come to the verdict of "*la victoire très nette d'Ike*" but declare "with quasi unanimity" that the Democrats will dominate Congress. The resultant political split is something French politicians think they can perfectly envision in advance; with malicious amusement, some of them are practically looking forward to the same kind of ungovernable government in Washington that Washington has always criticized the Paris Premiers and deputies for wasting their time and ours on.

There has been some talk here about Adlai Stevenson's campaign plea for an end to hydrogen-bomb explosions, though so far only among the humbler French, convinced that the explosions are what has put their weather and crops out of whack. Stevenson was the favorite of the French in the other Eisenhower-Stevenson campaign, and still is, as an individual and a mentality they appreciate and can understand. "A man of high principles" is the way some of them put it, and "a lucid thinker, an educated intellectual and talker"—qualities greatly respected here even in political candidates. Eisenhower, unpopular here in his 1952 campaign because of what seemed to the French his surprisingly unbrainy speeches, has only in the last two years of his White House tenure become popular, as "the pacifist general" and—what is equally paradoxical in French eyes—"the Republi-



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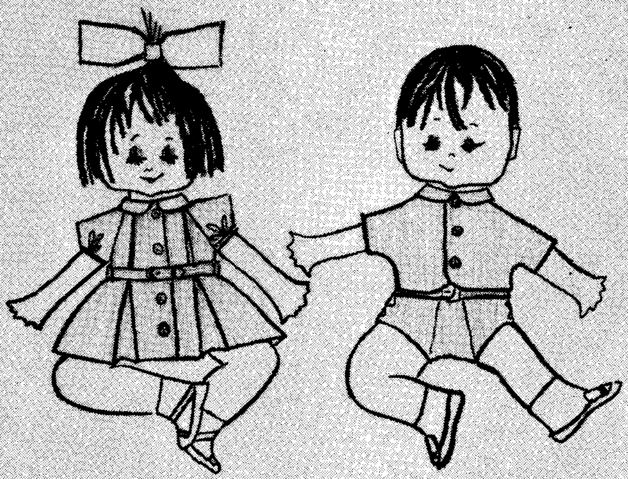

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can liberal." As steady practitioners themselves of gerontocracy, who esteem old politicos for about the same reasons that they esteem old wine—Edouard Herriot was still a masterly Speaker of the Assembly a few years ago, at eighty—the French are not concerned over the Eisenhower vintage, figuring that he will be only a seventy-year-old liberal if he stays the full course. What alarms French political, and even financial, circles here is the thought of Nixon as the Dauphin President who might finish the term.

ON the theory that Jean Anouilh's new play, "Pauvre Bitos," must be something not to miss if it is anything like as cruel, sordid, unpatriotic, and odious as the Paris critics unanimously said it was, Parisians are jamming the Théâtre Montparnasse to see it. "*Streep-tease mélancolique*," the critic of *L'Aurore* said. "What a torrent of mud!" said *Paris-Presse*. "How low can Anouilh go?," "Could be used as anti-French propaganda," and "Hate makes a mediocre muse," said the *Franc-Tireur*, *Combat*, and *Parisien Libéré* critics, respectively, and *Le Monde's* critic polished it off as "an interminable play swollen with impure water . . . hydrocephalic."

Its first act seems brilliant, cynically funny theatre. Then, true enough, the comedy turns into two acts of confused, impenetrable sadism. "Poor Bitos"—Bitos being the leading character's last name—is a modern play about the results of justice as dealt out after the recent Liberation, and contains within it a French Revolution playlet. The characters in the play are provincial aristocrats who were once Pétainists; the scene is a French Revolution costume dinner party in a château; and the plot is revenge on ill-born Bitos, and perhaps even his assassination, because he condemned some of their friends to death when he was a local judge after the Liberation. At the dinner party, the *aristos* are dressed in modern evening clothes and wear only the wigs or hats of the characters they represent—Danton, Saint-Just, Mirabeau, Desmoulins, Marie Antoinette, and so on. But the socially ignorant, if intellectual, Bitos arrives at this *dîner de têtes* dressed as Robespierre from head to foot, except that he is wearing his derby hat against the rain. The double point of the play is that just as the *aristos* are cruel, sadistic, bloodthirsty, vengeful, demagogic, and hypocritical at the dinner, so do they become in the Revo-

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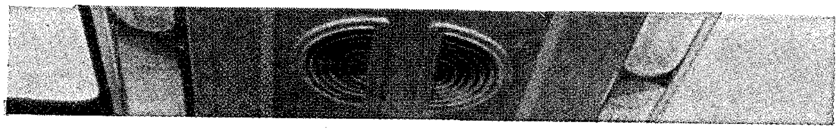

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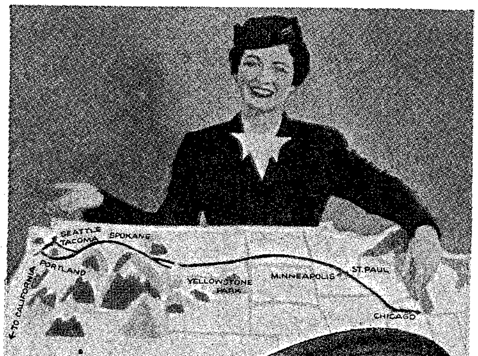
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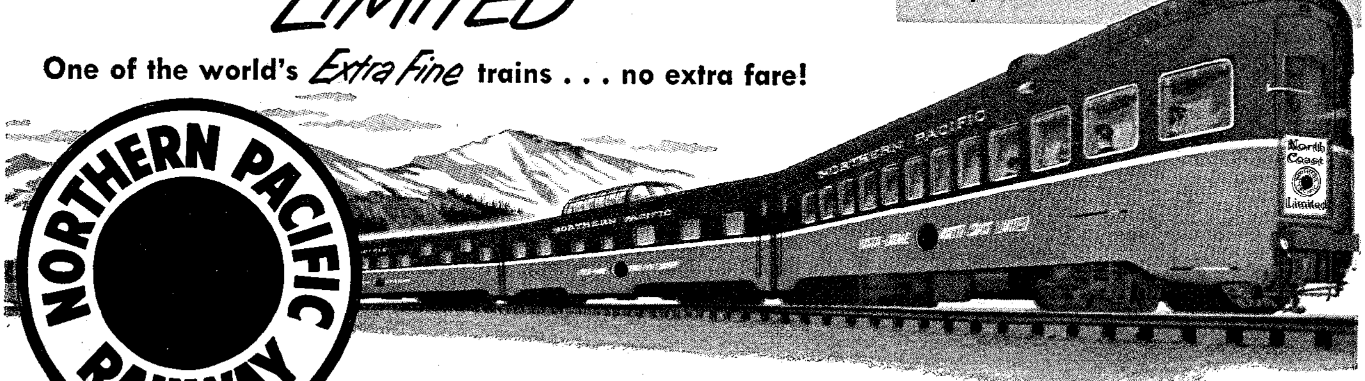
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CHICAGO • TWIN CITIES • SPOKANE • PORTLAND • TACOMA • SEATTLE lution playlet, when they turn into caricatures of the historical characters they represent, with Bitos, as a death-dealing Robespierre, the most callous, ignoble, and comic of the group. The play finally ends with Bitos hating most of all the one *aristo* who has tried to save him from further humiliation, and perhaps even from death—the girl whose hand he asked for in marriage, and whose haughty father rejected him, that very afternoon.

The greatest sadist in the play is, of course, the author. Anouilh was born of a poor, very modest family in the aristocratic city of Bordeaux. During the war, starting with his "Antigone," he became the ranking gifted intellectual French playwright; his recent works, such as "Ornifle" and "La Valse des Toréadors" (now a great hit in London), have increasingly divided Paris into two camps—those who detest and those who admire them and him. (Louis Jouvet said Anouilh's plays reeked of old socks.) This time, his play has become the most popular in all Paris because it is the most hateful and hated—the strangest form of success on the modern French stage.—Genêt

•

Imagine the surprise of Miss Doreen Patricia Doyle when she alighted from a plane at Midway airport yesterday after a summer's trip around the world and was greeted by the following reception committee: A Capuchin monkey dressed in top hat and tails, attended by a maid in nurse's uniform, and a yacht's crew dressed in white and standing at attention.

The monkey is the pet of Miss Doyle's guardians, Dr. and Mrs. Walter J. Podbielniak. The nursemaid is Lacey, their maid. The crew is from the Podbielniak's yacht, the Wladmor.

Miss Doyle scarcely had her feet on the ground when she was whisked aboard a helicopter and transported to Meigs airport. The helicopter was one of two used to bring the unusual reception committee to Midway airport.

Missing from the family gathering, arranged by Mrs. Podbielniak, was Dr. Podbielniak, who also has been traveling around the world and will not return for another month.—*Chicago Daily Tribune.*

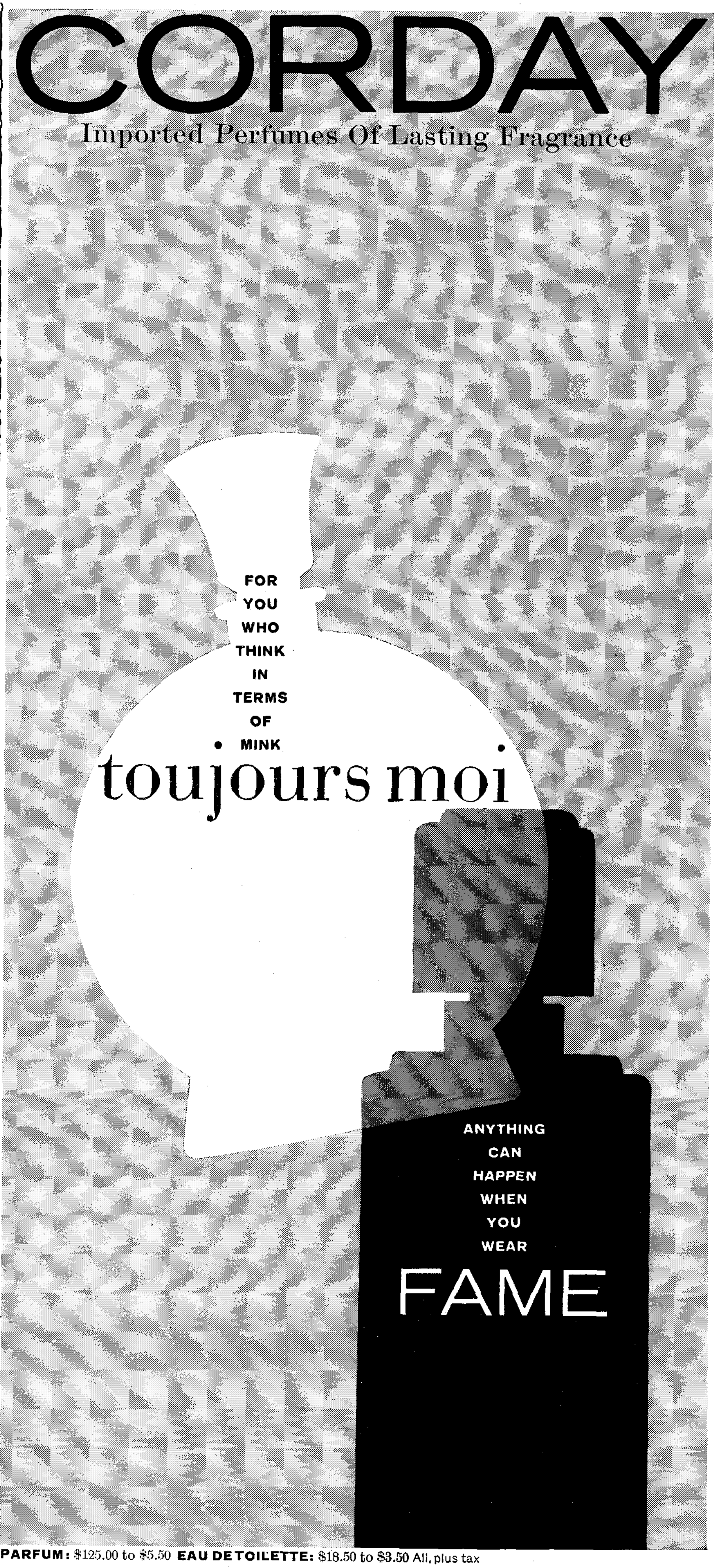
Waiting to get up his nerve, probably.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Baltimore Sun*]

Rupert, Idaho (AP)—Officers of the Pershing School P.-T.A. say it'll be a long time before they again try the "circulating basket" project as a means of raising contributions. The P.-T.A. put three baskets into circulation with instructions that they be passed along from person to person, collecting food and money for the school.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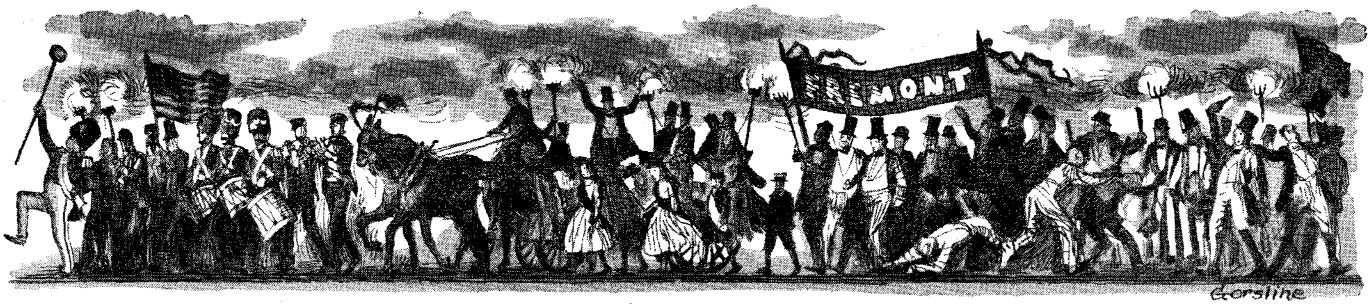
ANNALS OF POLITICS

THE ORDEAL OF JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT



AS the Presidential campaign drew to a close just a century ago, the Republican Party, which was then only two years old, was generally conceded a fighting chance to win. To be sure, the odds were against the Republicans; for months they had been the target of some extraordinarily vicious mudslinging, and much of the mud had evidently stuck. Moreover, the Democratic Party, which had been founded in 1792, had the advantages of a vigorous, experienced nationwide organization, considerable reserves of patronage (the spoils system was in full operation), and what was, for the time, a huge campaign fund, while the Republicans were a loosely organized collection of political amateurs and bolters from other parties, with skimpy funds, little or no patronage, and no strength at all in the South. Still, the Republicans had a good many assets—a crusading platform, a sense of high purpose, some of the most illustrious brains in the country, and, above all, an attractive candidate, whose exploits as explorer, frontiersman, and soldier had stirred the imagination of hundreds of thousands of Americans. He was John Charles Frémont, and during his campaign (in which, in accordance with the custom of the time, he took no direct part, speaking publicly only once, and then to a crowd that had gathered at his doorstep), he was very likely the object of as much adulation and as much abuse as any Presidential candidate in the history of the United States.

Frémont was only forty-three in 1856, but he had crowded a great deal of adventure into his life, and was widely regarded as a typical Byronic hero—a man of action who was also cultured, liberal, and humane. The son of a royalist émigré from France who earned his living in the United States by teaching his native language, and of a woman of old Virginia stock, he was born in Savannah and was brought up and decently educated in Charleston. As a young man, he taught mathematics, and then, in 1838, at the age of twenty-five, he joined the Army Topographical Corps as a second lieutenant. Frémont remained in the Army for ten years, and those years were filled with the richest sort of drama. He led a number of dangerous mapping expeditions, involving Indian attacks, buffalo hunts, blizzards, and near starvation, and his published accounts of them brought him national fame; he took part in the Mexican War, and, for more or less valid reasons, was hailed as the conqueror of California; he was tried for mutiny in a highly controversial court-martial; and, after a stormy courtship, he married the daughter of one of the country's most formidable statesmen.

Late in 1839, after an expedition to the wilderness of Minnesota and the Dakotas, Frémont spent some time in Washington, preparing maps, and there he met and fell in love with Jessie Anne Benton, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Senator Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri. The Senator, getting wind of the romance, used his influence to have Frémont sent off on an expedition to Iowa, but in the fall of 1841 the young officer returned to Washington, married Jessie secretly, and confronted Benton in his library with the *fait accompli*. "Get out of the house and never cross my door again!" Benton is reported to have roared, but that same day he asked Frémont to get his luggage and move into the Benton home, and before long he was ardently promoting Frémont's interests and defending him against his enemies.

The year after his marriage, Frémont was put in command of the first of several Far Western expeditions that were to earn him such appellations as the Pathfinder and the King of the Rocky Mountains. With Kit Carson as guide, he and a party of twenty-three men, equipped with horses, donkeys, and wagons, followed the Platte River from Nebraska up into Wyoming, mapping one of the approaches to the Oregon Trail, and part of the Trail itself. Having carried this out successfully, he was sent on an expedition to map the rest of the Trail, and when that was completed, in January, 1844, he impulsively exceeded his orders by leading his men, through deep snow, into the bleak and uninhabitable uplands of Nevada; then, obeying an even more daring impulse, he drove them on an all but impossible march over the passes of the High Sierras, which brought them at last into the warm and safe Sacramento Valley. Frémont's next expedition, with sixty men and with Carson again as guide, was the most spectacular of all. His mission was to explore the Rocky Mountains from the sources of the Rio Grande all the way north to Oregon, which meant exploring the approaches to California, and when he had completed it, he ventured into California itself. At the time, California belonged to Mexico, but American settlers were arriving there in large numbers, and many congressmen, inspired by the doctrine of Manifest Destiny, were casting a covetous eye on it. Frémont, pushing down into northern California in the spring of 1846, secretly abetted the American settlers in initiating the Bear Flag Rebellion. In July, he openly organized a battalion of two hundred and thirty-four men, with his exploring party as its nucleus, and this band played an important, though not very sanguinary, part in the series of comic-opera skirmishes by which California was taken from the Mexicans. As it happened, it was Frémont who, in January, 1847, received the capitulation of the last holdout Mexican commander in California. Then, characteristically, he got into a scrape—a very serious scrape indeed. At the time, Commodore R. F. Stockton, of the United States Navy, and General Stephen Kearny, of the United States Army,

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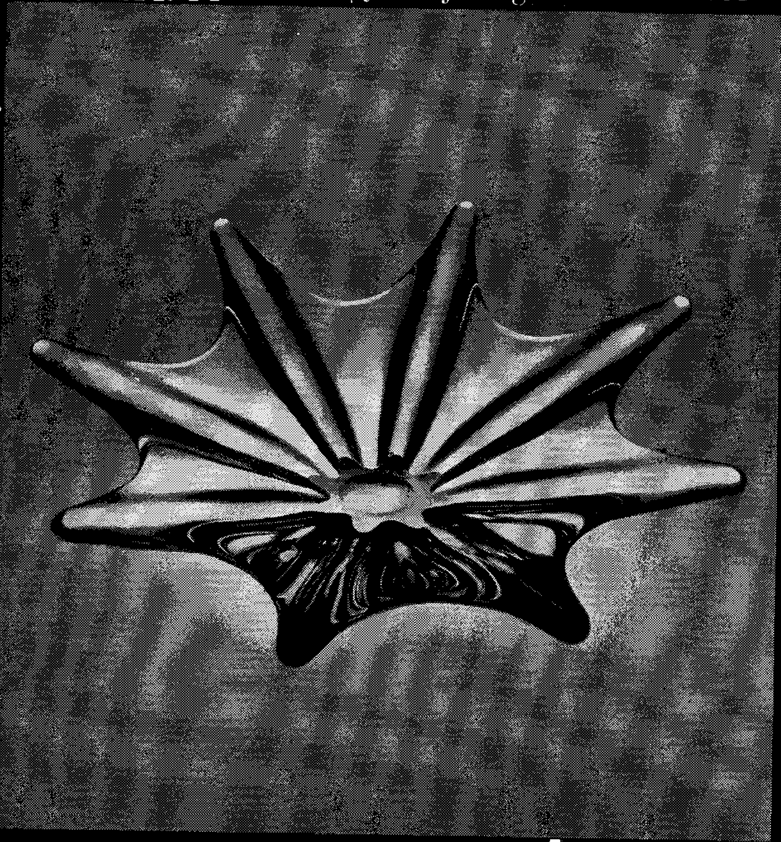

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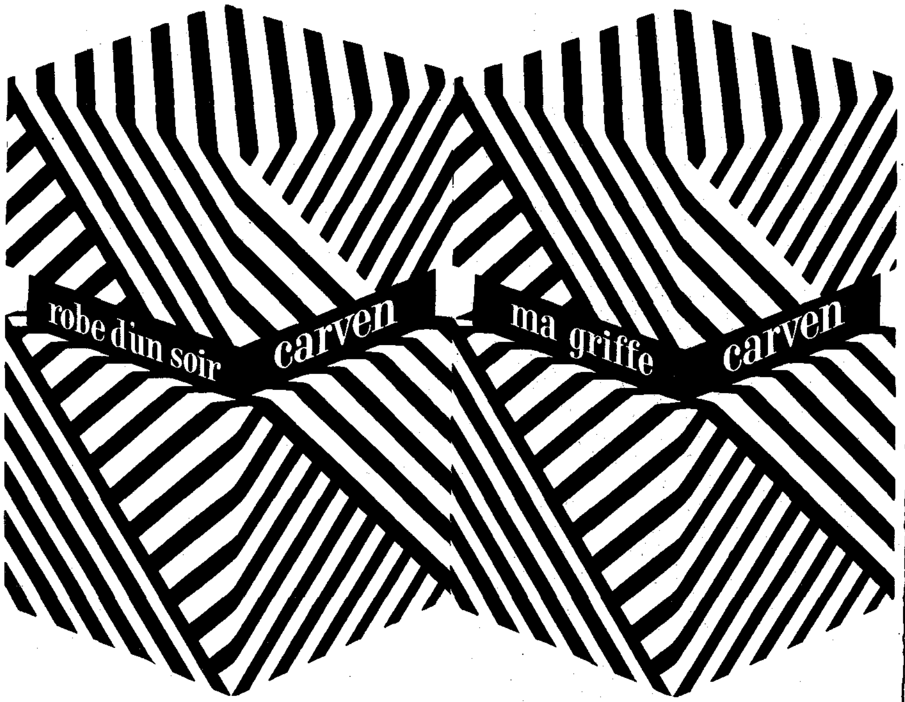

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were involved in a jurisdictional dispute over which of them held the top command in California. For reasons of his own, Frémont, by this time a lieutenant colonel, took the Commodore's side, and on January 16th the Commodore showed his gratitude by appointing him Governor of the new territory. Frémont was summoned to Kearny's headquarters, and there, in a scene reminiscent of Dumas, he elegantly and grandly refused to obey the General's orders. After two months, General Kearny, who had finally received a dispatch from Washington clearly giving him the California command, deposed Frémont, arrested him on a charge of mutiny, and ordered him to Washington to face a court-martial.

The trial, held late that fall, before a board of thirteen officers, was the sensation of the day. Frémont listened, aloof and brooding, as some witnesses reported that he was a fine, loyal officer, superbly calm and in perfect control of his men at all times, and others testified that he was mutinous and unruly, and, moreover, had been an inefficient and scatterbrained Governor of California. The trial lasted three months, and at the end of it the court found Frémont guilty and sentenced him to dismissal from the service. But public opinion favored Frémont, the newspapers rhapsodized over him, and on February 17, 1848, President James K. Polk remitted the sentence and asked Frémont to return to duty. This Frémont refused to do. "I do not feel conscious of having done anything to merit the finding of the court," he wrote the Army Adjutant General on the day he received Polk's message, "and, this being the case, I cannot, by accepting the clemency of the President, admit the justice of the decision against me." Thus, at the age of thirty-five, Frémont theatrically cut short his military career.

Frémont's career as a civilian proved to be equally turbulent, strenuous, and distinguished. Later in 1848, with the aid of Senator Benton, he rounded up enough capital from would-be railroad builders to set off on a private expedition to the Colorado Rockies with a party of thirty-three free-lance explorers. This time, the going again became desperate and Frémont again led his men toward what he hoped would be a pass; it turned out to be a cul-de-sac, and, to make matters worse, the party was caught in a blizzard. All the equipment had to be abandoned, and as the men struggled back down toward the valleys, eleven of them died of cold and starvation. The survivors, making

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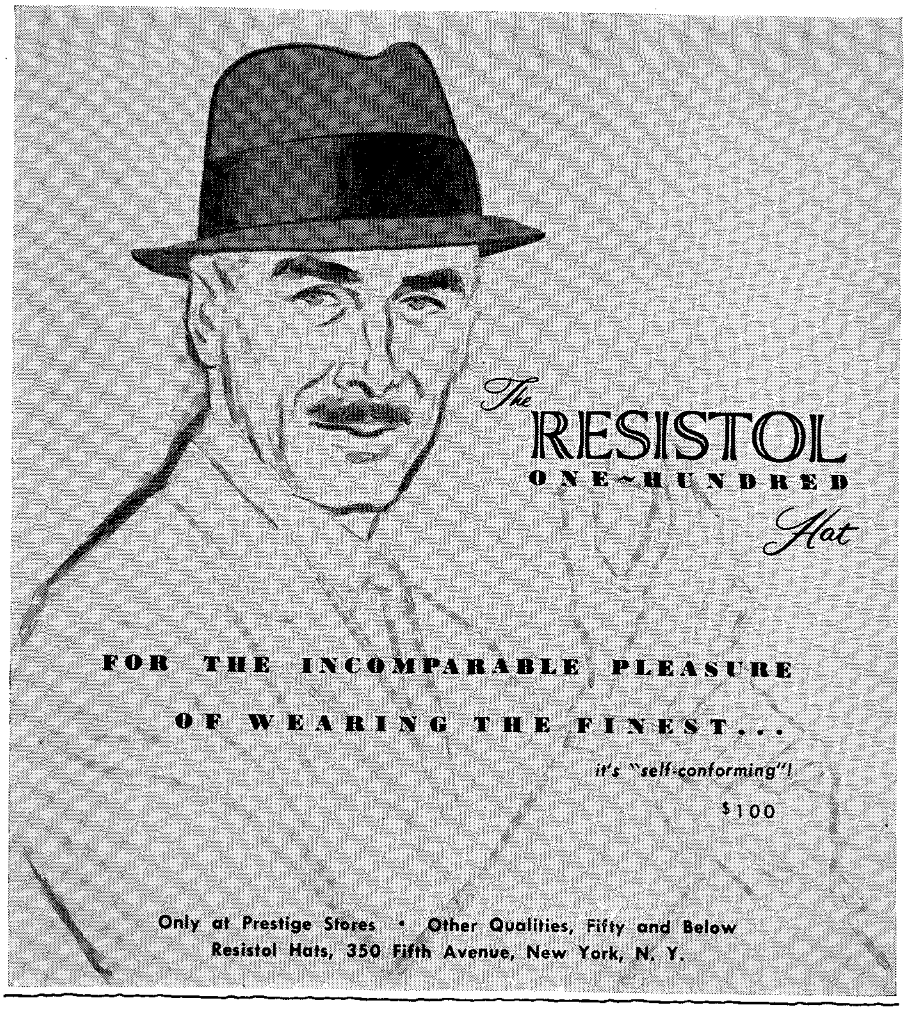
their way west through Arizona and southern California, met a group of prospectors hurrying along in a wagon train, who told them that gold had been discovered near Sutter's Fort. For Frémont, this foretokened enormous good fortune. A year or two before, he had bought, for three thousand dollars, a seventy-square-mile tract of land called Mariposa, in the foothills of the Sierras, and now he lost no time in getting there; it was soon apparent that his holdings were among the richest gold-bearing areas in California, and that he would eventually be worth several million dollars. He spent much of 1849 at Mariposa, setting up mining operations, mapping his property, and trying to straighten out boundary disputes with his neighbors. That year, he had still another triumph. The California Legislature, anticipating early statehood, selected the state's first two senators—one for the regular six-year term and the other for a two-year term. Frémont was chosen for the short term, and in September, 1850, when California was admitted to the Union, he took his seat in the Senate. Short as his term was, it was long enough for him to learn something of the acrimony and tumult of national politics, and to get into a celebrated altercation with another senator, which was to plague him during his Presidential campaign.

In 1852, Frémont, now a private citizen again, set off with Jessie on an extended trip to Europe, and in England the couple met the Duke of Wellington and were presented to Queen Victoria. Shortly after their return to America, in the spring of 1853, Frémont led another private expedition across the country, mapping out a coast-to-coast train route, but he had trouble stirring up much interest in it among railroad men, and in 1855 he decided to abandon exploring and devote himself to mining and other business interests. In the spring of that year, he was out at Mariposa, involved in some tangled litigation, and in the summer he came to New York, where he had just about decided to settle down. By this time, the Frémonts had three children—a girl and two boys—and they and their mother were spending the summer in a house at Siasconset, on Nantucket.

At that time, Frémont was at the height of his popularity. He had long since lived down his court-martial, and his exploits—especially those with Kit Carson—had become bedtime stories. People who met him after reading about him were likely to be surprised by his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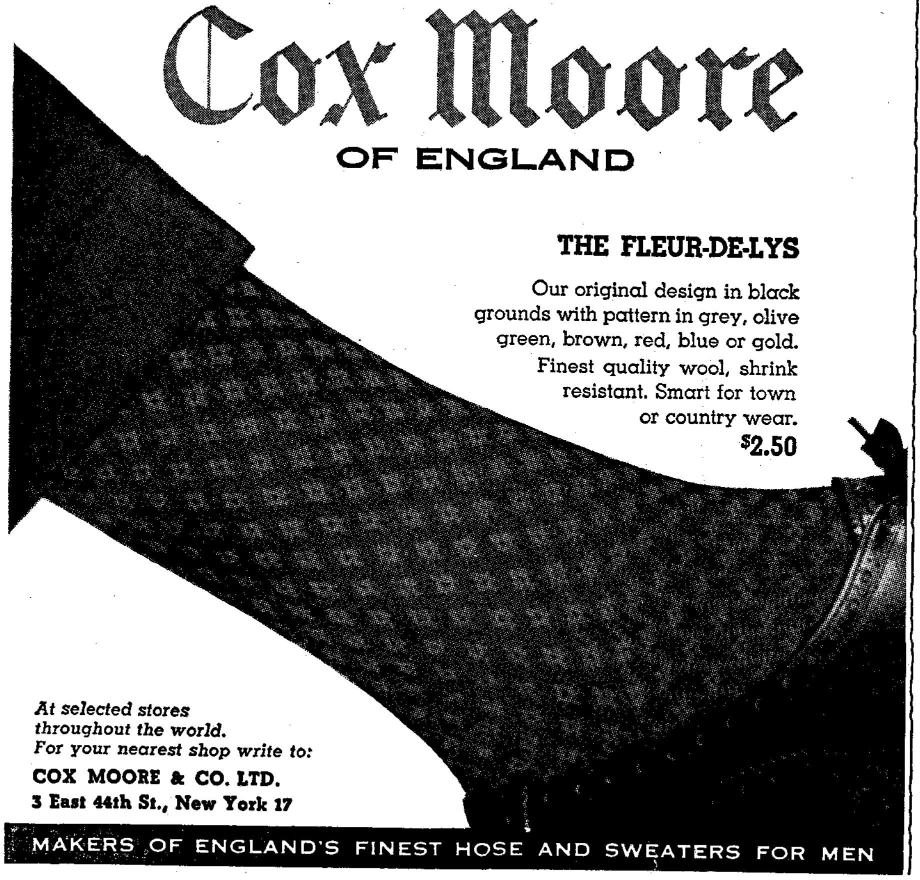
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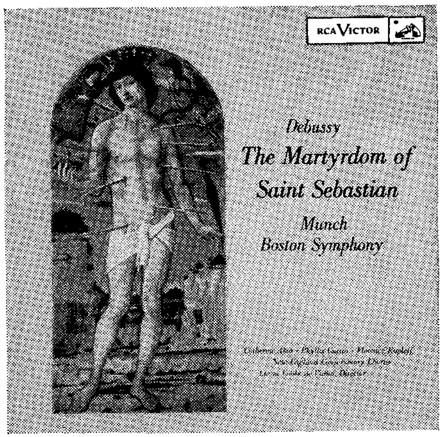
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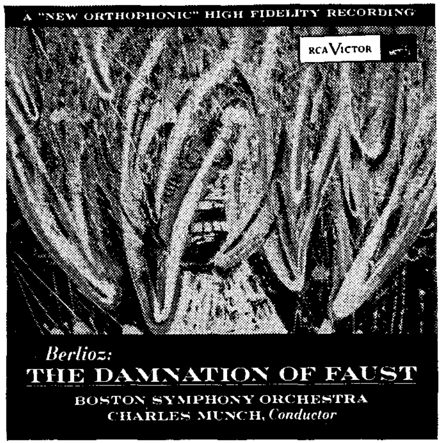
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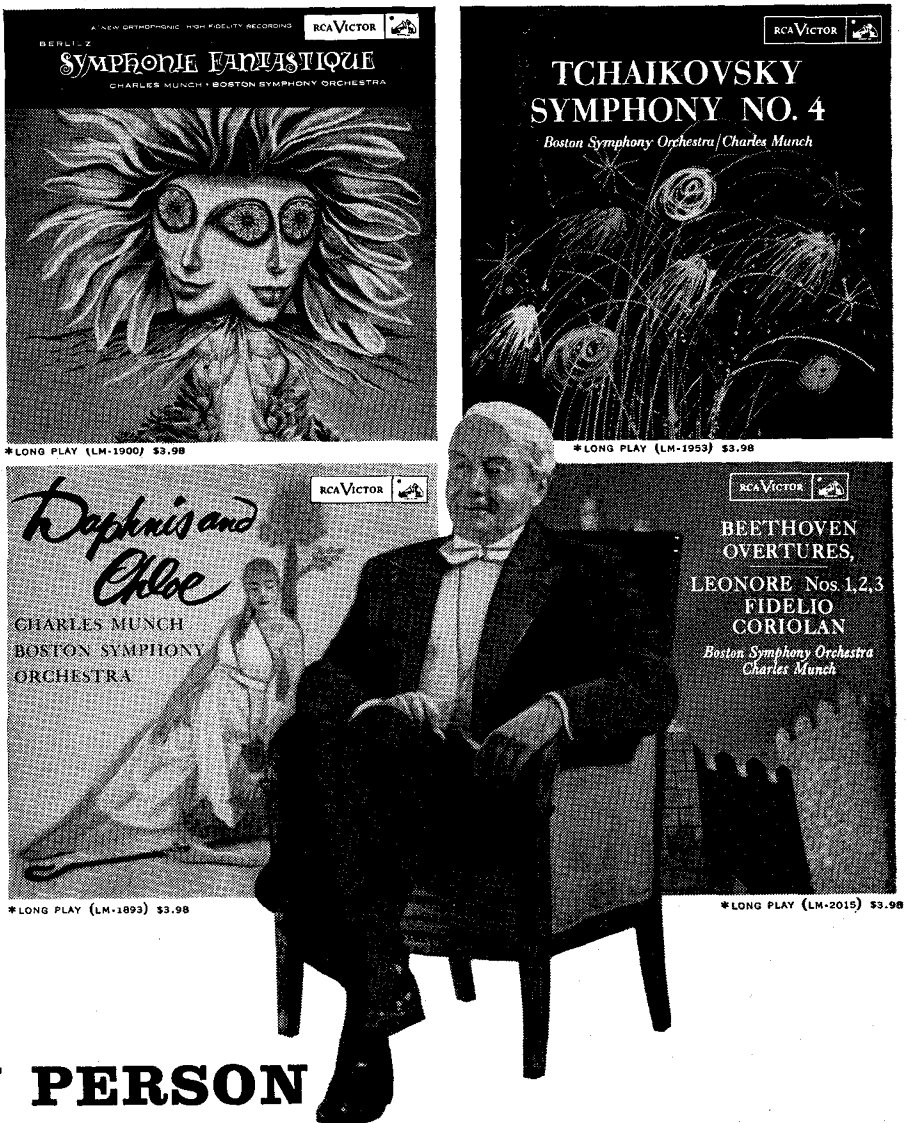
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appearance. He was slender and wiry, with piercing blue eyes, wavy dark hair, and—something that was unconventional in that decade—a full mustache and beard, and his manner was courtly and sensitive. It hardly seemed possible that such a man had slept on the ground in sleet storms, eaten rank dog meat with Indian chiefs, and inspired devotion in tough frontiersmen, but he had a sedate, commanding air that left no doubt in the minds of those who met him that here was indeed the King of the Rocky Mountains.

IN the fall of 1855, the chief political issue in the United States was the extension of slavery. The most powerful political party was the Democratic Party, an alignment of the great Southern planters, small plains farmers, and urban working people; Franklin Pierce, a Democrat, sat in the White House as the fourteenth President of the United States, and the Party also dominated Congress. In 1854, the Democratic majority in Congress, led by Senator Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, had passed the Kansas-Nebraska Act, permitting the settlers in the two territories to decide for themselves whether to be slave or free, and this act—in effect, a repeal of the Missouri Compromise of 1820, which, while permitting slavery in Missouri, had prohibited it anywhere else north of latitude 36° 30′—had provoked a nationwide political tempest. Moreover, in 1850 the Democrats had passed the Fugitive Slave Law, tightening the penalty imposed upon any person in any state who assisted a runaway slave. Many Northern Democrats were opposed to these acts, and so were many Whigs—members of the party of Daniel Webster. In 1854, anti-slavery Whigs and anti-slavery Democrats joined forces to found the Republican Party. Further cluttering and confusing the scene were several other groups, and groups within groups: the Know-Nothings, or members of the American Party, who were violently anti-Papist and anti-immigrant and were divided on the subject of slavery; the Free-Soilers, anti-slavery men with or without party affiliations; the Conscience Whigs, who were against the extension of slavery but who had not yet swung over to any other party; the Barnburners, a corresponding group of Northern Democrats; and the Abolitionists, led by William Lloyd Garrison, who called not for the limitation but the total elimination of slavery.

One day that fall, Colonel Frémont and an old friend of his, Congressman

Nathaniel P. Banks, of Massachusetts, alighted from a public hack at the St. Nicholas Hotel, a new and imposing six-story building at the northeast corner of Broadway and Spring Street, in the heart of the hotel-and-theatre district of New York. Frémont was going to what might be a momentous meeting, and he had asked Banks to come along. Banks, who was soon to be elected Speaker of the House, had been a Democrat and then a Know-Nothing and was now a Free-Soiler; Frémont was a Free-Soiler himself, in spite of his strong Southern ties, but he had not taken any part in the nationwide controversy over the Kansas-Nebraska Act. At the door of an ornate private parlor, fitted out with a red velvet carpet, damask draperies, and gilded mirrors, and filled with the expensive smoke of four-cent cigars, the two men were met by William Preston, a Southern Democrat, and Edward Carrington, a Southern Know-Nothing, both of them relatives of Jessie Frémont. Preston and Carrington introduced Frémont to about a dozen men sitting around the room, among them John B. Floyd, a former Governor of Virginia, who acted as spokesman. The meeting had no official status, Floyd explained; it was an informal caucus of Southern Democrats and Southern Know-Nothings, who were hoping to start a movement to merge their two parties. The key question was whether the two groups could agree on a candidate for President. "To be brief," said Floyd, "we stand ready, Colonel, to work for you as our nominee. We think that you have not been identified with either side in the sectional struggle, and have an outstanding reputation nationally. Our only proviso is this—that you publicly endorse both the Kansas-Nebraska Act and the Fugitive Slave Law."

A silence fell over the room. Frémont hesitated for a minute or two, and then politely explained that he was opposed to the two acts. Banks backed him up, speaking a good deal more heatedly, and the meeting rapidly degenerated into a shouting match. Eventually, Frémont stood up, begged leave to withdraw, and bowed his way out. Several hours later, a message reached him at his hotel, asking him to come back the next day. He did so, and this time the Southerners, while refusing to yield any ground as far as the two acts were concerned, played upon his ambition—or, rather, upon his wife's. "Don't refuse us too hastily," said Carrington. "Why not go to Jessie and discuss it with her? We Democrats are sure to win, and no

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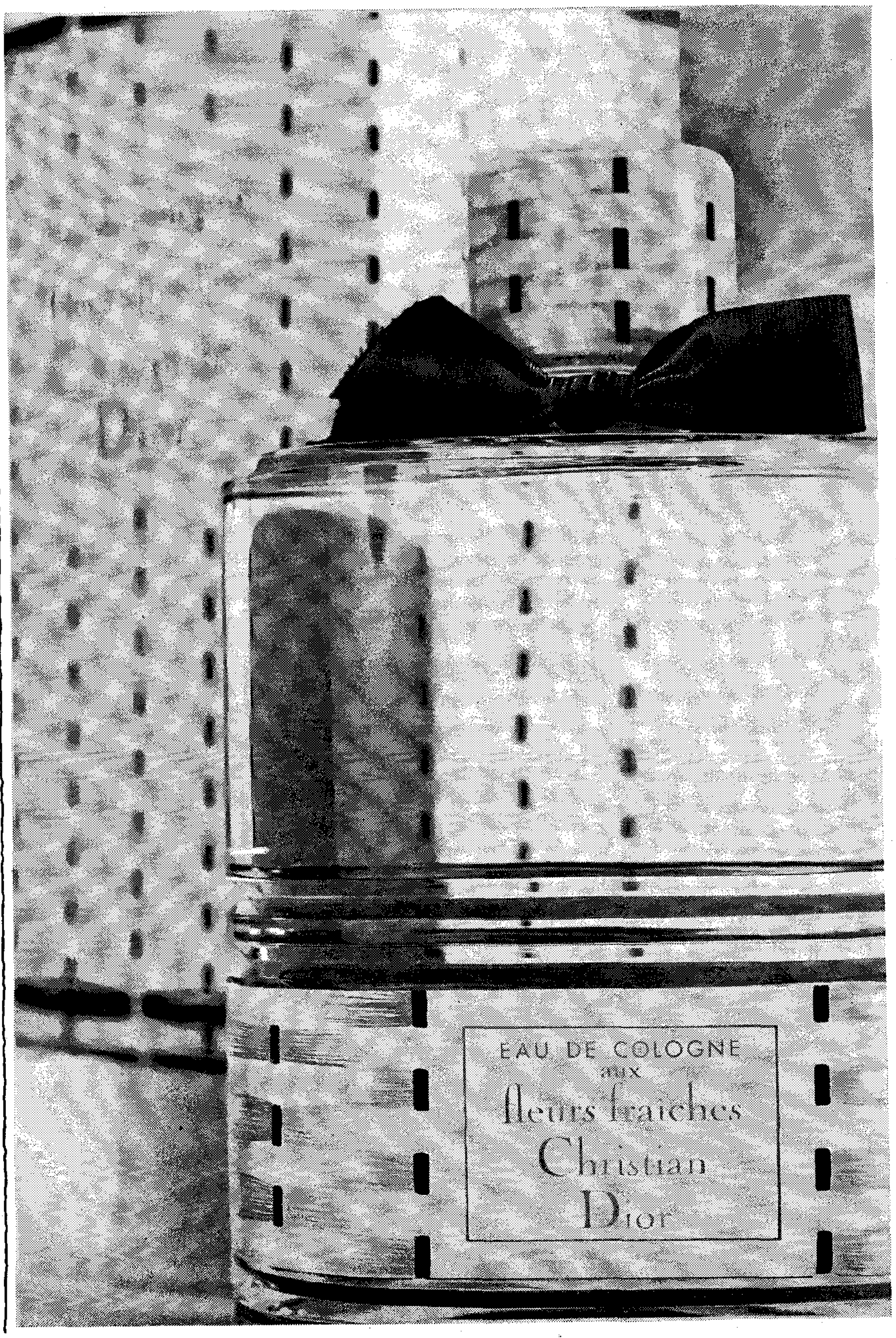

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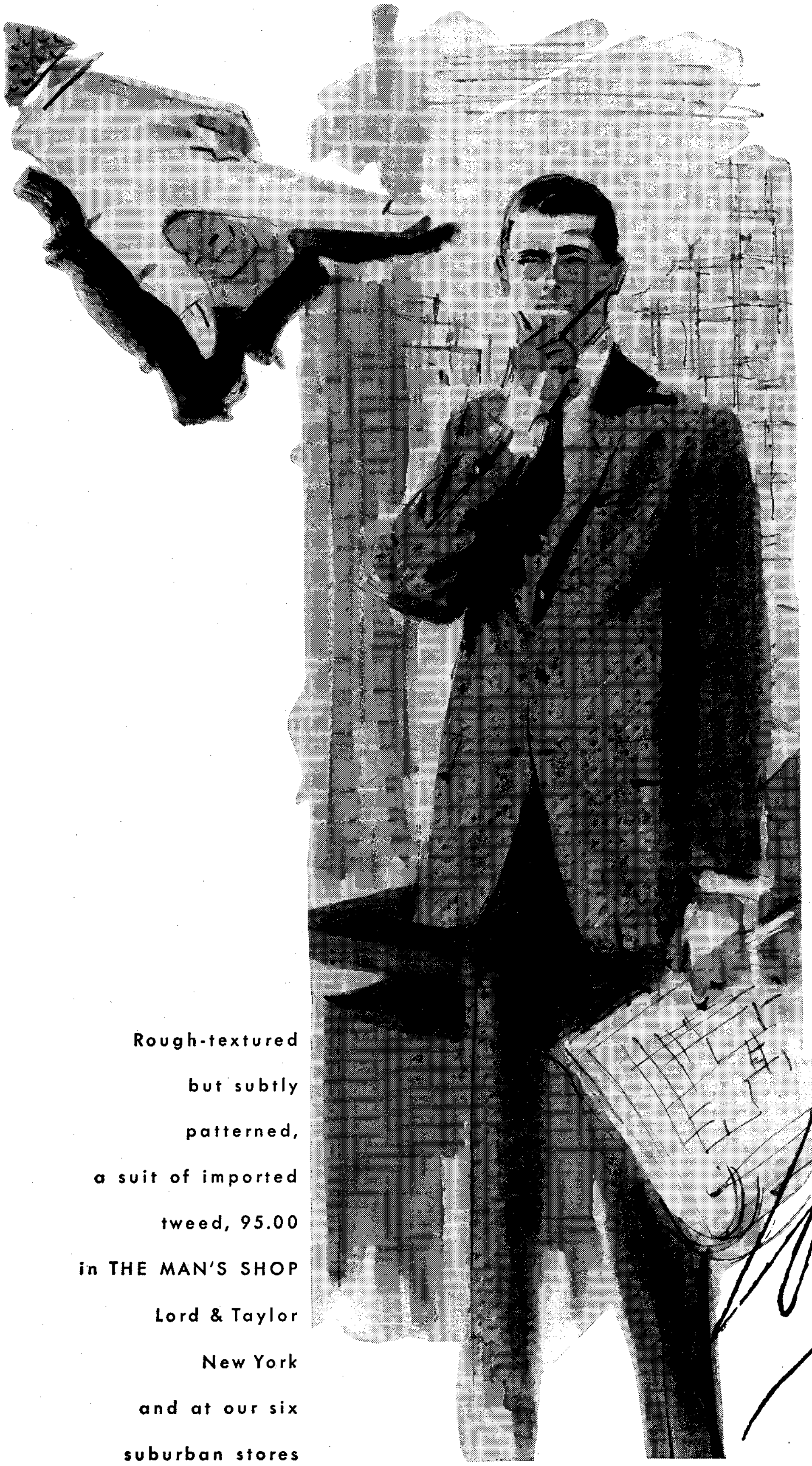
woman can refuse the Presidency." Everybody laughed, except Frémont, who gravely promised to think the matter over.

By train and steamer, Frémont hurried to Siasconset, where, according to family records, he found Jessie on the terrace having tea with the children and telling them a whaling story. (The Frémonts were great letter writers, journal keepers, and memoirists, and much of the material survives, published or unpublished.) "As I watched that family picture," he later declared, "I longed for the power to make it the symbol of my Jessie's future, but already I had come to impart disturbing knowledge." The statement is a cryptic one, but his allusion to "disturbing knowledge" may well have meant that the dream of becoming President had firmly seized him. In any event, that night he and Jessie walked up to Lighthouse Hill, and there, on a bluff overlooking the Atlantic, he told her the whole story. "Carrington said no woman can refuse the Presidency," he concluded. "Can you?"

Jessie was a dramatic person. She pointed down to the sands, where the wooden hull of a vessel lay wrecked, and then to the beacon flashing overhead. "It is the choice," she said, "between a wreck of dishonor or a kindly light that will go on its mission of doing good. You cannot give in to the execution of the laws." Frémont sighed and took her hand, and they walked back to the cottage, where he wrote a final refusal of the Democratic offer.

After the first, stormy meeting with the Southerners, however, Banks had told Frémont that, all things considered, the new Republican Party was the logical place for him. The Congressman had promised to sound out Republican leaders on his behalf, and suggested that meanwhile Frémont should get himself settled in New York. Frémont and Jessie knew that if they went over to the Republicans, they would irrevocably alienate all their Southern friends and relatives, but the Presidential dream prevailed and Frémont told Banks to go ahead. The Frémonts bought a fine new four-story brick house, with a stone stoop and an ornate stone balustrade, at 56 Ninth Street (today it is 19 West Ninth Street, and has been converted into eight apartments), and late in the fall the family moved in. Jessie had two French maids, who took care of the house and the children, and the Frémonts lived comfortably, if not as sumptuously as the banker August Belmont, who had a marble palace nearby—on



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Fifth Avenue, at Thirteenth Street—and who was soon to become one of the principal financial angels of the Democratic Party.

NEW YORK was perhaps not the most reassuring place the temperamental young candidate could have chosen to live in, for politics here were raw, violent, and highly concentrated. Very much in evidence, despite their policy of secrecy, were the Know-Nothings, so called because they were supposed to answer only "I know nothing" when asked about their views; they met, with a mumbo-jumbo of passwords and ritual handclasps, in shuttered halls, and distributed bales of anti-immigrant, and especially anti-Catholic, literature, printed on the steam presses of Nassau and Ann Streets. The Democratic Party, on the other hand, served as a rallying point for immigrants—and there were more than three hundred thousand of them in the city, whose total population was six hundred and thirty thousand—and it also had the allegiance of the large commercial interests, which feared the fiscal consequences of a break with the South. The New York Democrats, who were fettered by few inhibitions, handed out citizenship papers to hordes of prospective supporters scarcely off the boat, and freely branded their rivals "Nigger Worshippers" and "Free-Love Atheists." The Republicans, Free-Soilers, and Abolitionists could operate as flamboyantly as anybody else (the fiery Abolitionist minister Henry Ward Beecher brought a slave girl up to his pulpit, wept and prayed over her, and raised twelve hundred dollars on the spot to buy her freedom), but on the whole their rallies, though emotional, were high-minded and mannerly, except when knife-wielding, pistol-toting Irish immigrants stormed in and broke things up, with the indulgence of the Irish-dominated police. The Whigs alone showed few signs of life; many of those who favored slavery moved into the Democratic ranks, and a number of the rest were drifting toward Know-Nothingism or Republicanism. All in all, every political passion that existed in the thirty-one states was represented in New York. Moreover, as the center of the new telegraph networks and the printing business, the city was the source of an unending stream of abusive political literature, a good deal of which, as things turned out, was directed against Frémont.

In December, 1855, things were still very much up in the air. Banks was

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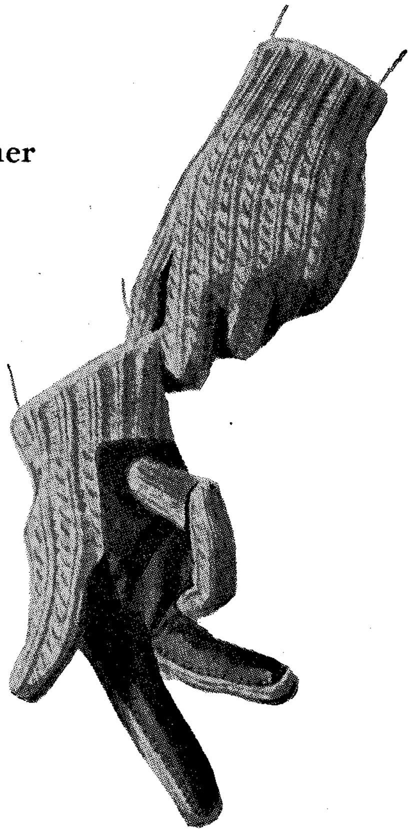

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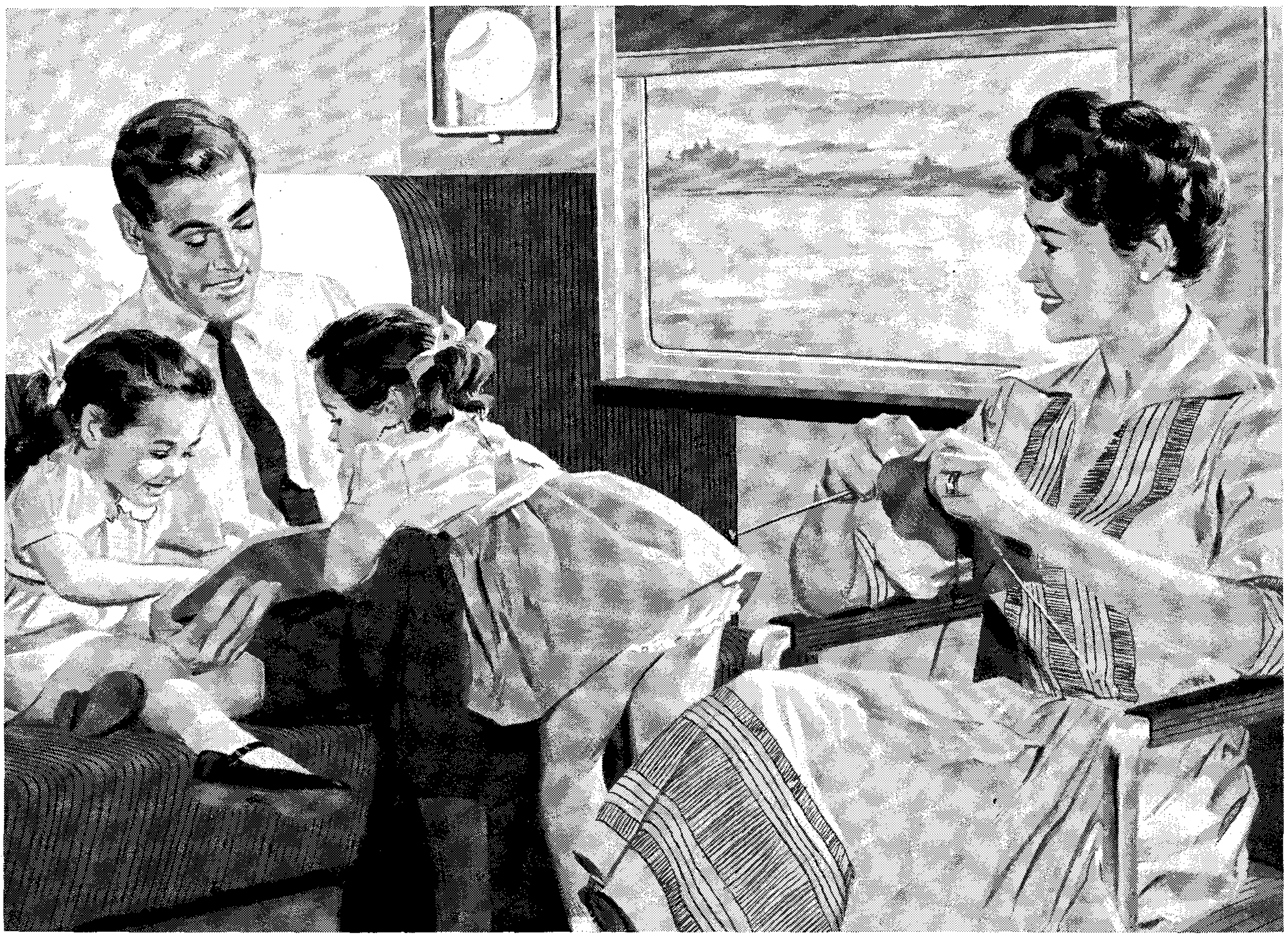

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urging Republican leaders in the big Eastern cities, as well as disaffected Whigs, Democrats, and Know-Nothings, and unaffiliated Free-Soilers, to support Frémont's candidacy, and as time went on, he introduced Frémont to many journalists and politicians, among them John Bigelow, co-editor, with William Cullen Bryant, of the anti-slavery *Evening Post*, who came to the house on Ninth Street one night and was thoroughly charmed by the explorer. Bigelow presently convinced Bryant that they should put the paper openly behind Frémont, and, with Jessie's aid, started working on a campaign biography of him. By midwinter, Frémont had a growing organization in most of the major Northern cities, and numbered among his backers Francis P. Blair, the former editor of the Washington *Globe*, a long-time friend of the Benton family, and a political king-maker in his own right; Salmon P. Chase, Governor of Ohio; Thurlow Weed, former leader of the New York Whigs, who had swung over to the Republicans; Senator William Seward, of New York, who later became Lincoln's Secretary of State; Horace Greeley, of the *Tribune;* and Henry Ward Beecher.

All these men—and, of course, Frémont himself—hoped that Senator Benton would lend his immense prestige to his son-in-law's candidacy, for although Benton was a Democrat, he was generally opposed to the extension of slavery. One winter afternoon, the two men had a talk, standing before the fireplace in the drawing room of the Ninth Street house. Looking into the flames, Frémont told his father-in-law of his political prospects. Benton heard him out, and then said, "I speak to you, sir, as a father to his own son. The Republican Party is a sectional party, and its success would harm the country. You must be national. You must not allow yourself to be on one side or the other of a dividing line." Frémont tried to explain his position, but Benton would have none of it. "If you persist in this," he said, "I will have to take ground publicly against you." He turned his back to the fire and refused to discuss the matter further. He left soon afterward, and when he paid his daughter a visit a few months later, he took care to come when Frémont wasn't at home and to hurry off before he returned.

THAT spring, things were happening in the Kansas Territory that would have a great deal to do with

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India's sunny climb

"The country," writes A. M. Rosenthal, The New York Times correspondent in India, "may be puzzling, exasperating, confusing or just plain too damned warm, but it is never boring."

Readers who follow Abe Rosenthal's dispatches in The Times will tell you that the last is certainly true. India, at least from the spirited way Rosenthal reports what goes on there, is far from boring.

Although he has been perspiring on the India beat for readers of The New York Times for only two years, Abe Rosenthal has been covering India and her significant climb to leadership in world affairs for some 10 years. He started covering India in New York—as a member of The New York Times United Nations bureau.

He started covering people and what they do and why they do it even earlier. He was editor of the student newspaper at the College of the City of New York, was campus reporter for The Times at the same time. He joined the city staff of The Times in 1944, was assigned to the UN in 1946, covered the UN general assembly in Paris in 1948, went to New Delhi in 1954.

In a newspaper that sparkles with bright and lively accounts of life and living everywhere over the world, Rosenthal's stories of life in India have a gleam all their own. That's because he doesn't mind perspiring—or even riding horseback—to get a story. In the two years he has covered the India assignment, Rosenthal has datelined stories from at least 20 different Indian cities and from every country on the Indian sub-continent.

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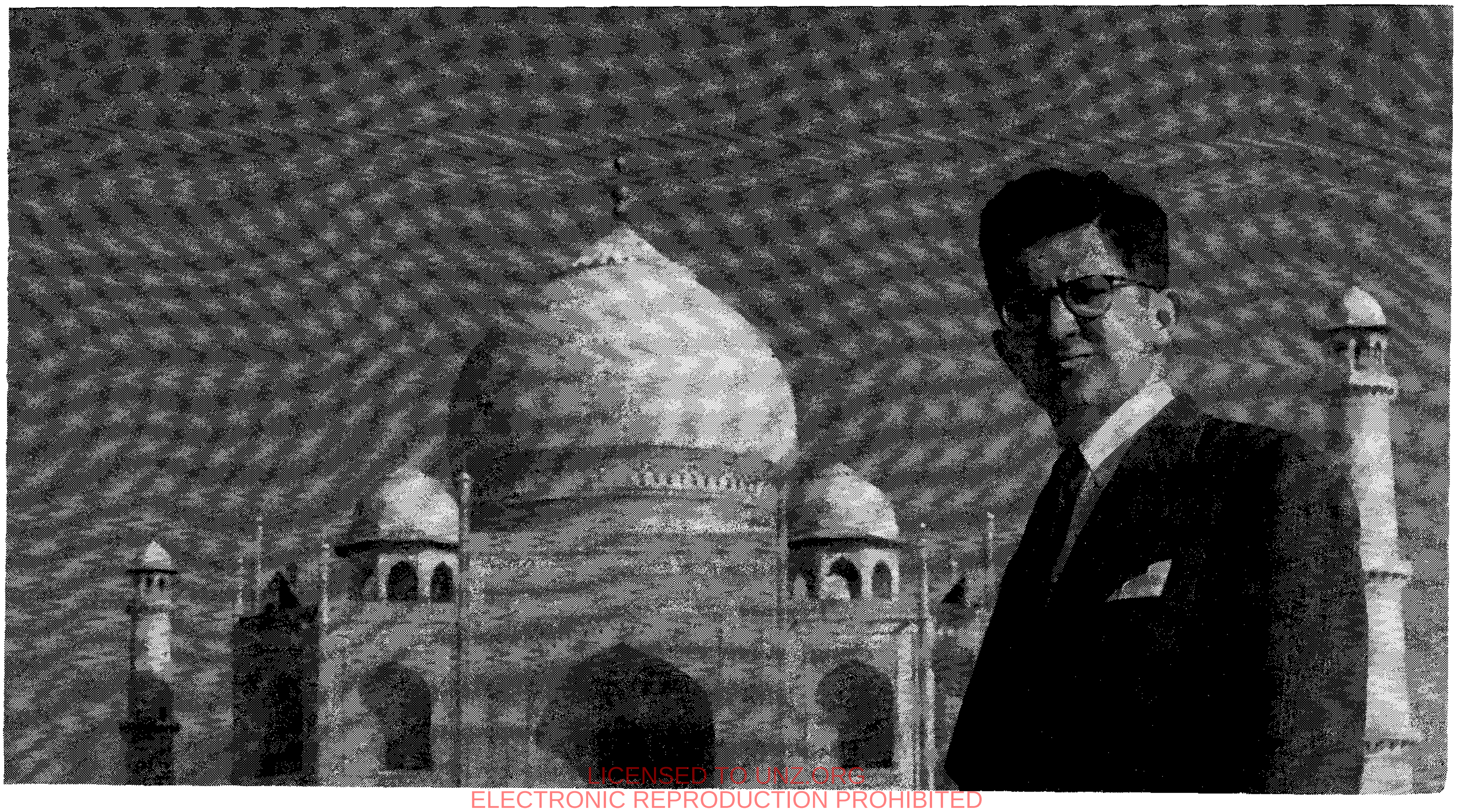

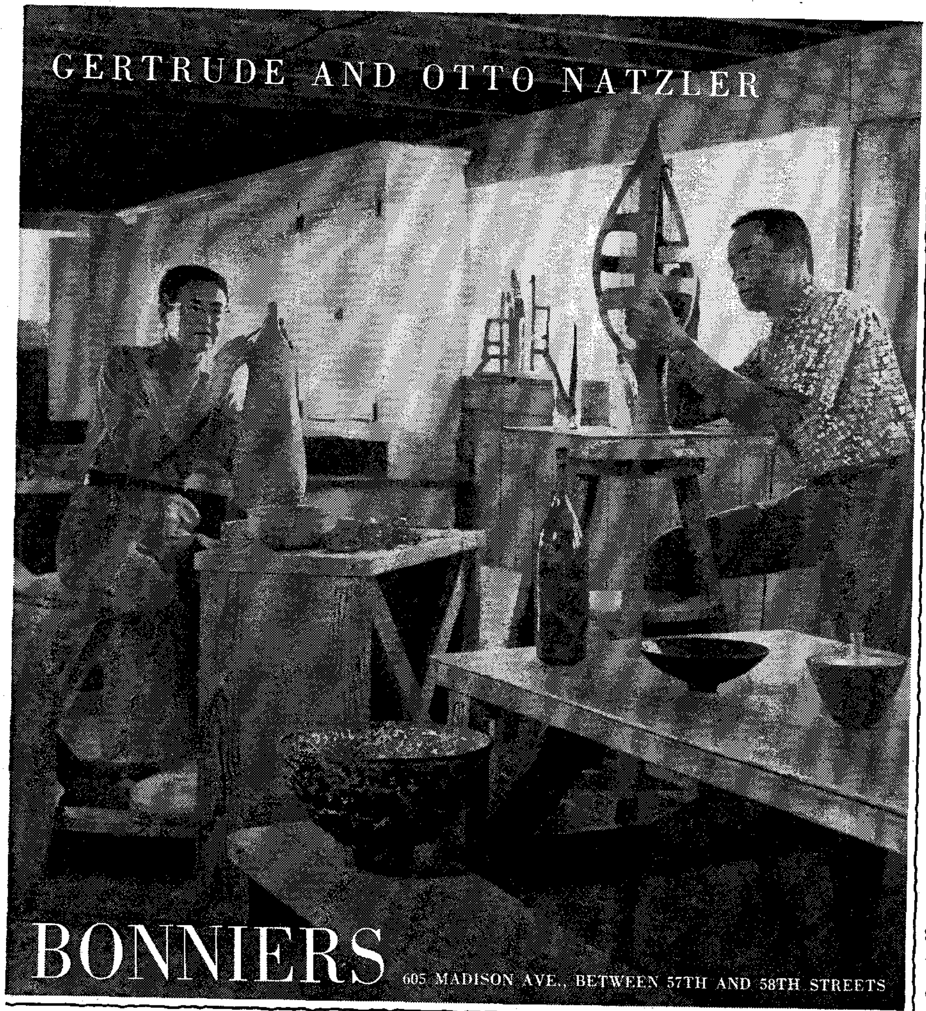
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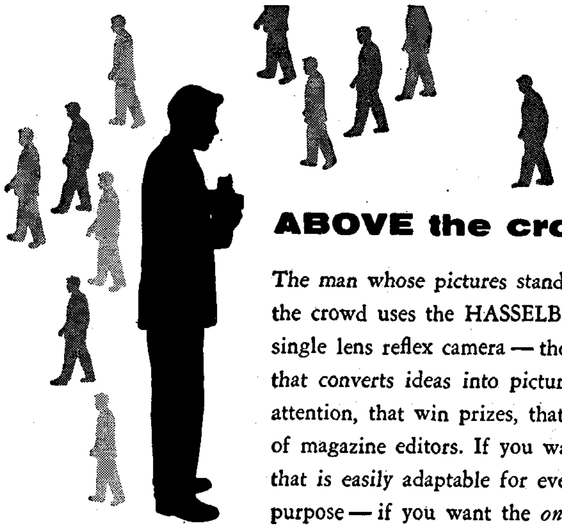

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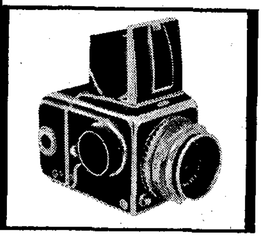

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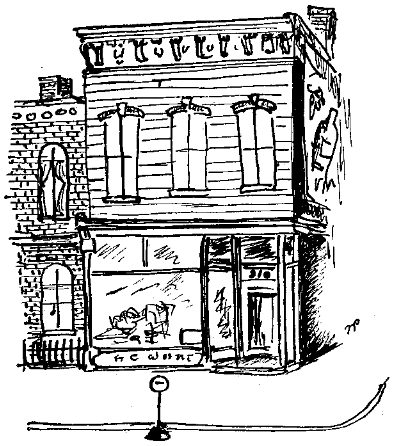
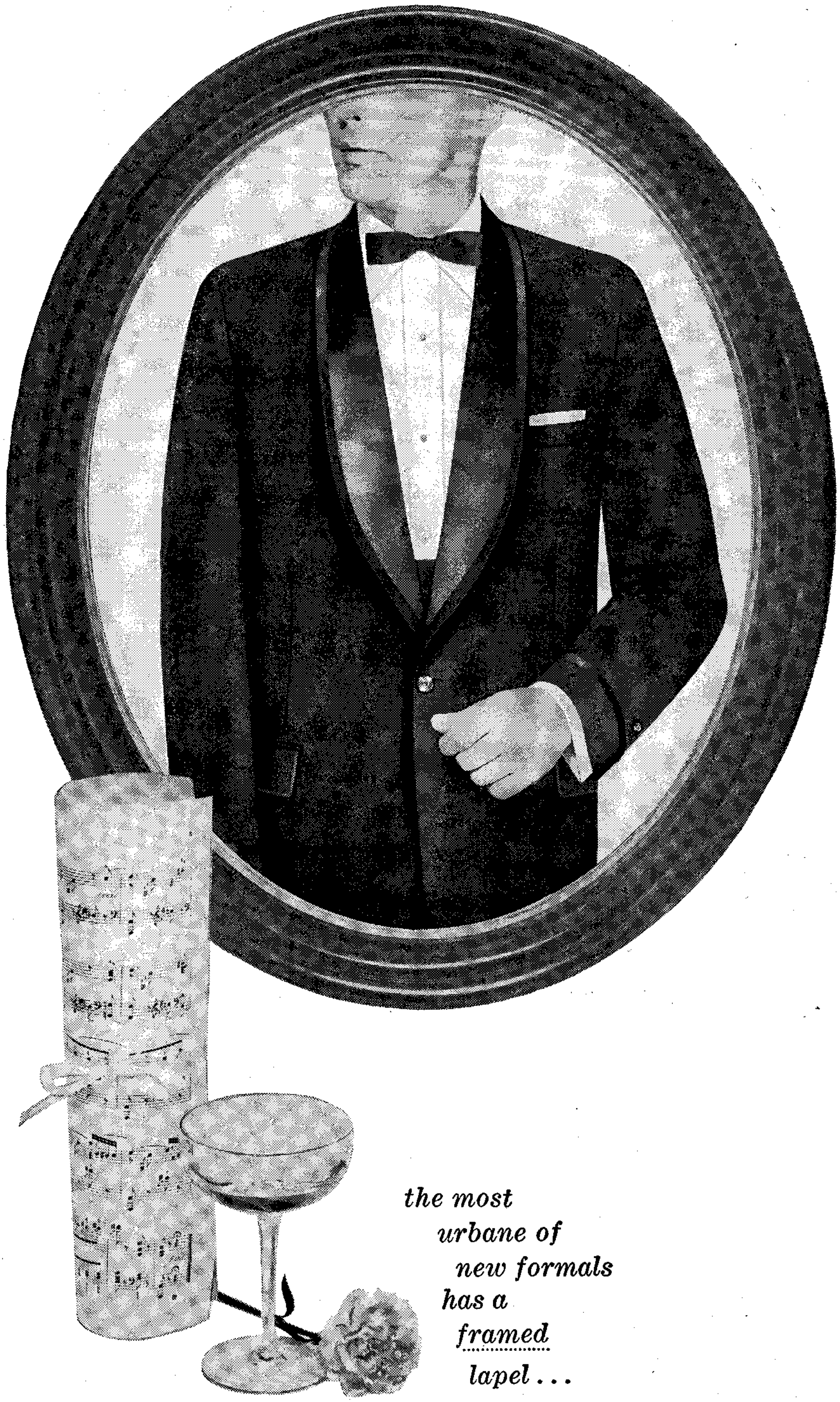
shaping the campaign. Ever since the Kansas-Nebraska Act had become law, bands of armed men from the South—including the celebrated Border Ruffians from Missouri, who carried bowie knives in their boots and whiskey bottles in their back pockets—and only slightly less bellicose bands from the North had been sweeping into the territory. By early 1856, rival governments had been set up—a pro-slavery government, with Shawnee Mission as its capital, and a Free-Soil government, with Topeka as its capital—and each of them was seeking recognition in Washington as the legitimate government of Kansas. As the spring wore on, clashes between the two groups grew more and more frequent, and on May 21st a pro-slavery force invaded the Free-Soil town of Lawrence, wrecked the office of its newspaper, burned down its hotel, and pillaged its shops. Three days later, John Brown, four of his sons, and two friends murdered five unarmed pro-slavery settlers at Pottawatomie Creek. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins," Brown said later. The act touched off what newspapers throughout the nation called "civil war in Kansas," with guerrilla bands ravaging settled areas, hanging or shooting their enemies, burning homes and even whole towns, and sometimes meeting in pitched battles that lasted for hours.

In Washington, throughout April and May, both houses of Congress, neglecting all other business, held a marathon debate (and, as it turned out, an inconclusive one) on the admission of Kansas into the Union—or, rather, which Kansas to admit—and on May 19th, two days before the Lawrence attack, Senator Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, rose to deliver a Free-Soil speech called "The Crime Against Kansas," which he had been polishing for weeks and which he boasted in advance to a friend would be "the most thorough philippic ever uttered in a legislative body." A tall, sombre man who spoke in ponderous periods, Sumner heaped up classical references and spun out metaphors for paragraphs on end. He called the Southerners who had crossed the Kansas border "thugs, murderers, and hirelings, picked from the drunken spew and vomit of an uneasy civilization," and directed some special shafts at South Carolina and its elderly Senator Andrew Pickens Butler, saying that the state's history was one of "shameful imbecility," and that the Senator "shows an incapacity for accuracy" and "has chosen a mistress to whom he has made his vows, and who, though ugly to others, is always lovely to him; though polluted in the sight of the world, is chaste in his sight—I mean the harlot, Slavery." After Sumner's speech, which took up the better part of two sessions of the Senate, the Democrats delivered a scorching series of replies, even more heavily flecked with foam. Had this been all, the speech would soon have been forgotten, but it was not all.

Representative Preston Brooks, of South Carolina, was Senator Butler's nephew and a proud young Southern gentleman. For two nights after the Sumner speech, he tossed on his bed, pondering the insults to his uncle and his state, and on the morning of May 22nd he rose knowing what he had to do. At half past one that afternoon, with a gutta-percha cane under his arm, he entered the Senate chamber. The Senate had adjourned, and the room was almost empty, but Sumner was there, writing letters at his desk. Brooks walked up to him and said, "Mr. Sumner, I have read your speech carefully, deliberately, and dispassionately. You have libelled my state and slandered my white-haired old relative, Senator Butler, and I have come to punish you for it." He raised his cane and brought it down violently on Sumner's head. Sumner was stunned, and blood began to run down his face. Brooks swung again, and this time the cane snapped in two. He then lashed Sumner rapidly about the head and face with what remained of the cane. The Senator lurched to his feet, took a few steps, and collapsed. For some weeks thereafter, he was in a critical condition. (His nervous system was so disordered that he was unable to return to the Senate for three years.) The House voted to censure Brooks but not to expel him. As a matter of form, however, he resigned—only to be returned to office within a few weeks in a special election. Southern admirers presented Brooks





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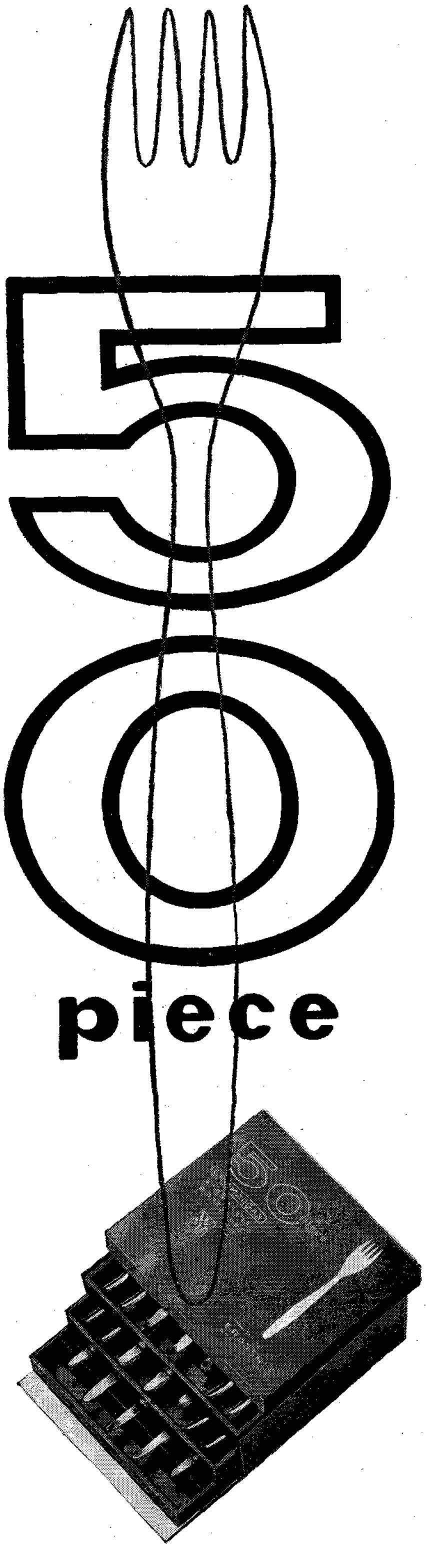

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with a dozen canes, including a gold-headed one inscribed, "At him again!" The South Carolina *Times* said, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," and the Richmond *Inquirer* said, "We consider the act good in conception, better in execution, and best of all in consequence." Even in the North, some Democrats applauded the caning. "Sumner said Senator Butler lied, for which he received a thrashing," the New York *Daily News* declared. "Who will say that such language does not deserve chastisement?"

But the dominant mood in the North was indignation. Republican papers daily asked their readers "What are you going to do about it?" and some people talked of a protest march on Washington. Pro-Sumner rallies were held all over the North, and in New York, on the evening of Friday, May 30th, an indignant throng gathered in the Tabernacle, an old meeting hall on Worth Street, just east of Broadway. (Today a parking lot occupies the space.) Five thousand people were jammed inside, while other thousands outside put on a simultaneous rally. On the platform, under glaring gaslights, William Cullen Bryant, white-bearded and patriarchal, read off a practically endless list of sponsors, and then came a succession of passionate speeches. Every mention of Sumner's name brought prolonged cheers, and every mention of Brooks' name brought prolonged groans—the current equivalent of boos. Rapport between speaker and audience was so close at times as almost to reach the level of responsive reading. One of the speakers, a Mr. Samuel Ruggles, and the audience communicated with each other as follows:

Mr. Ruggles: The government of force has begun!

The Audience: Hear, hear!

Mr. Ruggles: Shall it go on?

The Audience: No! No!

Mr. Ruggles: And does little South Carolina with one-fortieth only of the white men of this Union think it can overcome us?

Voices: No, no! Send General Scott down—

The Audience: (*Laughter*)

Mr. Ruggles: I advise the South before they go further into this business to look into their arithmetic.

The Audience: (*Laughter*)

Throughout the country, debate over the affair raged on, and Southerners, in and out of Congress, taunted Northerners about being too cowardly to fight for their cause. Finally, Anson Burlingame, a young congressman from Massachusetts, rose in the House and said fiercely, "There *are* men from the old

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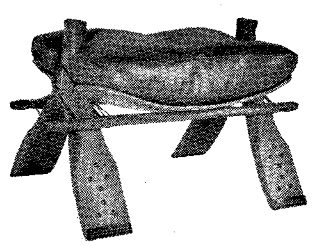

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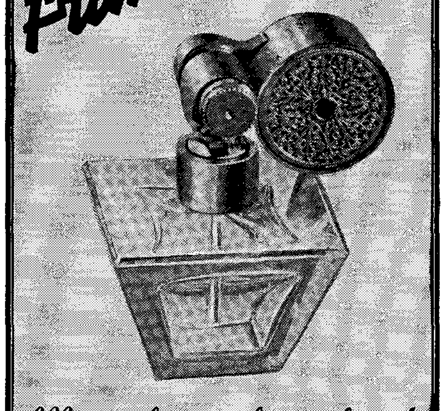

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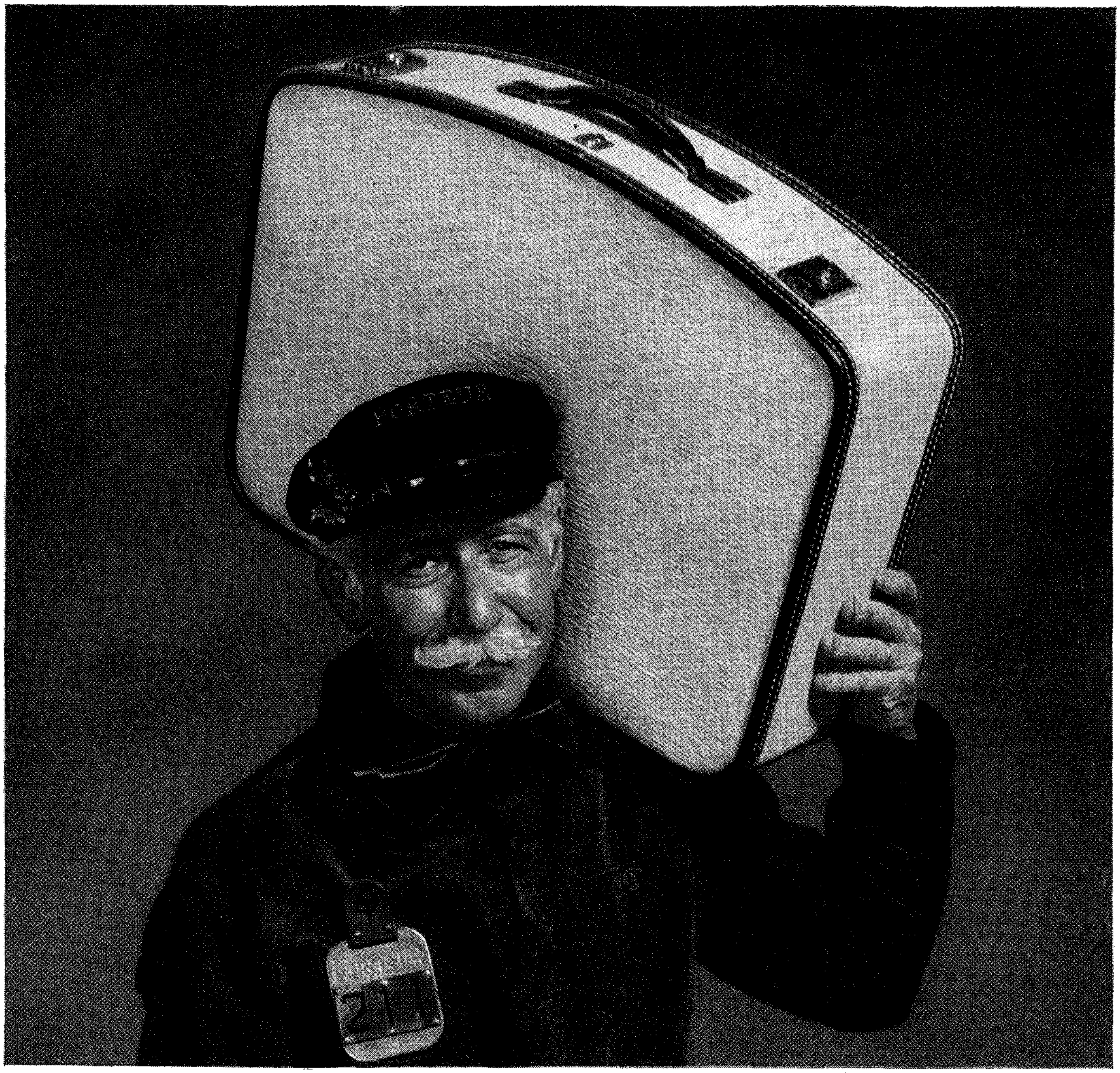

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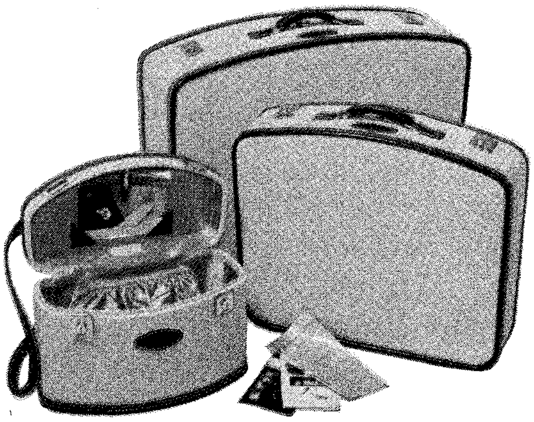

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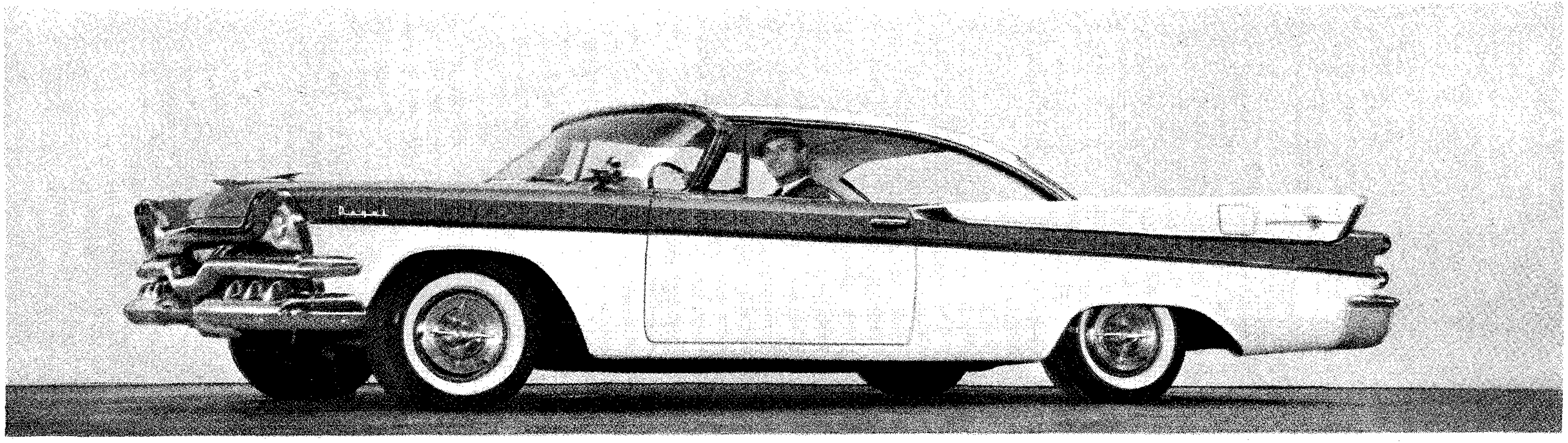
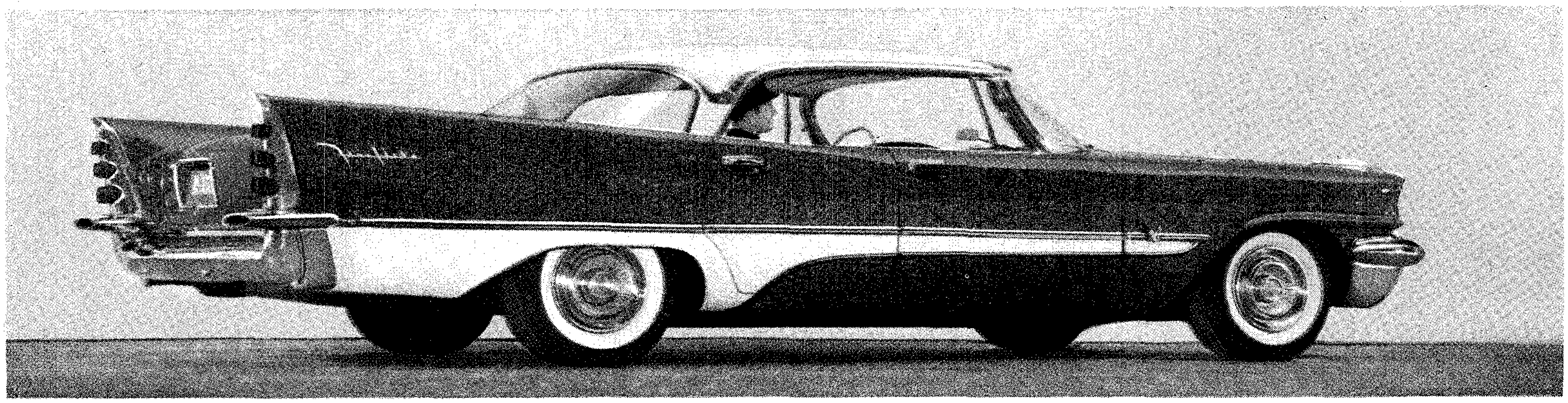
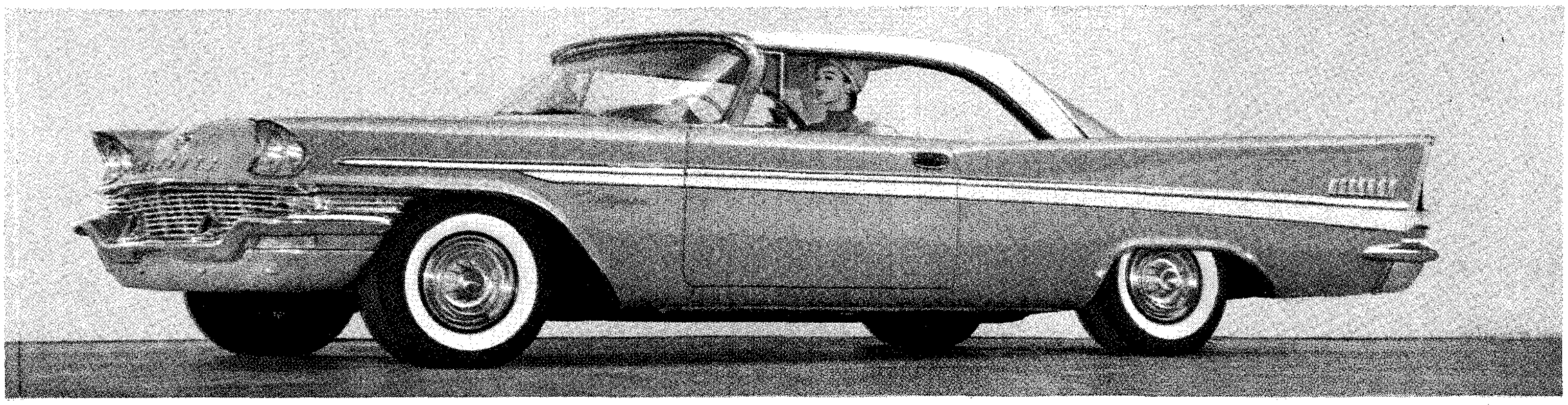


1957 DODGE *New features like Total-Contact Brakes, Pushbutton TorqueFlite make it a value standout!*



1957 DE SOTO *Like all Chrysler Corporation cars, it has "floating comfort" of new Torsion-Aire Ride!*



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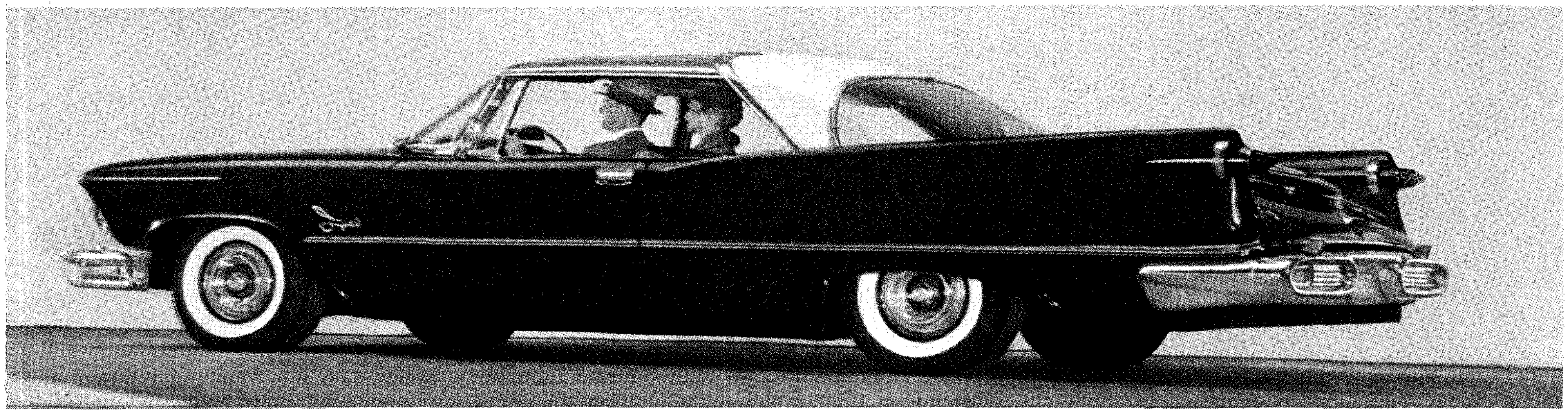

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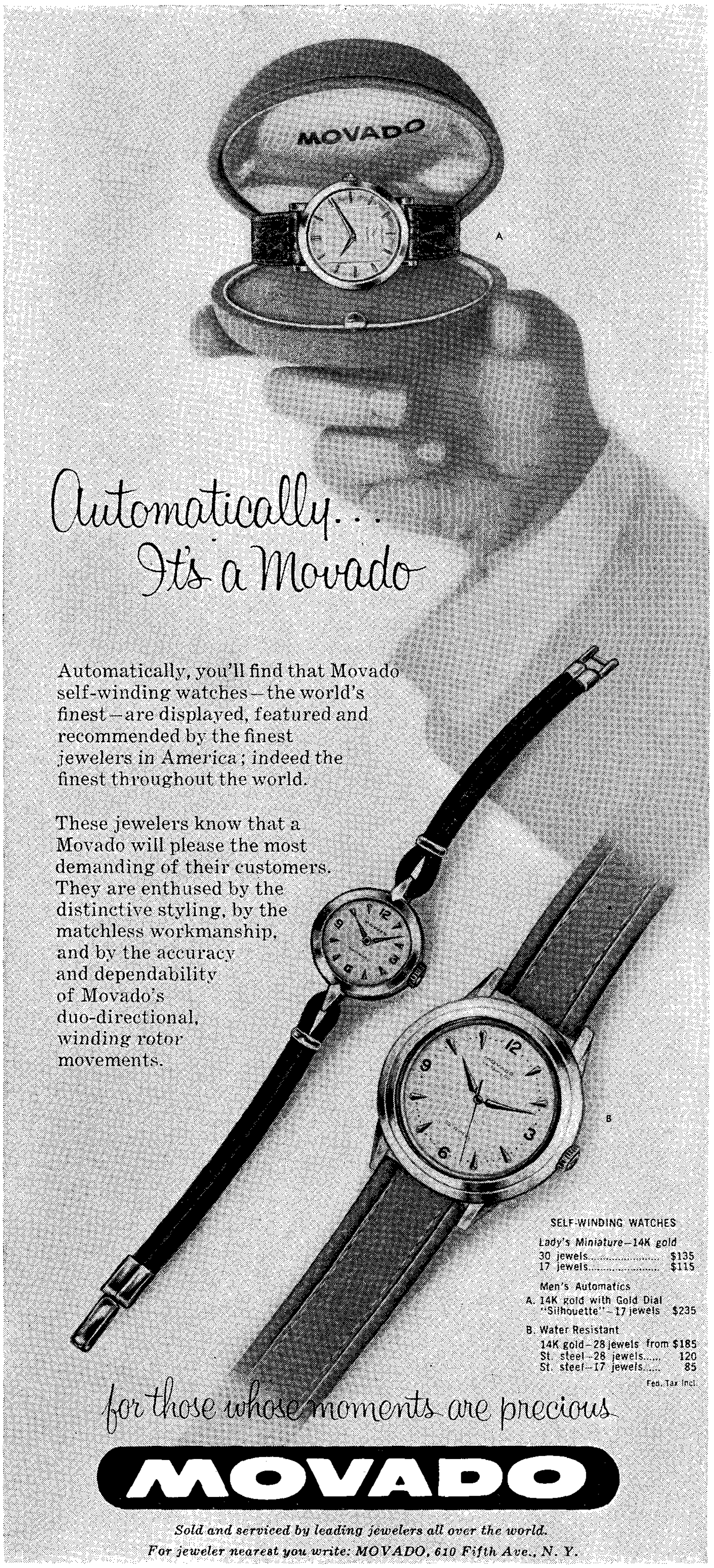
Commonwealth of Massachusetts who will not shrink from a defense of the freedom of speech and the honored state they represent on any field where they may be assailed." Brooks took the bait and sent him a challenge. Burlingame picked rifles as the weapon, and the Canadian side of Niagara Falls as the place, and proceeded north by train, but Brooks, on second thought, decided not to risk travelling through Yankee territory, and no duel was ever fought. Burlingame was nevertheless hailed as the singlehanded savior of Northern honor, and the philippic, the caning, Sumner, and Brooks—Bully Brooks, as the Northerners called him—all became issues, and very warm issues, in the campaign.

As the time for the nominating conventions approached, the traditional party structures were crumbling rapidly. Early in February, the Know-Nothings had split outright, with many Northerners splintering off to form their own party—the North American Party, which was anti-Papist and anti-immigrant, as always, but anti-slavery, too. As for the diehard Know-Nothings of the American Party, who were both nativist and pro-slavery, they assembled later in February and chose as their candidate former President Millard C. Fillmore, a Whig, who was not known to be either. The Whigs, paralyzed by dissension, procrastinated and procrastinated, letting the spring and summer go by without setting a date or a place for their convention. Only the Democrats still drew support from all areas of the country, and even they were showing signs of schism. On June 2nd, when the Democrats convened, in Cincinnati, they quickly and calmly agreed on a platform, the major plank being an endorsement of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, but in choosing a candidate they ran into a deadlock. There was little enthusiasm for President Pierce, who had been anything but a strong executive, and the balloting soon resolved itself into a contest between Stephen Douglas, who had adopted an almost flatly Southern point of view, and James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, a former Secretary of State and Minister to Britain, who was a "doughface," as Northerners with Southern sympathies were called, but had never been identified with any pro-slavery faction. On Friday, June 6th, after sixteen ballots, Douglas withdrew, and with great relief the convention unanimously nominated Buchanan. A portly, white-haired bachelor of sixty-five, he had a



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cast in one eye, and a stiff neck, which kept his high-domed head bent forward and slightly to the left. His manners were formal and rather cold, his dress was impeccable, and he wrote his letters in a flawless, graceful script. Buchanan had no ideas whatever about a solution for the country's problems, nor did his personality inspire much affection, but as a candidate he was absolutely safe. The Democrats, mustering up what fondness they could for him, nicknamed him Old Buck, and the Republicans, calling attention to his long record of hedging, nicknamed him Old Obliquity. Humbly grateful for the nomination (he had tried for it three times before, and failed), Buchanan announced that he had no personal opinions any longer but only those of the Democratic platform.

The news of his nomination arrived in New York by "magnetic telegraph," and that afternoon Tammany men hauled an old cannon into City Hall Park and fired it a hundred times, while Democrats in other parts of the city fired pistols and set off rockets. On the following Wednesday evening, Tammany Hall held a monster ratification rally in City Hall Park, with Stephen Douglas as the principal speaker. Long before the light faded that night, ten thousand people had crowded into the park's ten acres, where they had their choice of three speakers' stands and three simultaneous speakers. When Douglas was introduced, at the main speakers' stand, he received a stupendous ovation. Then he launched into a major address, in which he defended the Kansas-Nebraska Act and sought to prove that all the trouble in Kansas had been caused by the Republican desire for martyrdom. No sooner had he started than his message was obscured by the entrance of the First Ward Buchanan Association's brass band playing "Widow Machree," as well as by Roman candles and a cannonade. Then the Richmond County band entered from the opposite direction, along with marchers who waved a banner punning on the names of the last two Presidents, which brought delighted cheers from the crowd. It read:

FIRST
WE POLK'D THEM
THEN
WE PIERC'D THEM
AND NOW
WE'LL BUCK THEM!

Douglas hardly faltered, though, and from time to time, as the noise subsided briefly, his voice could be heard enumerating the virtues of the Kansas-Nebraska Act. According to an unfriendly ob-

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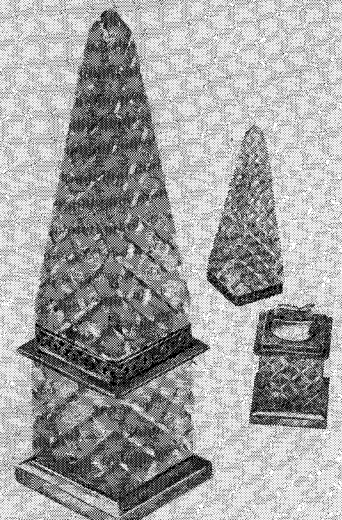

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server, Senator Douglas's speech came through approximately as follows:

"The Cincinnati platform . . ."
BOOM!
". . . his election will . . ."
BANG! BANG!
". . . peace in the territory . . ."
Swoooshsh . . . Powff. *Ahhh!*
". . . life, liberty and property under the law . . ."
BOOM!
"We boast of our liberties and we boast of them justly . . ."
Pop, bang, BOOM!
". . . because the law is . . ."
BANGBANGBANG! BOOM! Drums, fifes, and voices raised in song: "Oh! Steer My Bark to Erin's Isle."

THE Republican Convention was to begin on Tuesday, June 17th, in Philadelphia, but for the moment Frémont and his advisers were more concerned about another convention, which was to meet in New York on June 12th—the convention of the North American Party, or Northern Know-Nothings. These men had made some friendly overtures to the Republicans, but when they announced that they would hold their convention five days before the Republicans held theirs, Frémont's managers suspected their strategy; whether the Northern Know-Nothings nominated their own man or beat the Republicans to the punch by nominating Frémont, the prospect was grim. If the North American Party put up its own candidate, it could demand an inordinately high price for withdrawing him in favor of Frémont; if it nominated Frémont, hundreds of thousands of foreign-born voters would doubtless turn against him. The Frémont men soon hatched a plot of their own—and a very professional one it was for a clean new amateur party. "Would it not be well," wrote Isaac Sherman, Frémont's New York campaign manager, to Speaker Banks, "to have the Know-Nothings nominate *you* . . . and then you decline the moment the Republican Convention in Philadelphia has nominated Frémont?" Banks agreed, and before long Republican workers in New York had raised thirty thousand dollars to import pro-Frémont delegates—or "bogus Know-Nothings," as Greeley delightedly called them. Scores of them descended upon New York, prepared to defeat Frémont in order to further his chances.

The North American Party convention, which was held in a pleasant little concert hall called the Apollo Rooms, on the east side of Broadway, just below Lispenard Street, came very close to thwarting the Sherman-Banks strategy, for one of the first speakers, former

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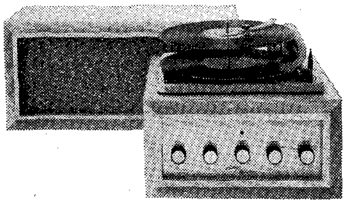

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Lieutenant Governor Thomas H. Ford, of Ohio, who was obviously not in on the plan, started a Frémont demonstration. "I am for free speech," he said, and the audience applauded. "For a free press," and the audience whistled. "For free territory," and the audience yelled. "For free men," and the audience stamped. "And I guess," Ford shouted, "I might venture to say I am for Free-*mont!*" The delegates staged a whistling, yelling, stamping demonstration that lasted for ten minutes. Luckily, nominations were not to begin until the following morning, and by that time the bogus Know-Nothings had matters in hand. The first ballot gave Banks forty-one votes and Frémont thirty-nine, with a scattering of votes for other candidates, and although a small group of delegates withdrew, shouting that the convention was controlled by "a bunch of nigger-worshipping Abolitionists," the plan proceeded smoothly. On Monday, June 16th, Banks was nominated, a committee was appointed to attend the Republican Convention and explore the possibilities of fusion, and proceedings were adjourned until the nineteenth.

Frémont himself, of course, did not attend these meetings, but he received reports on them from his key supporters, who streamed into his house throughout the day and until late at night to confer with him and help themselves to coffee, cake, and cold meats, which Jessie Frémont served at all hours, buffet-style, in the dining room. On the evening of the sixteenth, the house was jammed with Frémont men ready to set off for Philadelphia, where Blair, the kingmaker, was already buttonholing delegates. When the gathering finally broke up, near midnight, a heavy silence settled over the house, and the next morning Frémont wrote Blair, "Here the calm this morning seems portentous. I feel just now as if there had been hereabout the preliminary shocks of an earthquake, and feel as men do, I suppose, who are momently expecting the great shock."

On June 17th, two thousand delegates and visitors to the first Republican nominating convention poured into Musical Fund Hall, in Philadelphia—an exalted, crusading conglomeration of Free-Soilers, Barnburners, Conscience Whigs, Abolitionists, teetotallers, advocates of women's rights, and conservative New England intellectuals. Fundamentally, these people were united on only one point—the need to keep slavery from going beyond its current limits. There was not a single delegate

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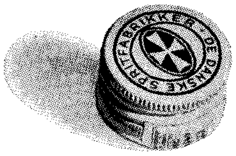
CONSTANT READER

What do you mean "simply"?



Dear Aalborg:

Does one pronounce Akvavit the same as aquavit?

IN THE PUBLIC WEAL

More or less. Akvavit is the Danish spelling of aquavit. Aquavit is from the Latin aqua vitae, which means "water of life." Yes, indeed.

Dear Aalborg:

I have heard about certain spirits that apparently have no flavor, where the only way you know you've had one is when the waiter gives you a check. Is akvavit like this?

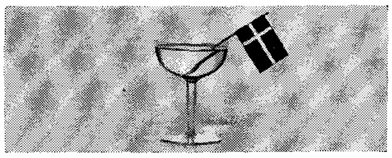
ANXIOUS

No, but don't believe everything you hear. What have you heard?

Dear Aalborg:

How do you make a Danish Martini?

EARNEST-SEEKER-AFTER-TRUTH

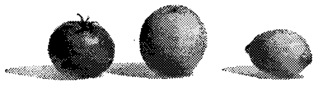


Actually, we'd rather you didn't. You know what we say: buy a bottle of Aalborg —put it in the refrigerator— and forget about it until it gets ice cold. Then drink it straight, eating smorrebrod (see below). Some fun. If you're serious about Akvavit Martinis, the best mixture is 4 akvavit to 1 dry vermouth, a ratio which makes the vermouth people very happy. Instead of an olive or an onion, you just shout "Skaal" Pronounced Skoal.

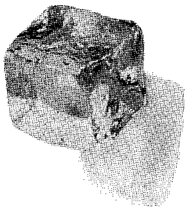
Dear Aalborg:

Me, I love to experiment. However, is it true that no Dane deigns to dilute akvavit with ice cubes or anything else?

WELL-WISHER



Almost. When he does it's a great deign. Have you tried a Bloody Dane (tomato juice & Aalborg)? Or a Danish Screwdriver (orange juice & Aalborg)? Or Aalborg and Tonic? Or a Biørn Collins?



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Aalborg Akvavit

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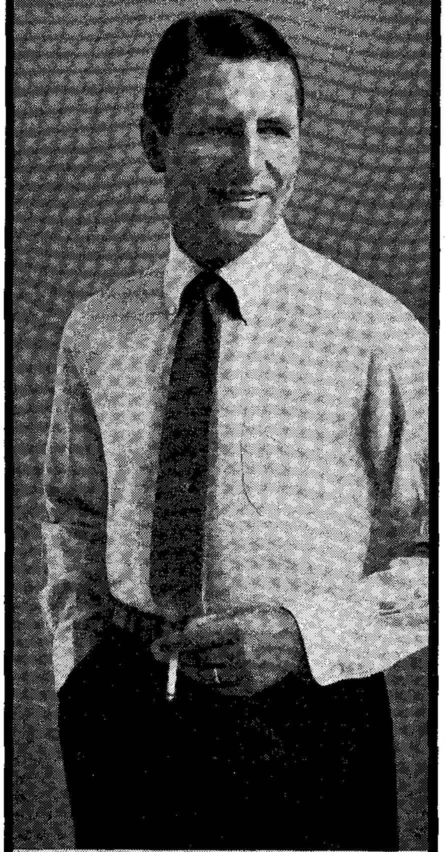

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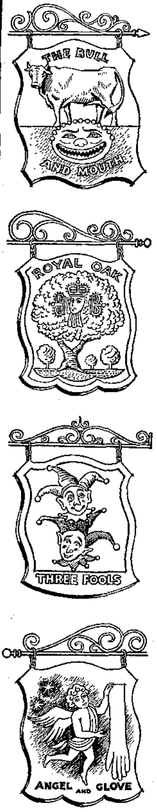
from the Deep South, and only small, unrepresentative delegations from the border states, but the new party felt that it was bursting with power; if it could attract enough Northern Democrats, Know-Nothings, and Whigs, it might easily win the White House. The Frémont men, presenting the explorer as the symbol of the Republican Party and as a man whose politics were as new as the Party itself, won over scores of unpledged or wavering delegates. Many years later, Colonel Alexander McClure, the publisher, recalled how, as a young delegate from Pennsylvania, he had been fixed by the glittering eye of Horace Greeley, who told him, "We are strong enough not to have to make any concessions of principle whatever." Indeed, the Republicans were in anything but a mood of conciliation. "We shall appeal to the ballot box," roared one of the speakers, General J. Watson Webb, of New York, "and if we fail in this, what then? Will we consent to see our Free-Soil brethren in Kansas forced to yield obedience to enactments which are not laws, or be driven from the Territory and murdered by a band of ruffians acting with the connivance of the Executive of the United States? Never, never; but we will *drive back the oppressors, sword in hand.*" The delegates all but wept for joy, and went on to approve a platform that demanded the admission of Kansas to the Union as a Free State and upheld the wrecked Missouri Compromise. By Wednesday, when nominations began, it was clear that Frémont was far out in front. The custom of the time was to hold what was called an informal ballot first, and this gave him 359 votes and Justice John McLean, of the Supreme Court, 196. The first formal ballot gave Frémont 529, and then the convention nominated him unanimously. The band blared, a great streamer bearing Frémont's name was stretched across the platform, delegates sprang up on their chairs or danced in the aisles, and stovepipe hats were flung high in the air.

Within an hour, Republican Party workers in New York had rolled a cannon into City Hall Park, and a sweating young man named DeShey, loading, firing, swabbing, and reloading, outdid the Democrats by producing a hundred and fifty triumphal booms. Crowds gathered at the newspaper offices along nearby Nassau Street, where the news was coming in by telegraph and reporters were shouting the word out the windows; flags and Frémont



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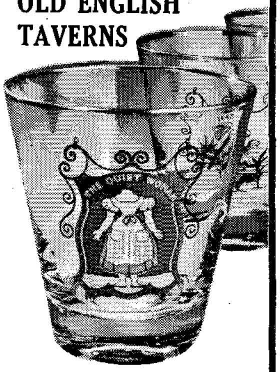

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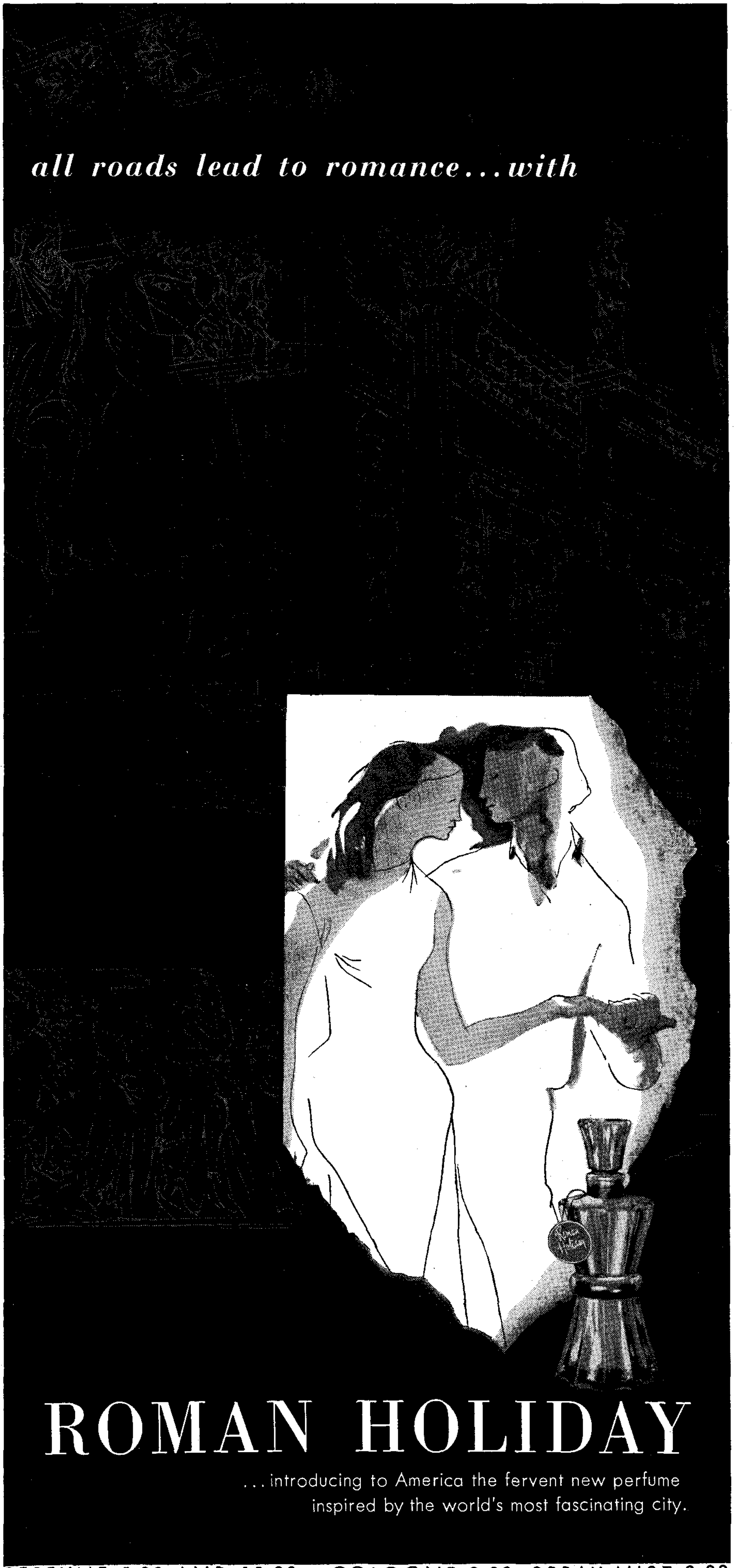
banners were hung out of a number of office and commercial buildings along Broadway; and a group of exultant Republican Party workers hurried to Ninth Street, where they found a warm smile on the candidate's usually serious face. That evening, telegrams began arriving, and the next morning Jessie converted the dining room into a sort of office, where a task force consisting of Jessie herself, John Bigelow, Isaac Sherman, and a friend of Frémont's named Colonel Charles James handled mail, arranged appointments, and clipped newspapers.

On Thursday, June 19th, the Know-Nothing committee returned to New York. Its members were angry. Although they had attempted to bargain with the Republicans, the latter had conceded nothing and had nominated a former Whig, William Dayton, of New Jersey, for Vice-President, and when the committee presented its report that afternoon, back at the Apollo Rooms, the mood of the gathering—the Frémont men excepted—grew black and unpleasant. In the evening, however, half a dozen North American leaders called on Frémont, who greeted them courteously and told them earnestly that he was willing to answer all their political questions. Someone sounded him out on the matter of the influx of foreigners, and he said, "I sympathize with your beliefs, gentlemen. I believe the time has come to close the United States to indiscriminate immigration, and I concur with you that the dissatisfied citizen of an Old World country cannot become a useful citizen of the United States in a short time." This was what the delegates had come to hear, and though Frémont was expressing a far from rabid view held by many educated Northerners, they left satisfied. The North American Party was in Frémont's pocket, and the next day Banks withdrew and the Party formally endorsed Frémont.

The Republicans, new as they were to the political scene, had strong premonitions of victory—even in New York City, where the odds were heavily against them—and a big Republican ratification meeting held on June 25th at the Tabernacle was pervaded by an almost palpable sense of destiny. Judge Robert Emmet, of New York, who made the first speech, said, "Frémont conquered California with sixty-two men. He has starved himself to feed his poor fellows. . . . He also won the heart and hand of Thomas Hart Benton's daughter; let me tell you that this is no



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small item in his qualification to be President of the United States," and the audience sprang to its feet and, accompanied by a brass band, sang a new campaign song, to the tune of the "Marseillaise" and with the refrain:

Arise, arise ye brave,
  And let your war-cry be:
Free speech, free press, free soil, free men,
  Frémont and victory.

After the meeting, a large number of Republicans (Republican newspapers said there were ten thousand and Democratic newspapers said there might have been a few hundred) set off for Frémont's house, led by the band and brandishing torches and singing, and filled his block from end to end. Judge Emmet, who had gone ahead by carriage, led Frémont out onto the stoop as the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," and the crowd pushed forward so eagerly that the stone balustrade toppled over. Remarkably, no one was badly hurt, and when the confusion died down, Frémont held up his hand for silence. "Gentlemen," he said, "I thank you for this friendly call." Frenzied cheering. "I am happy to receive this enthusiastic expression of devotion to the cause in which we are engaged." Another great ovation. "The enthusiasm you have manifested, and the worthiness of the cause to which it is directed, give me great confidence in your final and complete success." Deafening yells and cheers. Frémont bowed and withdrew, but the mob let it be known that it had not marched so far to go home so soon. "We want Jessie! We want Jessie!" voices called out, and the entire crowd took up the cry, in cadence and with growing volume, as the band played away. Finally, Frémont came out again, with his wife, and both of them stood waving to the crowd. After a few moments, they went back inside, and the throng contentedly made off.

The feeling of the Republicans for Frémont, then and throughout the campaign, was more than warm; it was worshipful. His lack of political experience troubled none of them, and they all made much of his heroism in the wilderness, and of his wife. "Frémont and Our Jessie" was a favorite Republican slogan, and it sometimes seemed as if the ticket were Frémont and Jessie, rather than Frémont and Dayton. When John Bigelow's campaign biography of Frémont was published, forty thousand copies were quickly sold as Republicans devoured the details of buffalo hunts, night vigils, and blizzards. An anonymous campaign pam-

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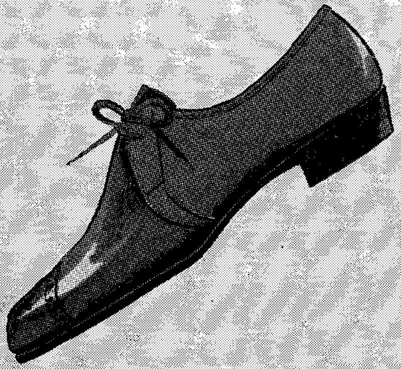

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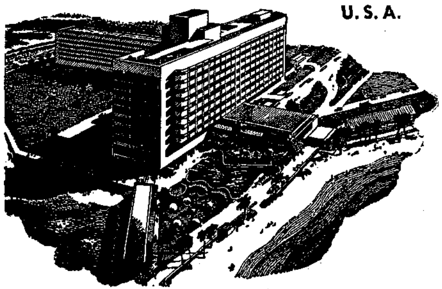

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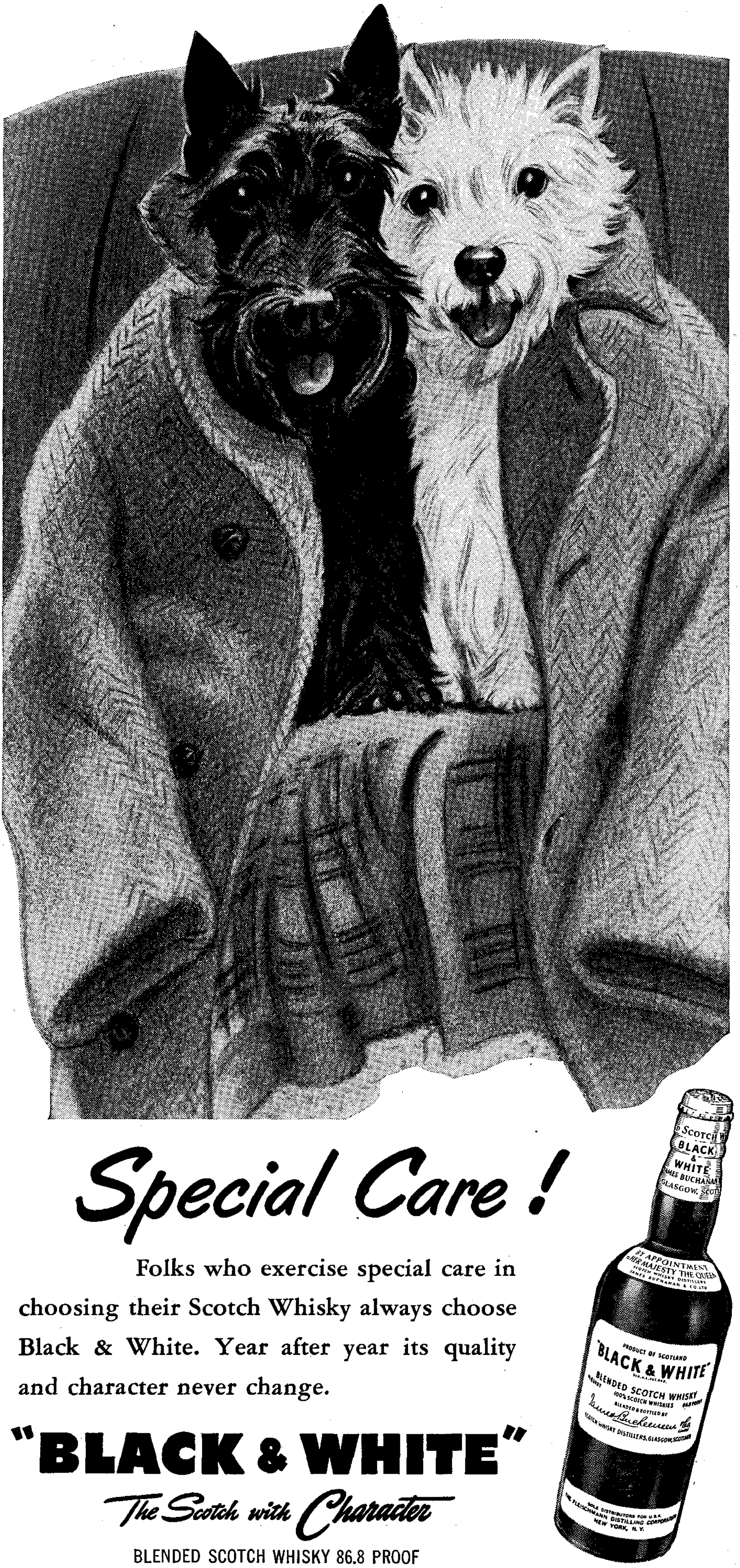
phlet published by Greeley lauded Frémont for, among other things, never having worn an overcoat or broken a bone on his Western trips, and soberly quoted the testimony of Saghundai, a Delaware Indian who had travelled with Frémont in the Rockies: "Frémont—brave man—brave man—Colonel Frémont brave man!" (Saghundai was no coward himself; he came to New York during the campaign, put on a starched shirt and ready-made suit, and had dinner with Frémont, Jessie, and the children. Unsuspectingly, he put a very large spoonful of ice cream in his mouth and, as Jessie later told the story, almost fainted from the shock to his rotting teeth but swallowed it impassively, without a word or a sound.)

THE political situation, as it appeared after the conventions, was supremely illogical. The Democrats approved of slavery and applauded the conduct of Representative Brooks and the Border Ruffians, and at the same time they denounced the Republicans for promoting religious intolerance and xenophobia. The Republicans, liberal though they were, were working with the Northern Know-Nothings. The regular Know-Nothing candidate, Fillmore, was damned in the South as an Abolitionist and was damned in the North for accepting as his running mate Andrew J. (Hundred-Nigger) Donelson, a Southern planter who boasted of owning a hundred slaves. The Democrats charged the Republicans with being Abolitionists, but William Lloyd Garrison angrily declared that the Republican platform was a sell-out to slavery, and his Abolitionist Party ran its own hopeless campaign. The Irish and the Germans were equally new to the country, and were equally detested by the Know-Nothings, but all the former became Democrats and almost all the latter became Republicans. Quite a few Know-Nothings in New York, adhering to the Fillmore cause, managed to be simultaneously anti-Catholic, anti-foreigner, anti-Republican, anti-Border Ruffian, and anti-Bully Brooks; if they were for anything, no one knew what it was. And not only was the situation supremely illogical; it was supremely perilous for the country. In Washington, soon after Frémont was nominated, Southern congressmen took up a new slogan: "If Frémont is elected, forty thousand bayonets will bristle about the Capitol." An editorial in the Richmond *Whig*, pointing out that not so long ago England had been "home" to the colonies,



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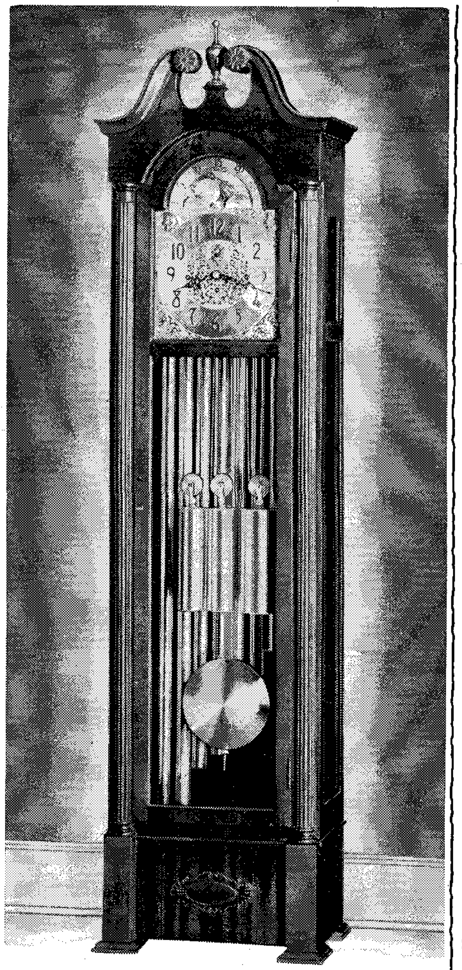

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said, "If worst comes to worst, and we cannot find peace, justice, or safety with our Yankee Brethren—*that time may come again!*" And Preston Brooks, to the applause of his Southern colleagues, proposed that in the event of a Frémont victory the South not only secede but seize the Federal Treasury.

Under the circumstances, it was perhaps inevitable that no holds should be barred in the campaign against Frémont, and on June 20th, the day after he was nominated, the torrent of personal abuse began. That afternoon, the New York *Evening Express*, a regular Know-Nothing paper, carried a brief report to the effect that Frémont was known to be a Romanist. Subsequent articles, the paper noted, would document the charge, and they did. Hundreds of other papers—Democratic and Know-Nothing—gratefully took up the theme and developed it. For some reporters, Frémont's name and his father's French origin were sufficient evidence. Others pointed out that he and Jessie had been married by a Catholic priest, as indeed they had, but only because no Protestant minister in Washington had been willing to risk Benton's wrath by marrying them, and still others noted that Frémont had once carved a cross on Rock Independence, high in the Rockies. Several writers of letters to the editor said they had seen Frémont enter Catholic churches in California (no other churches existed there at the time), and a Democratic campaign pamphlet entitled "J. C. Frémont's Record" said, "His own daughter has never been sent away from home, but educated at home, because of a disagreement between her father and mother, as to whether her education should be Catholic or Protestant." As far as anybody knows, there was no truth to this, and certainly there was none to a story circulated by a former New York alderman named Peter Fulmer—himself a Methodist—who swore that he had seen Frémont enter a Catholic church in Washington on a Sunday in late February or early March of 1852, and had afterward dined with Frémont at Brown's Hotel and argued with him about transubstantiation. Fulmer's statement and his hotel bill were reprinted throughout the country. The Republicans got an affidavit from Marshall O. Roberts, president of the U. S. Mail Steamship Company, stating that at the time of the supposed talk Frémont had been aboard the steamship Empire City on his way from San Francisco to New York, but only Republican papers carried this information, and the

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Fulmer yarn continued to make the rounds for weeks.

Frémont's advisers were certain that the Catholic charges were hurting him in many areas. "Unfortunately," lamented Schuyler Colfax, a congressman from Indiana, "we make nothing on the other side, the Catholics being solid against us." Frémont was summoned to a conference at Astor House, a hotel on lower Broadway, where Thurlow Weed, speaking for forty leading Republicans present, pleaded with him to deny publicly that he was, or ever had been, a Catholic, but Frémont refused, whether out of caprice or high principle it is hard to say. He did permit the publication of a pamphlet setting forth a dozen proofs that he was an Episcopalian, but he did not sign it or contribute a statement to it. Henry Ward Beecher went to Frémont's house in great agitation, pumped him about his religion, and left entirely satisfied. Frémont submitted to all this with reasonably good grace, and even allowed a group of eight leading New York Protestant clergymen to cross-examine him on his beliefs. He answered their questions amiably, and they wrote a report clearing him completely, but that was in September, and by then the Romanism theme had been played out and the denials fell upon deaf ears.

Besides, far more delectable calumnies were available. Frémont told a visitor, in a melancholy tone, "I am informed there are other and much worse stories about me, one of which is that I have been a slaveholder, and that on a certain voyage myself and my wife took turns in whipping a slave we carried with us. Another is that I am an inebriate." As a matter of fact, Frémont rarely took a drink, and he and his wife had never owned a slave, although their Southern relatives had several times offered them one as a gift, but both stories were diligently circulated in speeches and in campaign pamphlets, which, since they were usually unsigned, could afford to be even more scurrilous than the newspapers. Jessie finally persuaded Frémont not to read the mail or the papers until she had censored them, and though Frémont undoubtedly knew everything that was being said about him, he pretended not to, for her sake.

All this time, Frémont did not so much as issue a statement in his defense, apparently in deference to a principle held by his running mate, William Dayton, who had said, "It has ever seemed to me *bad policy* for either of the candidates to make speeches or write let-

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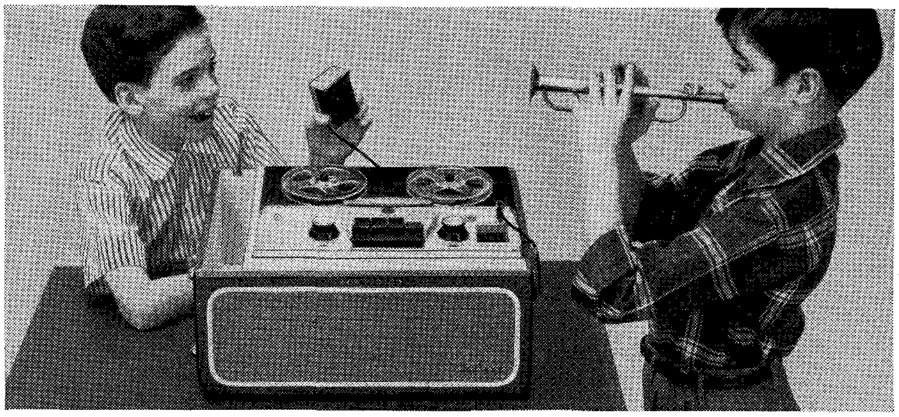

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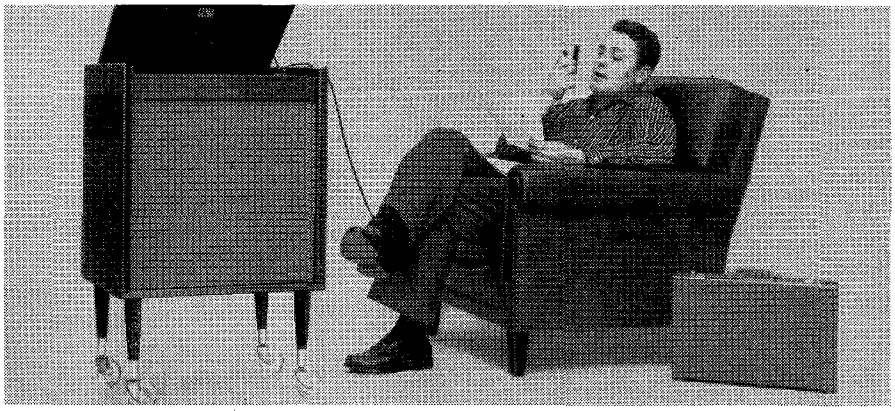

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ters." Buchanan and Fillmore didn't campaign actively, either, letting their supporters do the stumping and contenting themselves, as Frémont did, with receiving party strategists and well-wishers. Except for one trip out of town—and that was a personal one, for rest and a change of scene—Frémont's daily routine remained fairly constant all through the campaign. Each morning after coffee, he and a friend would fence vigorously for an hour in a wide upstairs hallway, while below in the dining room, to the sound of stamping feet and ringing foils, Jessie, Bigelow, Sherman, and Colonel James went through bagloads of mail and prepared statements for the press. Then Frémont would go down to the south parlor, where all day long, sitting in a big, sunny bay window, he received callers. In the evening, after dinner, he would tire himself for sleep by taking a solitary walk up Broadway, sometimes as far as the clusters of houses that dotted the gentle green hills of what are today the West Sixties and Seventies.

The summer of 1856 was a hot one in New York, and, with all but five of the theatres closed, the campaign was the chief form of entertainment. In those days, political rallies were as popular a way of passing the time as the movies and television are now; the average American—Northerner or Southerner, city-dweller or farmer—thought nothing of standing for three hours and listening to thundering harangues and cascading rhetoric. Speeches two hours long were not unusual, and General Webb was able to bellow well over twenty thousand words in three hours to a mob of sixty thousand Republicans at Tippecanoe, in Indiana. Most political meetings were held out-of-doors near grogshops, and a heavy atmosphere of whiskey, smoke, and sweat hung over these gatherings, which were composed exclusively of men. In addition to Roman candles, rockets, flaming tar barrels, and blazing pitch torches, the larger rallies featured horse-drawn floats, satirical figures in costume, transparencies (huge net banners with slogans sewn on them), brass bands, fife-and-drum corps, and small cannons. Hardly any meeting was without its intruding gangs of hecklers, and the New York police records for the summer and early fall of 1856 showed an unusually high incidence of bloodied noses, fractured skulls, stabbings, and beatings.

The Republicans did not go in much for grogshop rallies, and—in New York and New England, at least—their gatherings tended to resemble re-

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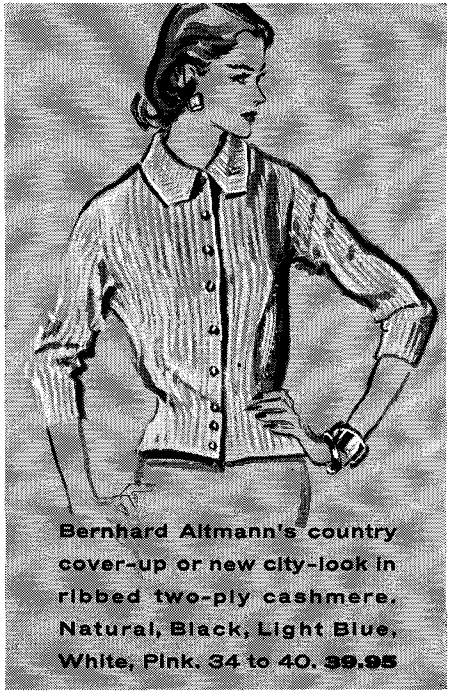

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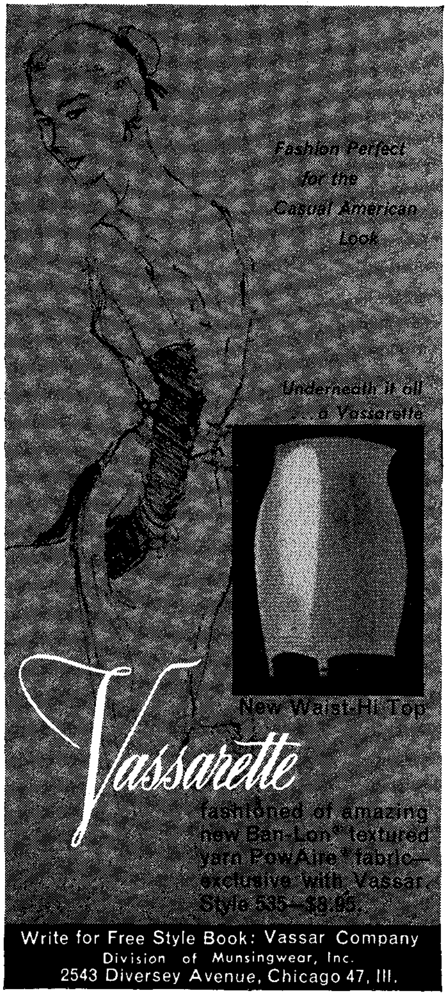

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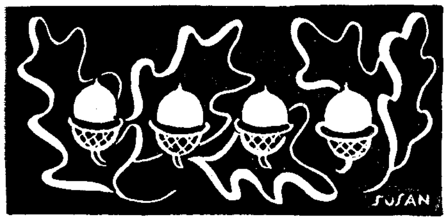
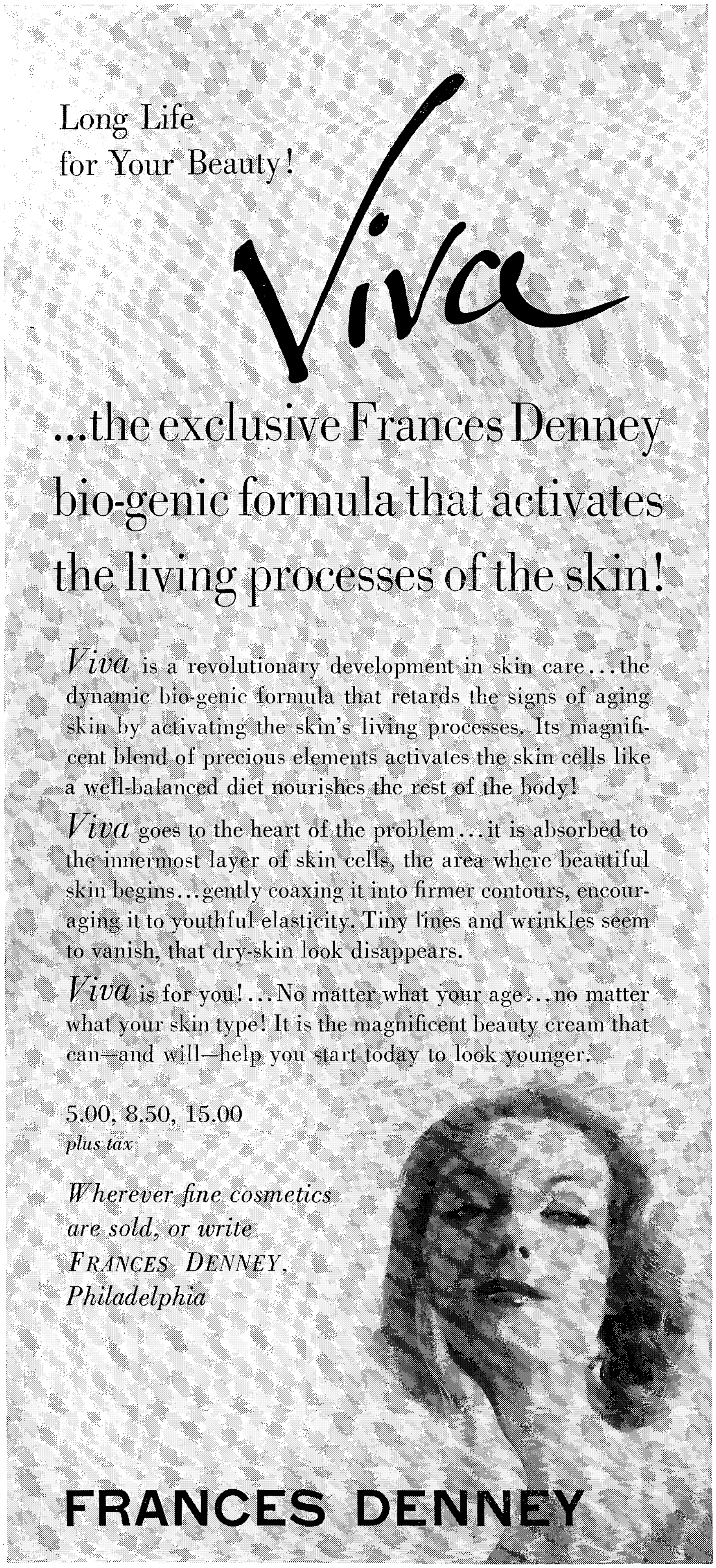
vival meetings, with the audience frequently responding antiphonally to rhetorical questions, and even more frequently breaking into song. In early August, the *Evening Post* offered a hundred-dollar prize for the best new Republican song in English and another hundred dollars for the best one in German, and, to simplify matters, suggested that the words be adapted to the tune of "Suoni la tromba," from "I Puritani," whereupon the *Daily News* derided the Republicans as "the opera party" and observed that Frémont's "air, figure, and adventures would better make him the hero of *Fra Diavolo*." Moreover, the Republicans allowed women, who, of course, couldn't vote, to attend their meetings in large numbers, and sometimes went so far as to let active feminists speak, which prompted the *Morning Express* to write, "The practice of bringing women upon the rostrum, in noisy political gatherings, to 'speak for freedom' . . . may be looked upon as a modified manifestation of the doctrines and principles of the 'Free Love' clubs." Republican rallies were often distinguished by the presence of an intellectual element consisting of clergymen, teachers, scientists, and writers, and including Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who had never been much interested in politics before; James Russell Lowell, who said that Frémont's election would be the best event of his lifetime; John Greenleaf Whittier, who churned out some dull verse in Frémont's honor; and Ralph Waldo Emerson, Washington Irving, Carl Schurz, and Whitelaw Reid. In the Midwest, Abraham Lincoln, a Whig lawyer who had recently swung over to the Republican ranks, made ninety speeches for Frémont.

In the face of all this, the Democrats and the regular Know-Nothings doggedly continued to attack Frémont on personal grounds. Their next major revelation, published in a pamphlet called "Black Republican Imposture Exposed! Fraud Upon the People!," concerned "the California claims." These were vouchers that Frémont had filed with the government for matériel and services he commandeered in 1846 and 1847, first as leader of his Cali-

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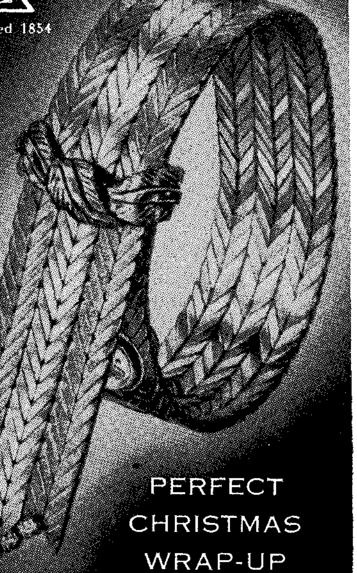
fornia battalion and then as Governor of California. The point of the Democratic charge was that a board of three officers appointed by the Secretary of War to look into these vouchers and establish their validity had recommended that only $157,365 of a total of $989,185.26 be paid. "Shall we trust this man with $100,000,000 of the people's money?" asked the New York *Daily News*, making a rough guess at the entire worth of the United States Treasury at that time, and went on to call Frémont "a common swindler." A pamphlet published by the *Daily News* stated baldly that the remaining eight hundred thousand dollars' worth of California claims were fraudulent profits intended by Frémont for certain unnamed accomplices, who would undoubtedly be paid out of the people's money if he ever became President.

To tell the truth, Frémont had been a slipshod administrator in California. With his mind on tactics and discipline, he had paid too dearly for beef and saddles, his accounts had become muddled, and he had sometimes hastily approved absurd vouchers. On July 2, 1846, for instance, a Captain William D. Phelps had chartered his trading bark, the Moscow, to carry Frémont and a small detachment of men seven miles across San Francisco Bay to a deserted Spanish fort, so that they could spike the cannon, and then to return them to their camp. For this service, Phelps submitted a claim of ten thousand dollars. Frémont certified that Phelps had performed the duty stated, and added, "I have always considered his services on that occasion to have been very valuable to the United States." It may be that he truly felt Phelps deserved a large reward for undertaking what might have proved a dangerous mission if the fort had not been deserted, or it may be that he intended no justification of the amount but simply meant to attest that the service had been rendered. Whatever his motive, the story of Captain Phelps, who was awarded fifty dollars by the investigating board, became a classic in the repertory of the Democrats and regular Know-Nothings. The basic accusation, however—that Frémont had put in eight hundred thousand dollars' worth of fraudulent claims—was ridiculous. Actually, of the $989,185 in total claims filed, the board had asked for more data on claims amounting to $307,000 and had ruled $186,000 in additional claims outside its jurisdiction. Still others had been filed too late to be ruled upon. The remaining claims were reduced by $157,000 because of legitimate differences of opin-



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ion about the prices asked, but were not adjudged dishonest. Only four of a total of three hundred and sixty-three claims were thrown out in their entirety. James Buchanan himself had been Secretary of State at the time the vouchers were being filed and had made a deposition about Frémont, which the Frémont campaign managers now published: "I neither know nor believe that the defendant himself individually, or for his own private use or benefit, ever received any consideration whatever . . . for drawing or accepting of the same bills." But this statement didn't discourage the Democrats. They not only kept the slander alive but soon concocted an even more absurd story out of three unrelated incidents.

In 1851, when Frémont was running his own affairs at Mariposa, he had contracted to supply a hundred and eighty thousand dollars' worth of beef to federal Indian commissioners for the relief of Indians driven off their homelands by the forty-niners. The commissioners had signed drafts against the government for that amount, but Frémont ran into delays in collecting on the drafts, so, using them as collateral, he borrowed some money from the California banking firm of Palmer, Cook & Co. Later, as it happened, this firm defaulted on certain obligations to the State of California. And, in an episode unrelated to either of these events, Frémont was arrested in London in 1852, on the complaint of certain British subjects, who had somehow acquired unpaid drafts issued by Frémont when he was Governor of California. (He was released after a day in jail, and the case was taken to the courts, where it dragged on for years.) It was an unnamed writer for the San Francisco *Morning Globe* who whipped these three incidents into a poisonous story, which went this way: In the first place, Frémont had bribed the Indian commissioners with a gift of ten thousand dollars in order to win the beef contract; then Palmer, Cook, using Frémont as a tool, had kited the worthless drafts on innocent victims; and, later, when the fraud became evident, Frémont and an accomplice from Palmer, Cook had hurried to London, and there compounded their sins by trying to promote the sale of Mariposa on the basis of specimens of gold they had bought in the East. When the new fraud was exposed, the *Morning Globe* man went on, Frémont and his accomplice fled to the Continent, where "those adroit financiers rioted on their ill-gotten gains [and] Frémont is said to have expended twenty-five or

*Actual Photograph, Tasting Committee**

Onward and Upward with the Lower Montgomery Street Olive or Onion Society

The question has been asked: Does the Lower Montgomery Street Olive or Onion Society really exist? Yes, Virginia, there is a Lower Montgomery Street Olive or Onion Society. Its headquarters are in San Francisco, and its hindquarters extend the breadth of the nation.

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**Tasting committee members, Lower Montgomery Street Olive or Onion Society, (L to R) Paul Nyeland, Willard Cox, Barney Vogel, Tom Collard.*

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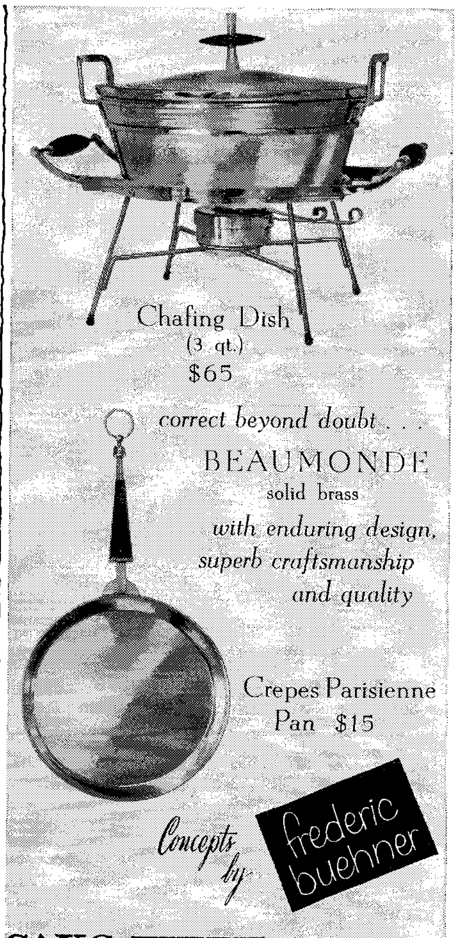
thirty thousand dollars . . . in a few months." His banker friends then "bought" Nathaniel Banks the Speakership of the House and were now trying to buy Frémont the Presidency. This story, preposterous as it was, was printed and reprinted, told and retold, right down to the end of the campaign.

As the summer passed, the charges against Frémont proliferated. Some of them were simply silly, or seem so today. Democrats sneered at his mustache and beard, which in 1856 had a somewhat exotic air. "Why am I obliged to vote for a man that wears mustaches, marries a woman against her father's will, and is not qualified for the office, because my party have nominated him?" wrote a petulant self-styled Republican to the newspapers, signing himself "Decency." Apparently, there were many, and effective, jests about Frémont's beard, for Greeley's pamphlet on him quoted him as having said, before he was nominated, that he would not cut it off even if that meant winning the whole New York delegation, because it had preserved his teeth in the freezing temperatures of the Rockies. Though Frémont had always displayed a tough and wiry constitution, some Democrats tried to give the impression that he was weak and effete. "His fragile appearance," said the *Daily News*, in a highly imaginative account of the Frémonts' home life, "makes one tremble for his safety when a strong wind blows, and the expression of his countenance is delicate." At the same time, other Democrats circulated the charge that Frémont was a duellist and a bully, and a pamphlet entitled "Who Is John C. Frémont?" described how he "assaulted Mr. Foot of the U. States Senate, at Washington, for words used in debate." This referred to a dispute between Frémont and Senator H. S. Foote, of Mississippi, when Frémont was a senator. Frémont had indeed exchanged harsh words with Foote in the Senate antechamber, but it was Foote who had struck Frémont, and Frémont had not returned the blow. Late in the campaign, Foote himself testified to this, in a letter reprinted by many Republican papers, but the charge, like all the other charges, went right on circulating.

All these attacks, however, paled in the light of the next one to appear. This concerned Frémont's birth. Bigelow's campaign biography told briefly of the marriage of Frémont's mother, when quite young, to John Pryor, an elderly, gouty Army officer, of Richmond, Virginia. After twelve childless unhappy years, wrote Bigelow, "both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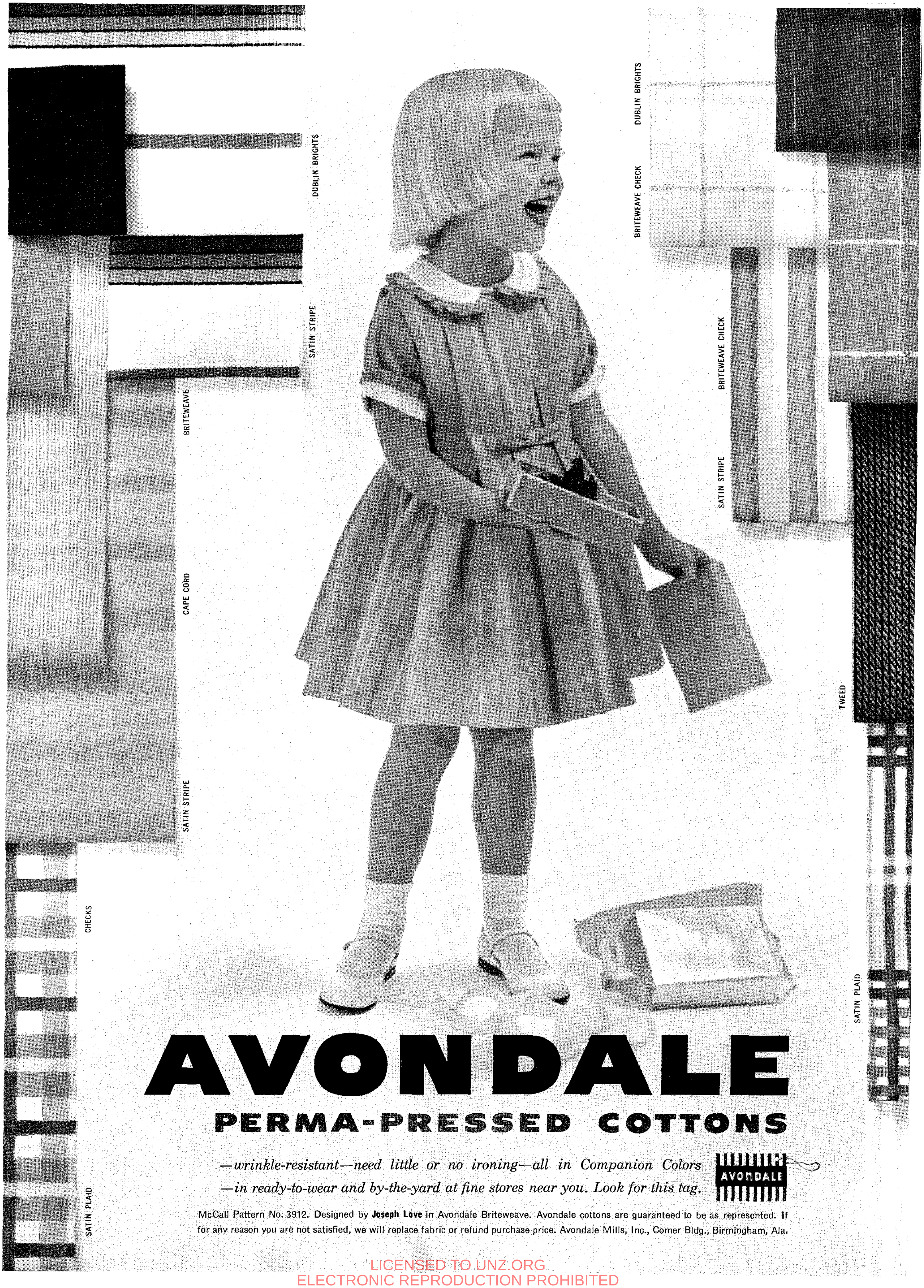
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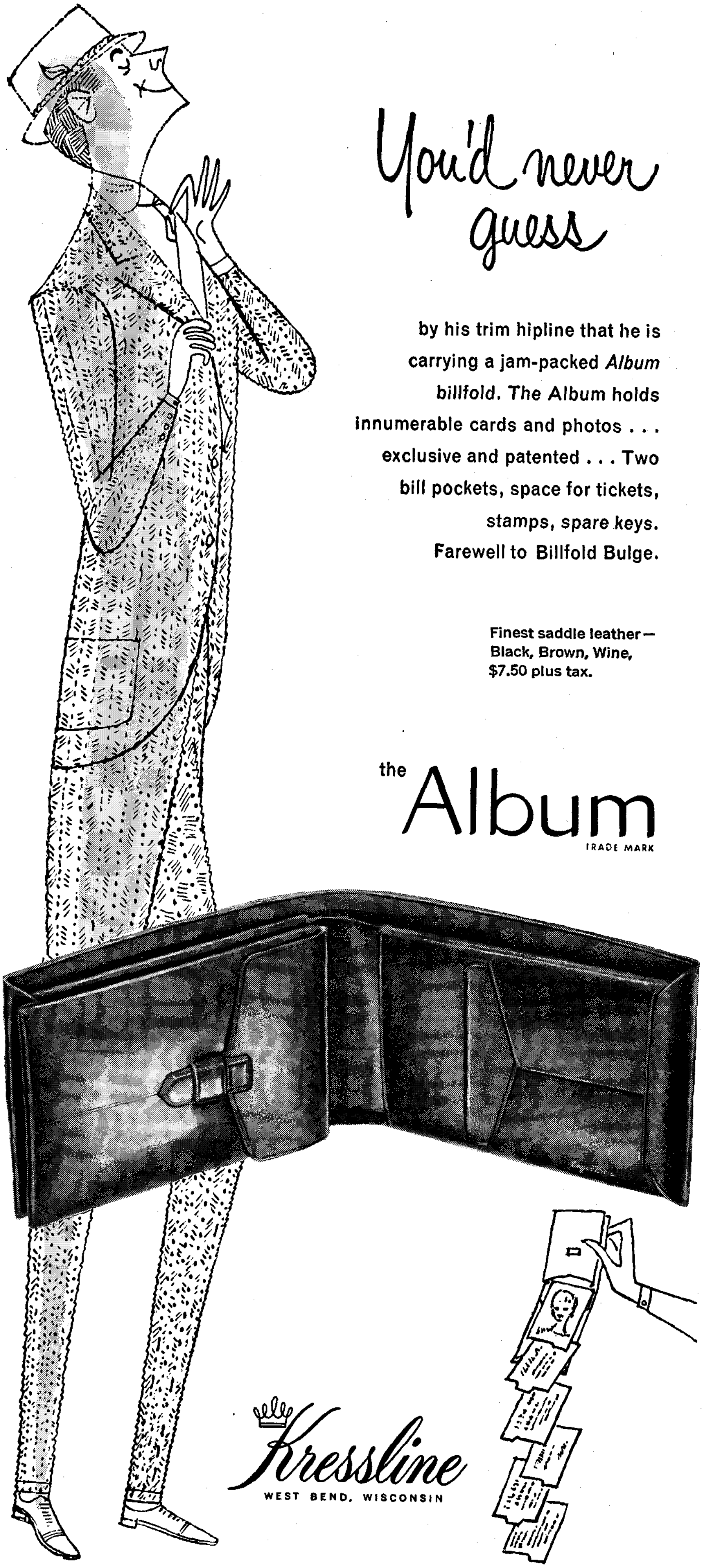
had become convinced that the happiness of neither would be promoted by continuing to live longer together, and they separated. . . . The legislature . . . promptly sanctioned their separation, by passing an act of divorce. Not long after both married again." This was a rather delicate adjustment of the facts. Actually, young Mrs. Pryor had been having an affair with her French teacher, Charles Frémon, and when Pryor found it out, she and Frémon fled. There seems to have been no divorce, and John Charles Frémont was born a good while before Pryor's death made it possible for his mother to marry again. Frémont and Jessie had managed to keep his illegitimacy well concealed, but when the Bigelow biography reached Richmond, local Democrats unearthed the real story. This, as reported by the Richmond *Dispatch*, was as follows:

> There lived in Richmond a French teacher named Fremont . . . a small swarthy individual, with some French peculiarities strongly developed. . . . He rented of [Colonel Pryor] one of the little offices above described, and took his meals, as a boarder, at the Colonel's table. What progress the lady made in studying French is not known; but during the interviews with her teacher, there grew up in her breast sentiments and feelings inconsistent with her relations to Col. Pryor. . . . Mrs. Pryor and M. Fremont fled from the city to Norfolk, and there for a time, lived together. . . . We cannot say whether the parties were ever married. Certain it is that old Col. Pryor was never divorced from his wife. . . . These incidents in the life of the progenitor of the free-soil candidate for the Presidency, show that he was at least a disciple of Free-Love, if not of Free-Soil.

Democratic and regular Know-Nothing papers ran the story under every possible new lead for two months or more. The *Morning Express*, piously indicating that its only interest was to uncover the truth about Frémont's citizenship, wrote, "We mean to confine all our discussions on this subject to the birthplace of Frémont, to the exclusion of all other offensive points," but few of Frémont's other opponents bothered to exclude offensive points. Governor Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, for instance, asked a Richmond crowd, "Tell me, if the hoisting of the Black Republican flag in the hands of an adventurer, born illegitimately in a neighboring state, if not ill-begotten in this city—tell me, if the hoisting of the black flag over you by a Frenchman's bastard, while the arms of civil war are already clashing, is not to be deemed an overt act and declaration of war?" Naturally, reports of utterances like this one came to 56 Ninth Street, with what



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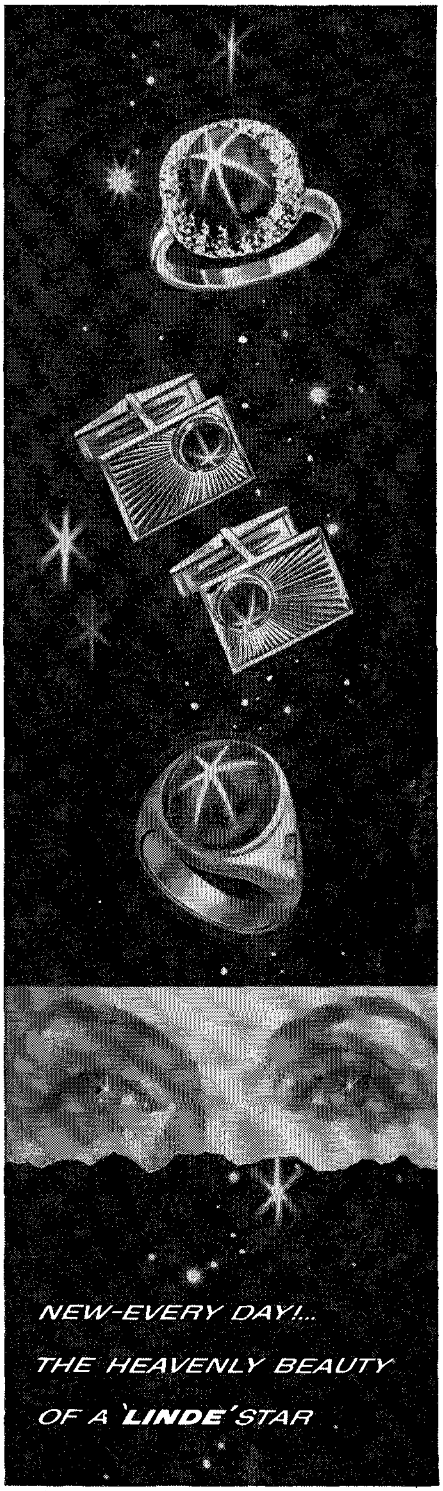

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impact one may imagine. Many years later, Jessie noted briefly, "We had our times of pain."

The Republicans tried at first to keep their campaign on a high level, but as Election Day approached, they launched a few desperate and half-hearted personal attacks on Buchanan, making much of the fact that he was not married. "If Mr. Buchanan is elected," wrote an anonymous pamphleteer, "he will be the first President who shall carry into the White House the crude and possibly the gross tastes and experiences of a bachelor." Some Republican orators made fun of the cast in Buchanan's eye, and others said Old Buck was too old to be any good as President. But these forays lacked both the spontaneity and the effectiveness of the attacks on Frémont. Buchanan was, after all, dull, and Frémont was not; the former made a poor target, and the latter a magnificent one.

Another difficulty for the Republicans was that their young party had not had time to master such fundamentals of politics as organization and money-raising. Not until August 20th, when the campaign was nearly half over, did they open a central headquarters—at the old Broadway House, at Broadway and Grand Street, an unpretentious little three-story hotel that looked like an inn—and begin to collect money on a systematic basis. And the proceeds were not only late but little. In the early fall, Governor Ford went on a tour of Pennsylvania to "buy up some newspapers" for Frémont—that is, to purchase their temporary allegiance—and could be given only five thousand dollars to do it with. (Ford reported later that he had "procured" fifteen papers.) One evening early in the fall, forty New York volunteer workers went out ringing the doorbells of wealthy Republicans and were able to raise only eight thousand dollars. On the other hand, when the Democrats came to New York for funds, they got a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in one weekend, from August Belmont and other Wall Street men.

Still, Republican optimism kept mounting. In September, the dying Whig Party finally held a convention and endorsed the American Party ticket of Fillmore and Donelson, but by that time many important Whigs had crossed over to Frémont's side. The Whig leader Hamilton Fish alone was said to have been worth ten thousand votes to Frémont. Even in New York City, Frémont appeared to have a healthy lead, to judge by a straw vote

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taken of patrons of Barnum's American Museum in September; early elections in Iowa and Vermont showed the Republicans dominant; and in the September elections in Maine they made a clean sweep.

Thoroughly alarmed, the Democrats stepped up their fund-raising, speechmaking, parading, and pamphleteering, and in the closing weeks of the campaign Tammany Hall did its bit by turning out even more fraudulent naturalization papers for newly arrived Irishmen. But the bulk of Democratic money and energy was still being spent on defamation of Frémont's name and exploits. The Democrats turned up an explorer named Ramsay Crooks, who asserted that all of Frémont's great explorations covered routes already traversed by others—a charge that was partly correct but meaningless, for Frémont's orders had been not to explore undiscovered territory but to map little-known routes by which wagon trains could move westward. The New York *Daily News* reported on its front page, "Kit Carson says that Frémont, 'when a half mile from camp, was always lost.' " As a matter of fact, Carson made a number of campaign statements lavishing praise upon Frémont, and the *Daily News* story was probably a complete fabrication.

A pamphlet that many Democratic orators relied on for source material tried to prove by exhaustive quotation from the testimony offered at Frémont's court-martial that he had really had nothing whatever to do with the Mexican surrender in California. "If this battalion of Colonel Frémont's beefeaters ever fired a gun at anything except a cow . . . it has never been made known to history," the pamphlet said. To be sure, there was some truth to this. Frémont had indeed helped engineer the Bear Flag Rebellion, but for diplomatic reasons he had had to remain behind the scenes. Later on, he and his men had captured a couple of undefended forts, arrested key Mexican administrators, and made a series of marches and countermarches that demoralized the feeble Mexican forces without actual engagement, though American troops elsewhere did have clashes with Mexicans. It was the Mexican surrender to Frémont, however, that had marked the end of the California fighting, and Buchanan himself had said that he was "better entitled to be called the conqueror of California than any other man." Nevertheless, since it was true that Frémont had nev-

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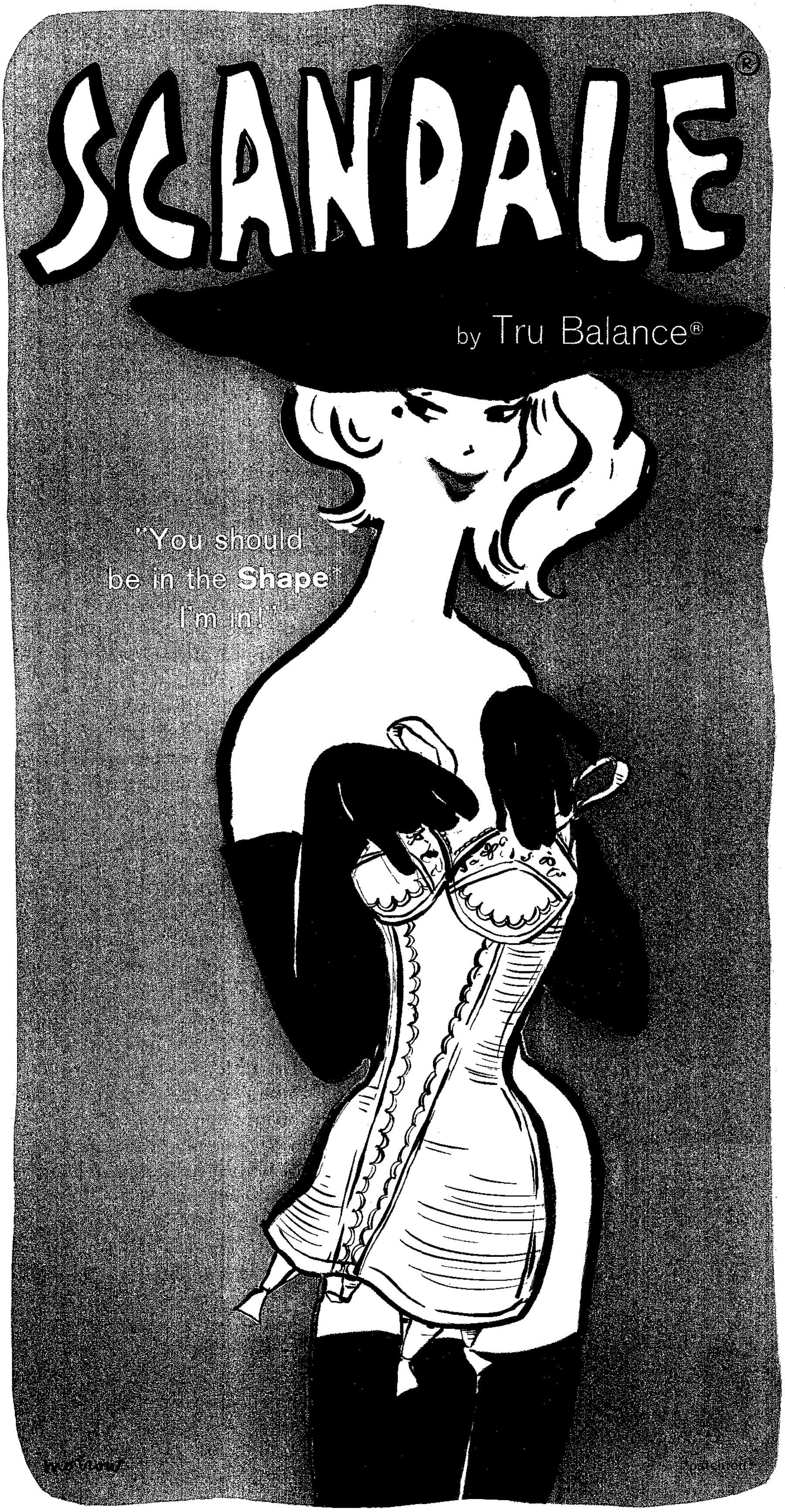
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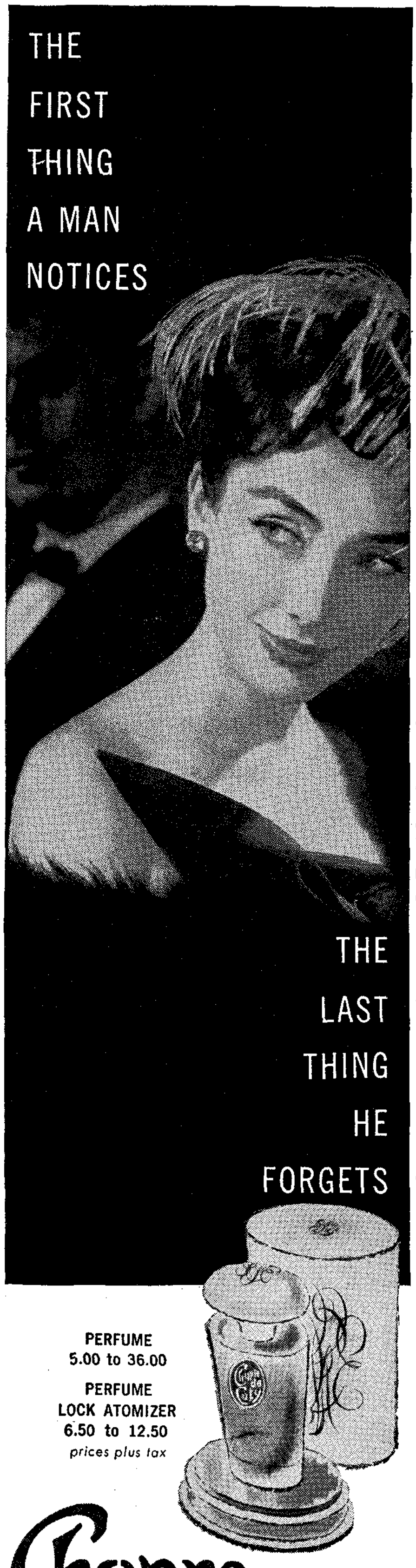

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er met the Mexicans in a pitched battle, the criticism in the Democratic pamphlet was successful. Naturally, the old charge of mutiny was dragged up again, and the diatribe entitled "J. C. Frémont's Record" said, "He was charged with and found guilty of offenses which, but for the clemency of the President, would have been punished with death." The lie about the sentence was all the more effective for being so bold.

IN mid-October, elections for state officials were to be held in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, and these were expected to presage the way the Presidential election would go. Ohio was counted on to vote Republican, but Pennsylvania, which had the most electoral votes of any state except New York, was wavering, and so was Indiana. Without Pennsylvania, Frémont could hardly expect to win; with it, he could reasonably hope for a stampede in other wavering states. In early October, the campaigning in Pennsylvania was the most vigorous in the country. Hundreds of orators stumped the state. "Politics! Politics! Nothing but politics!" wrote a Pennsylvania correspondent for the Washington *National Intelligencer*. "Ward meetings and mass meetings and committee meetings every day and every night, and, as it appears to me, at every hour in the day and night."

On October 13th, the day before the Pennsylvania election, Frémont decided that he needed a change; Jessie gladly packed his bags, and he and his friend Colonel James slipped away on a week-long train trip into Canada. The next day, Jessie waited for news at home with Blair. Late in the afternoon, Bigelow came over and told Jessie that his latest information indicated that the vote would be close but that the Democrats would win; it looked as if Democratic money—possibly half a million dollars of it—had bought Pennsylvania for Buchanan. He turned out to be right. The election was surprisingly close—four hundred and twenty-three thousand votes were cast, and the Democratic majority was under three thousand—and so was the election in Indiana, which also went Democratic by a slim margin. (Ohio went Republican, as expected.) "The majorities are small—very small—but they discourage our side," confessed Rutherford B. Hayes, then a young Republican lawyer, and Greeley said simply, "The October elections gave us a cold chill." But the chill passed rapidly as both sides made their final effort. The Republi-

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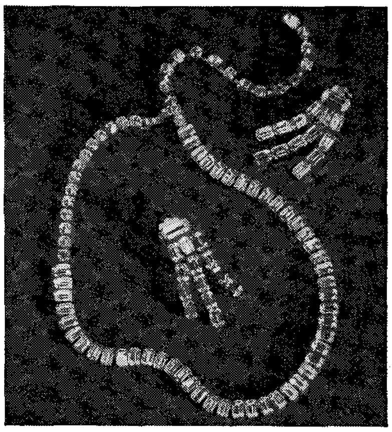

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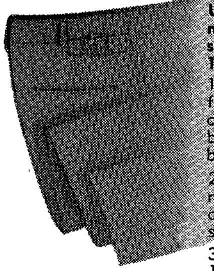

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cans at last raised some substantial pledges, if not hard cash, and the Democrats spent their money freely. Frémont's father-in-law stumped the North and the Midwest for Buchanan. Frémont himself experienced the thrill of popularity, for although his Canadian trip had been kept secret, he was recognized at Burlington on the way home, and the stationmaster telegraphed ahead to Troy and Poughkeepsie. At both cities, vast crowds were waiting at the station and along the tracks to greet him, shouting encouragement and stretching out their hands to touch his as he leaned from the window. It was easy for him to believe that there was a great surge of feeling for him.

In these last stages of the campaign, all the allegations against Frémont were warmed over and served up again; everything the Democrats disliked—whether rightly or wrongly associated with Republicanism—was identified with Frémont. A famous cartoon lithographed by Currier & Ives shows Frémont receiving a line of people who want favors in return for their votes. First is a Negro, wearing a long-tailed coat and a ruffled collar, who says, "De Poppylation ob Color comes in first—arter dat, you may do wot you pleases." A priest, next in line, says, "We look to You, Sir, to place the power of the Pope on a firm footing in this Country." Third is an old woman, with a witch's nose and chin, who says, "Col., I wish to invite you to the next meeting of our Free Love association." A drunken, ragged laborer says simply, "An equal division of Property, that is what I go in for." A cigar-smoking, pants-clad woman makes what was then a highly inflammatory remark: "We demand first of all the recognition of Woman as the equal of man with a right to Vote and hold Office." And, finally, a sepulchral fellow intones, "The first thing we want is a law making the use of Tobacco, Animal food, and Lager beer a Capital crime." Frémont is shown earnestly replying, "You shall all have what you desire—and be sure that the glorious Principles of Popery, Free Love, Womans rights, & above all the Equality of our Colored bretheren, shall be maintained; If I get into the Presidential Chair."

ALL the same, the Republicans could still see Frémont in the Presidential chair, if only, by some miracle, fifteen hundred votes would change in Pennsylvania and something would come along to tip a few other close

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races. At the last moment, the miracle did, apparently, occur. On Monday, November 3rd, the day before the election, Republican newspapers throughout the nation reported that a major fraud in the October elections in Pennsylvania had been uncovered; Theodore Deringer, a Democrat who was clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions in Philadelphia, had just been arrested for putting through fraudulent naturalizations for twenty-seven hundred recently arrived foreigners. Frémont's backers were overjoyed, and one of Buchanan's campaign managers, John W. Forney, was so disturbed that he issued a counterblast, which appeared in Democratic papers on November 4th. "Stupendous frauds of the Frémont leaders have been detected," he announced. "The scheme has been discovered, and a portion of the money, nearly five hundred dollars, is in the hands of the public authorities." Forney was a journalist, but he was apparently adept at fiction, too; historical sources say nothing of these "stupendous frauds."

November 4, 1856, was a mild, generally sunny day in New York City, disappointing the editors of the *Journal of Commerce*, who had hopefully commented, "A rainy day will on the whole be favorable to the Democracy [the Democratic Party]." Their reason was that Democrats "are not afraid of rainwater when the interests of the country are at stake." Throughout the city, the election went off in what was considered a reasonably orderly manner. To be sure, a group of Democrats in the First Ward (the Battery), led by a fat, red-shirted fellow named Callahan, moved in on the polls in the early hours, beat up several Republicans, and effectively discouraged others from going in to vote. (Under the voting procedure of that time, the voter had to ask for a party ballot before going inside.) The police hauled Callahan and the others off at about noon. Later in the day, someone stabbed a man named Finnegan, and in the Sixth Ward, known as the Bloody Sixth, just north of City Hall, rowdies and bullies roughed up Republicans all day. Two crowds—one Republican and one Democratic—approached the poll at 3 Elizabeth Street and fell into a melee that involved the use of pistols, axes, clubs, knives, and bricks, but the police broke it up without arresting anyone. Rather inconsistently, they did arrest two men a little later for frightening voters with "slung shots." Fights and brawls were also reported from the Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Twenty-first

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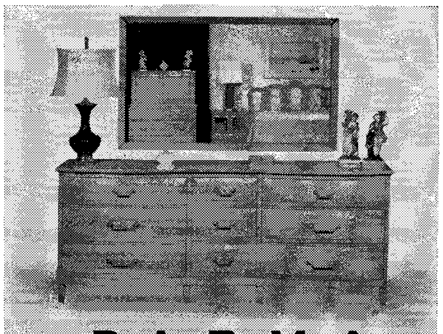

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Wards. But the *Journal of Commerce* commented that "the election in the city passed off much more quietly than expected."

Frémont spent the day and the evening in the headquarters rooms at the Broadway House with Jessie, Bigelow, and Blair, reading with alternating joy and gloom the early telegraphic reports that trickled in, and late at night, still unsure of what the morning would reveal, all four rode back to the Frémont house for coffee. In the morning, as Jessie tremblingly served breakfast, Frémont and Blair scanned the latest reports and read them aloud to each other. The news was bad. Although the returns were by no means complete, and some would not be received for weeks (California, for example, not having a telegraphic link, would have to send its news by boat), the results were clear enough. Buchanan had triumphed solidly in the states that he had been expected to win and was taking the lead in uncertain states. (In spite of the naturalization scandal, Pennsylvania went to the Democrats, by a larger majority than in October.) Frémont's adopted city of New York had voted as just about everybody except the Republicans thought it would: Frémont, 18,100; Fillmore, 20,900; Buchanan, 40,600. As Frémont and Blair added up the results, Jessie said, in a calm, low voice, "Senator Benton, I perceive, has the best of the family argument." Frémont smiled faintly, but Blair, who had for years been a devoted friend of Benton's and had lost that friendship over this campaign, burst into tears at the table. Lilly, Frémont's fourteen-year-old daughter, who had been sitting in a trance, with her dreams of White House glory evaporating, began to weep, too. "I refused to be comforted," she recalled years later, "and as my continued weeping began to distress my mother, she told me to dress for the street and take a long walk. Still crying, I put on my coat and hat and my mother tied a thick green barege veil over my face, winding it round and round to hide my eyes, inflamed from incessant weeping, and said: 'Now go and walk!' " Blair blew his nose loudly. "That will do for me, too, Jessie Anne," he said. "Come, Colonel, let's go to headquarters." The men got up, took their cloaks, and left for Broadway House. There they studied the returns all day, and gradually the initial shock was dulled by repetition.

As a matter of fact, for a new party, the Republicans had done extremely well. Buchanan, with an excellent or-

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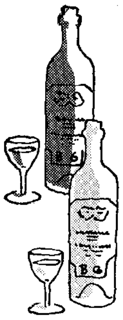

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ganization and the aid of satisfied officeholders, had carried nineteen states; Frémont, with a rickety organization and almost no patronage, had carried eleven; Fillmore, backed by two dying parties, had carried one. Buchanan carried only five of the sixteen Free States, and Frémont's vote in the North exceeded his by over a hundred thousand. "A few thousand more votes in October in Pennsylvania and Indiana," Professor Allan Nevins, Frémont's biographer, has written, "and they might have swept Frémont into power in November." There are a dozen explanations of why Frémont failed to get those few thousand votes, but when one surveys the entire mass of campaign literature, the cartoons, the speeches, and the slogans, it seems more than likely that the chief reason was the cunning destruction of his good name. Frémont's excellent showing was little comfort to him at first, and in order to forget his disappointment he vigorously threw himself into business and travel. Only after many years could he think back to this time without distress; after his death, in 1890, Jessie wrote that more and more toward the end of his life "it was a pride and joy to Mr. Frémont to have been chosen as leader in this noble campaign—the true uprising of a great people."

Whether Frémont would have made a good President is a moot point. He was erratic, impetuous, and inexperienced, and he might have reacted rashly if Southerners like Preston Brooks had carried out their threats. "The danger of secession was too real to be trifled with," Professor Nevins says. "It was well for the country that Frémont was not placed in the White House." But he also says, "Had there been no secession, Frémont might have made a far better President than Buchanan. He would have shown none of the feeble pliancy of that Executive, and while doing his best to conciliate the South, would have capitulated to it in no essential point." Surely, whatever Frémont's shortcomings, they could scarcely have been greater than those of Buchanan, who, after the election, could say, "The night is departing, and the roseate and propitious morn now breaking upon us promises a long day of peace and prosperity for our country."

—MORTON M. HUNT

•

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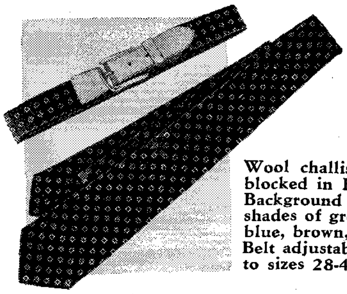

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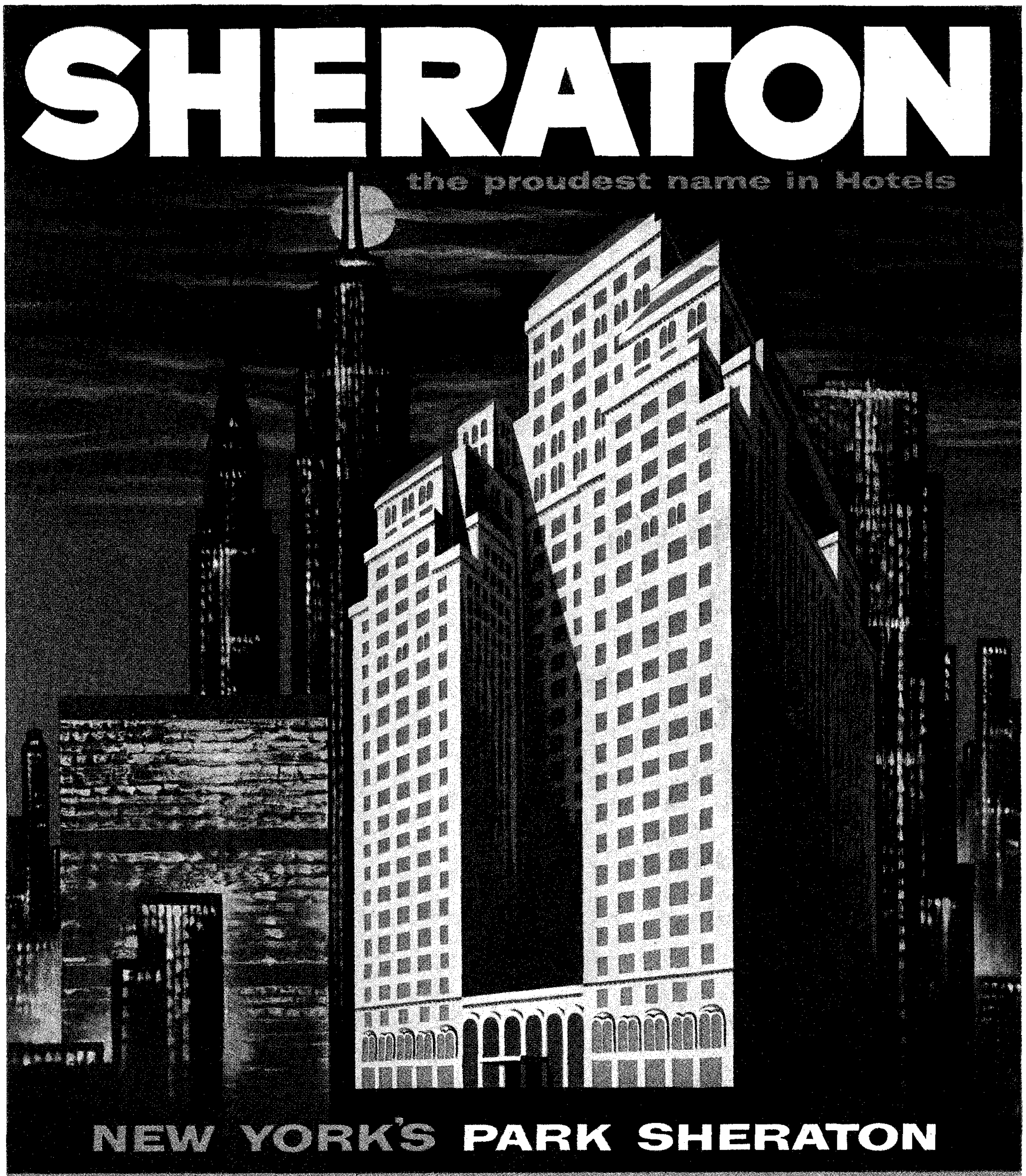

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FOOTBALL

Farewell

ARMY and Navy, both of which were once as prominent in the Ivy League as though they were charter members, took their final bows in the League last Saturday—Navy until next season, and Army perhaps forever. In a way, it was high time they went, for the net results of the weekend's mingling—Army 60, Columbia 0, and Navy 54, Pennsylvania 6—were certainly not marriages made in Heaven. In another way, it was a little sad; few of us are likely to forget Army's long series with Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and Penn, or Navy's long series with Princeton and Columbia. This year, Navy met just two Ivy Leaguers (Navy 14, Cornell 0, was the first one) and Army played only Columbia. Navy will meet Penn again in 1957 and maybe 1958; Army will go forth to greener and probably rougher pastures.

What happened on Saturday in the matches involving our armed forces was simply a reprise of last year. Columbia and Penn can each field a fairly adept and clearly resolute first team, and that's that. Army and Navy have reserves. Acting on the suspicion that Penn might put up a better fight against Navy than Columbia—even with the miraculous Benham as quarterback—could against Army, I went down to Philadelphia on Saturday. I was right, but by a very small margin. Columbia was able to force Army to punt just once; Penn made Navy do it nine times. That was about the total of Penn's moral victory, though. It held Navy off as long as it could, knocking Forrestal, the enemy's best quarterback, on his left ear three times in succession when a Navy touchdown seemed inescapable, and then fumbling the ball to the opposition on its own nine-yard line. Thirty seconds later, Oldham was sprinting over the Penn goal. In the uproar, no one could hear what he was saying to his teammates as he rejoined them, but if he had a scholarly sense of history, it must have been "*Après moi le déluge.*" Truer words could never have been spoken. Meanwhile, the peace that reigned in the wide-open spaces between the Navy line and the Navy goal was so profound that five pigeons in the grass alas spent the afternoon digging

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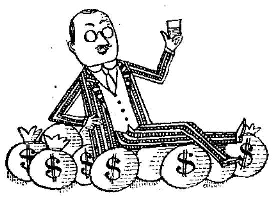

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worms, presumably for a Sunday's trouting.

A COUPLE of lifting-by-the-bootstraps operations are worthy of note. Harvard, which began its career a week later than most of the other Ivy Leaguers, looked rather foolish in losing its opening match to Tufts, and rather incredible in beating Cornell, 32–7, the next week. It has looked rather admirable since, being beaten by Columbia, 26–20, only at the very last moment on a wild and woolly play, and then, last Saturday, beating a fairly determined Dartmouth, 28–21. Another case is Amherst, pride of the league called the Little Three; after an unrewarding session with Springfield, which it lost, 28–7, it beat Union (40-27), Bowdoin (39-12), Coast Guard (27-14), and, last Saturday, Wesleyan (32-0).

A couple of winning streaks, which already are rarities this season, are also worthy of note. Yale broke the one it had by losing, 14–6, to Colgate, which is trying to make up for the abstinence of Army and Navy by playing five Ivy Leaguers this fall. Yale, still acting the part of Gulliver, let Colgate get off to an early touchdown and a 7–0 lead, then came as close as 7–6 to catching its guest, but didn't get any farther. Roberson, Cornell's most picturesque runner, who played only a moment against Yale a fortnight ago, was more noticeable last weekend, against Princeton. Princeton's winning streak, nevertheless, went to five games, even though Cornell got off to a quick lead of 7–0, with the help of Roberson. Roberson, running a broken field, brings his knees almost to his chin. It is a pretty sight, like a side-wheeler excursion boat coming full speed down the Hudson, and it makes him just about as hard to tackle. Princeton soon managed to change the score to 7–6, and then broke loose; it was ahead 32–21 at the end of the day. It isn't easy, by the way, for the other team to know which Princeton back to concentrate on. Tiley was the man to stop against Penn, Morris was the man against Colgate, and Agnew was the man against Cornell. How can you plan ahead when that sort of thing is going on? —J. W. L.

•

LITTLE BERKHAMPSTED, ENGLAND—(CP)—Municipal officials have decided to alter the spelling of this Hertfordshire town from Little Berkhampsted to Little Berkhamsted. "It sounds the same," said one, "but the new spelling is shorter." —*London (Ontario) Free Press.*

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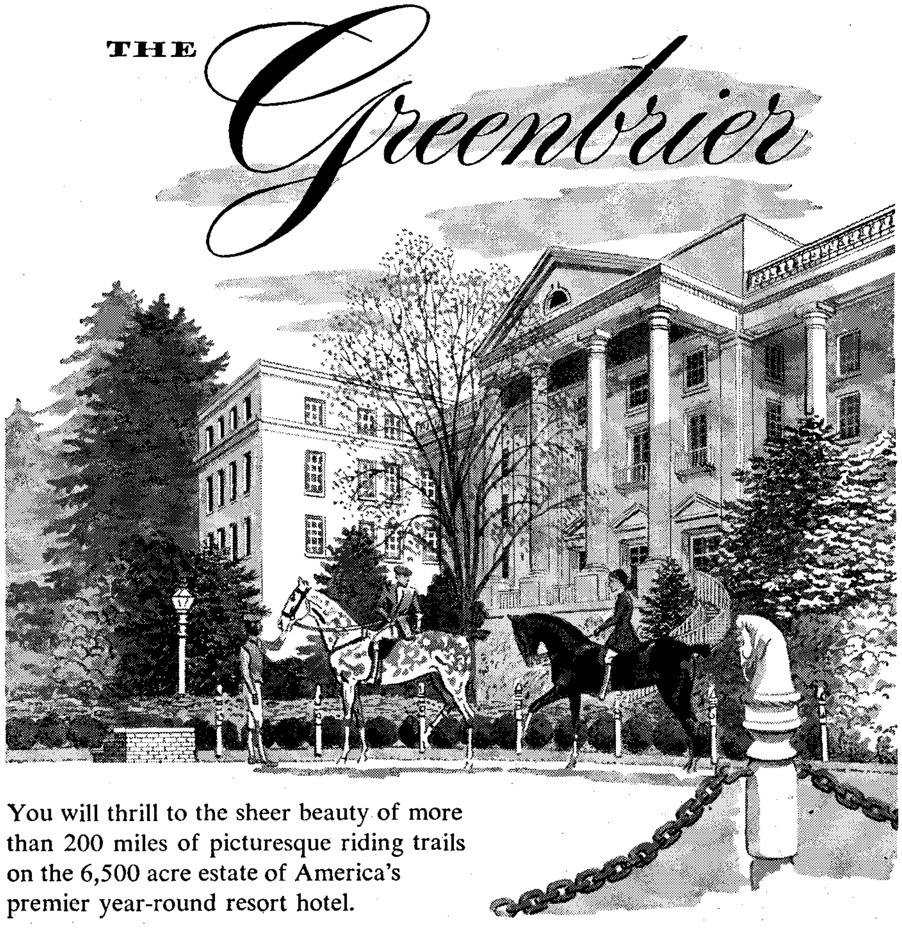
MUSICAL EVENTS

Safety in Old Numbers

THE most notable feature of the two initial weeks of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony's season in Carnegie Hall was, I am afraid, their complete predictability. At the opening concert, week before last, Dimitri Mitropoulos presented his audience with Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Strauss's "Don Juan," Handel's B-Flat Concerto for Orchestra, and a contemporary composition by Samuel Barber called "Capricorn Concerto;" at last week's Thursday-night concert he gave them Brahms' Fourth Symphony, Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy," Gluck's "Alceste" Overture, and a contemporary composition by Gardner Read called "Toccata Giocosa." The formula according to which these programs were built is nearly as old as the Philharmonic itself, and, I think, extraordinarily dull. Each program contained a hoary nineteenth-century masterpiece for such elderly subscribers as want to hear the same thing over and over again, a familiar slice of late-Romantic virtuosity to show off the orchestra, a bit of eighteenth-century music for the strict classicists, and a small and inoffensive modern work that invited polite applause and proved, in a perfunctory way, that the Philharmonic is not entirely oblivious of what is going on in the present-day musical world. I could have written a fairly adequate review of both of these concerts without going near them. I knew what to expect from Mr. Barber and Mr. Read, and that Mr. Mitropoulos would perform their compositions neatly enough. I knew that Mr. Mitropoulos's Dionysian virtues would shine in the Strauss and Scriabin, and that his lack of Apollonian ones would stick out rather badly in the hoary masterpieces. I even knew that the erratic quality of his beat was likely to make his horn players nervous in the Beethoven symphony, and it did, producing some bloopers that momentarily gave the impression that Fate was knocking at the wrong door.

On looking over the complete list of Philharmonic programs for the first four months of the season, I see that we are in for a good deal more of this



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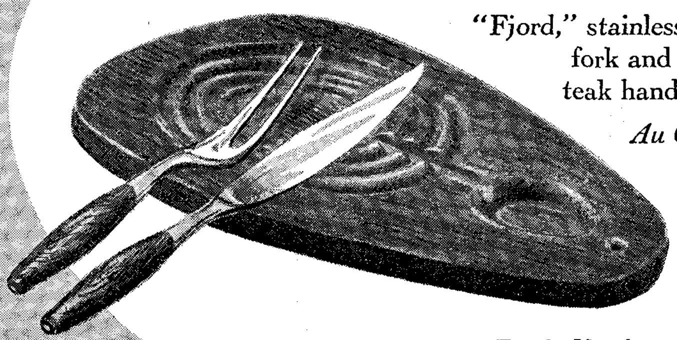

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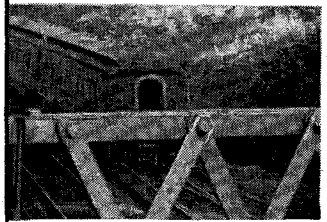
sort of thing. The list, in fact, strikes me as achieving something of a record in timidity and unimaginativeness. We are to hear Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Mozart, Schumann, Schubert, Haydn, Rachmaninoff, and Sibelius, all represented by what are perhaps, in some cases, their greatest but certainly also their most frequently performed and—to me, at least—most stupefyingly familiar works. We are to hear only six premières of works by living composers, and the other contemporary compositions we are to hear have been chosen with great caution, being drawn, for the most part, from the already performed output of such fashionable and established figures as Stravinsky, Roy Harris, Aaron Copland, and William Schuman. Finally, we are to have, at Christmastime, Handel's "The Messiah," under the baton of Leonard Bernstein. I have no doubt that Mr. Bernstein will conduct it eloquently, but just why this noble and aged monument, which has been performed annually in Manhattan by one oratorio society or another for the past hundred years, should be trotted out with pride by the Philharmonic for yet another performance stumps me. One might readily suspect that the Philharmonic's schedule was arrived at by a poll of timorous old ladies.

I realize, of course, that, as a critic, I am in a rather special position. I have been listening to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony year in and year out for more than three decades, and though I am still capable of appraising a performance of it, I confess that I am no longer capable of enjoying one unless the symphony is played with such rare artistry as to put memories of previous performances in the shade. The Philharmonic undoubtedly has an obligation toward less persistent listeners than myself, and on this ground, I suppose, its list of programs—a sort of five-foot shelf for the middlebrow music lover—has its merits. Still, I cannot help thinking that the Philharmonic's regular audience contains enough experienced and adventurous patrons to justify a few departures from this dreary course of endless repetition. If Handel is to be performed, why not, for instance, his "Saul," "Israel in Egypt," "Samson," "Belshazzar," or "Judas Maccabaeus," instead of "The Messiah"—or perhaps a concert performance of one of his forty-six operas? Surely there are works by Tchaikovsky that are as worthy of being heard as his ubiquitous best-sellers, the "Pathétique" Symphony and "Romeo and Juliet." Is Berlioz to be left almost



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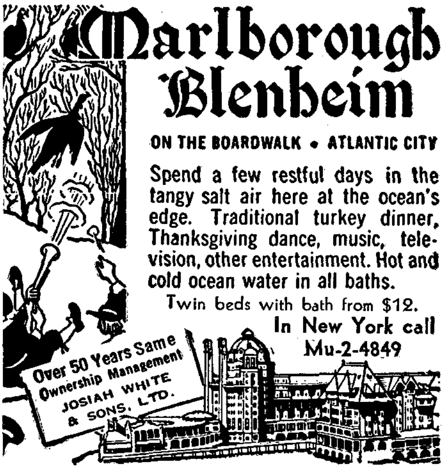
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entirely to such sporadic performances as are given his music in recorded form by the Berlioz Society? And what about our burgeoning crop of younger American symphonists of the post-atonal and post-Nadia Boulanger schools, among them that admirable and important artist Paul Creston? I could go on indefinitely. The repertoire of music of the past fifty years, for example, stands in need of a thorough shakeup. There are literally hundreds of composers of this period whose music has never been performed here, simply because it failed to fit the fashions dominated by Stravinsky and Schoenberg, and in the works of these neglected composers, I suspect, will be found the enduring music of that strangely disturbed era. One of them who comes to mind is the Danish Carl Nielsen, who, although virtually unknown here, is regarded by those familiar with his music as a symphonist of major importance.

The only item on the Philharmonic's schedule that really rouses my interest is the projected performance, on February 7th, of Anton Bruckner's Ninth Symphony. Like many other serious music lovers, I have long regarded Bruckner as far and away the greatest of all symphonists since Beethoven. Yet the preponderance of his work is only rarely performed in New York, and there is a prevailing impression that it is long-winded and difficult to fathom. It might be interesting to see whether this impression would remain after hearings of his lighter Second and Sixth Symphonies, or that delightful little work known as the Symphony No. 0 in D-Minor. In this connection, it is perhaps worth noting that a full-scale Bruckner festival in Holland some years ago suddenly created an unprecedented vogue for his music in that country. The same thing, I am convinced, will someday happen here, but not as long as performances of his symphonies continue

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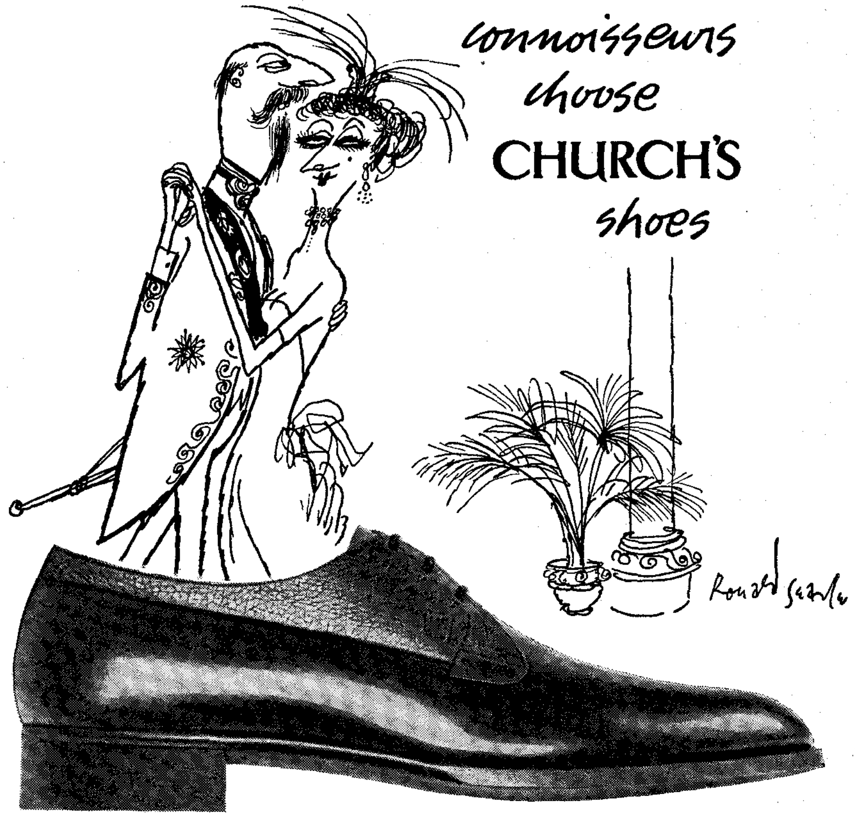
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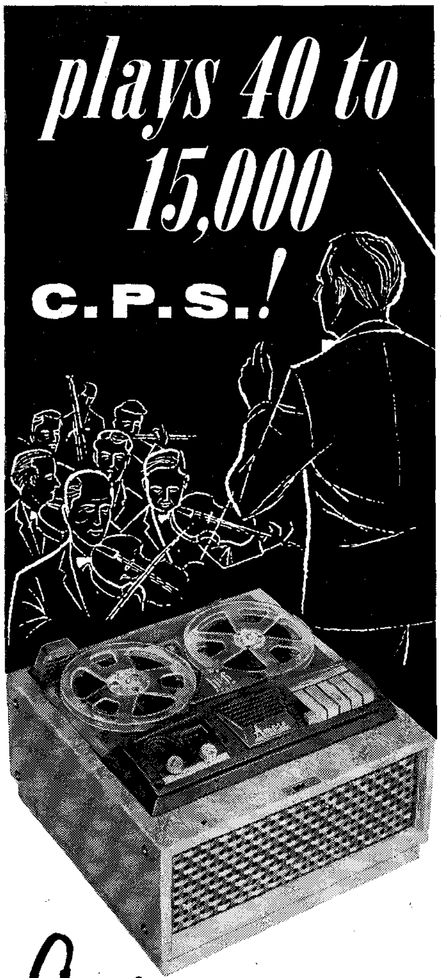
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to be limited to one every two or three years. Nearly everybody wants New York's fine orchestra to prosper, and nearly everybody knows that its box office is currently in rather precarious shape. But I cannot believe that the answer to this problem lies in a retreat into time-tried monotony.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

POPULAR RECORDS

Girls, Girls, Girls

IN "Judy," a new Capitol recording, Judy Garland is at the top of her form. In the past, for all her effectiveness on the screen and at the Palace, she hasn't been too persuasive on records, but this time, thanks to some sure-footed orchestral arrangements and a fine job of recording, she comes across triumphantly. The arrangements—by Nelson Riddle, whose knack for this sort of thing is also demonstrated on Frank Sinatra's recent records—are all apt, as well as flattering to Miss Garland's voice. What he has done with Harold Arlen's "Come Rain or Come Shine" is particularly striking. Always an engaging song, it becomes electrifying when Miss Garland, singing impulsively and altering the value of the notes at will, is given a boost by her colleague's curiously driving instrumental support. In a sense, she and Mr. Riddle are pretty high-handed in their approach to the tune, but the results more than justify the liberties they have taken. Speaking of Arlen reminds me that Miss Garland, although she has otherwise shown little discrimination in her choice of material over the years, seems to have had a penchant for his works ever since she introduced his memorable "Over the Rainbow." In addition to "Come Rain or Come Shine," he is also represented here by the attractive waltz "Last Night When We Were Young" and the loose-gaited "Any Place I Hang My Hat Is Home." These, as well as several nondescript pieces ("Dirty Hands, Dirty Face," "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries," and "April Showers" among them), are delivered by Miss Garland either exuberantly or tenderly, according to their mood, and one of the chief pleasures of the set is her change of pace when, right after the "Come Rain or Come Shine" pyrotechnics, she sings a couple of choruses of "Just Imagine" in a kind of simple wonderment.

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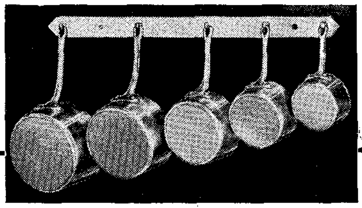

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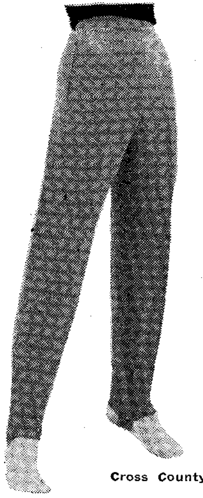

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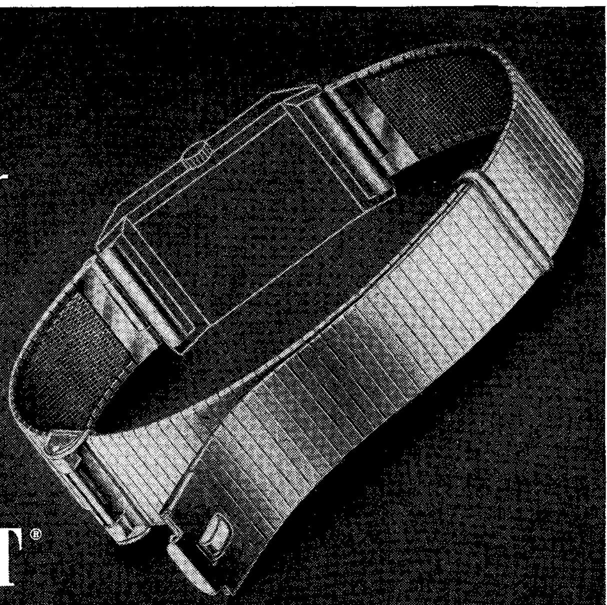
that picks its way among the songs she has been associated with during her long career. This is one of those patchwork jobs in which old recordings made with an orchestra are interspersed among new ones made with small instrumental forces, and in which the singer introduces each number with a few comments on its background. (Bing Crosby was the subject of a similar enterprise a couple of years back.) Because of the slightly stale orchestral arrangements in the old recordings, and the thinness of the recent backgrounds, which are provided by a quartet, the concert has its shortcomings, but Miss Merman's admirers are likely to overlook them when she gets going with her engaging chatter and starts riding herd on some of the best show tunes ever written. As things work out, the innumerable Cole Porter songs she has done so well by, together with a few by the Gershwins and the team of Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields, are concentrated in the first half of the collection, and they would have been enough for me. The second half, with the exception of a night-club song entitled "Dearie," is given over to an Irving Berlin recital, drawn mainly from Miss Merman's last two Broadway shows, "Annie Get Your Gun" and "Call Me Madam," which, after all, were far and away her most successful. It may be that this one will move you to rapture, but it didn't move me, perhaps because the only item I cared much for in either score, the duet called "Anything You Can Do," was omitted.

THE girls are out in force these days, and on a Jubilee record entitled "Censored" Miss Martha Wright, a cheerful girl who has been heard in several Broadway shows, presents, with trio accompaniment, a variety of show tunes that for one reason or another have never been cleared for radio or television use—or at least not in their original, uncut form, which is how Miss Wright presents them. A good many of them are excellent stuff (it doesn't take much to keep a piece off the air, after all), and Miss Wright has a straightforward way with them that irons out any crudities in the lyrics. Among other things, she does three unusually effective Rodgers and Hart numbers ("Why Can't I?," "I Want a Man," and "Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered"), Cole Porter's "The Great Indoors," and that somewhat sly but ingenious Dietz and Schwartz number, "Confessions." But she has her limitations, and her forthright delivery



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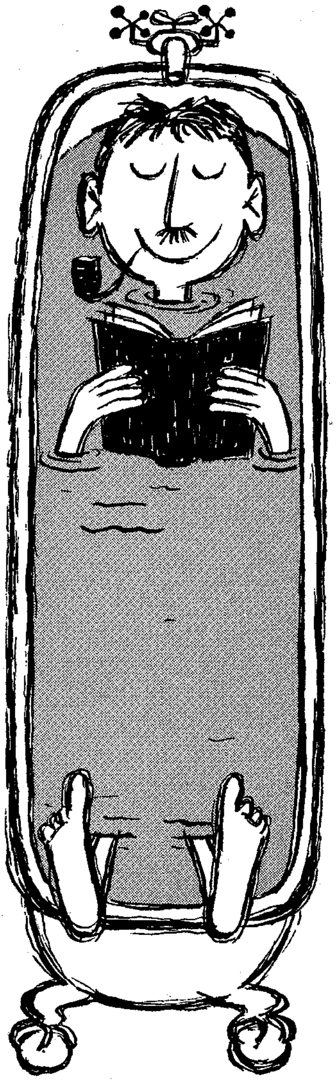

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just doesn't seem to be what's called for by the Cole Porter ditty "Let's Do It," especially when it includes the devilish lyrics Noel Coward added to it for his own use along the night-club trail. Now and again, I did wonder whether the restoration of neglected masterpieces was absolutely the only guiding principle of the compilers.

NOW for some brief comments on other recent records:

HERE IS PHINEAS—Phineas Newborn, Jr., pianist. Young Mr. Newborn, discovered in Memphis a year or so ago, is a virtuoso performer capable of both sensitive and dazzling expression. Whether giving "All the Things You Are" a long and varied workout or skimming through Charlie Parker's highly rhythmic "Barbados," he is always sure and impressive. There are eight selections here, and the final one—John Lewis's "Afternoon in Paris," which was totally new to me—is a sparkling business. (*Atlantic*)

LA VERGNE SMITH—Miss Smith, heard with an easygoing jazz septet, is a soft-voiced singer who has a fresh approach to standard pieces. I first heard her a year or more ago on a Cook recording made in New Orleans' Absinthe House, where she accompanied herself on the piano, and she was charming. She is charming here, too, as she applies a relaxed, buoyant style to such numbers as "I Surrender, Dear," "St. Louis Blues," "Stormy Weather," and "Out of Nowhere." (*Vik*)

IN A MELLOW MOOD—The Buddy DeFranco Quartet. If you are inclined to daydream now and then about the days when the clarinet, in the hands of practitioners like Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw, suddenly emerged as a star performer in big bands, you should find Mr. DeFranco's warm tone and expert improvising particularly rewarding. Assisted by three other able musicians (Sonny Clark, piano; Gene Wright, bass; Bobby White, drums), he leads us gently through such moody items as "Laura" and "Willow, Weep for Me," and gallops us along with "I'll Remember April" and an original entitled "Minor Incident." (*Norgran*)

THE GREATEST!—Joe Williams, with Count Basie's orchestra. Williams, who has a rich, effortless way of singing, presents twelve standards, with the Basie band, of which he is a member, supporting him in swinging but occasionally raucous and monotonous arrangements by Buddy Bregman. (*Verve*)

DUOLOGUE—Lee Wiley, with quartet; Ellis Larkins, pianist. Miss Wiley's characteristically breathy and yet evocative readings of several Rodgers and Hart songs are occasionally interrupted to permit Mr. Larkins to offer delicate renditions of a couple of Irving Berlin and Arthur Schwartz pieces. (*Storyville*)

—D. W.

•

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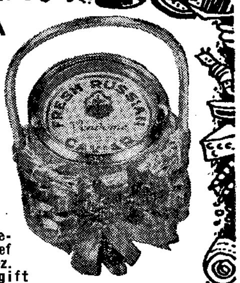

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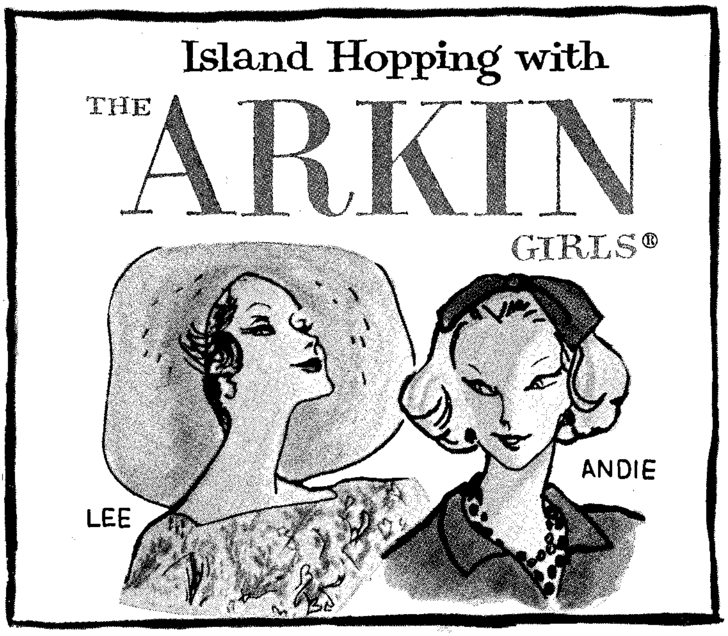

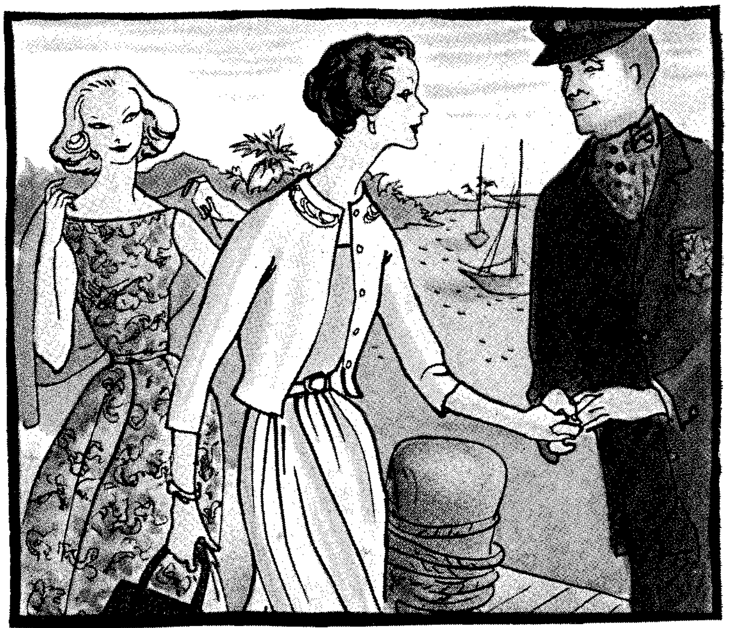

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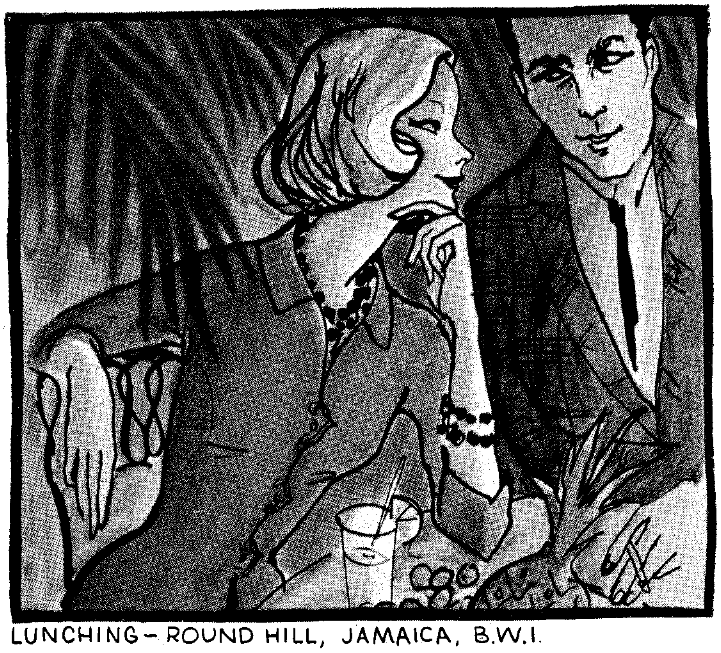

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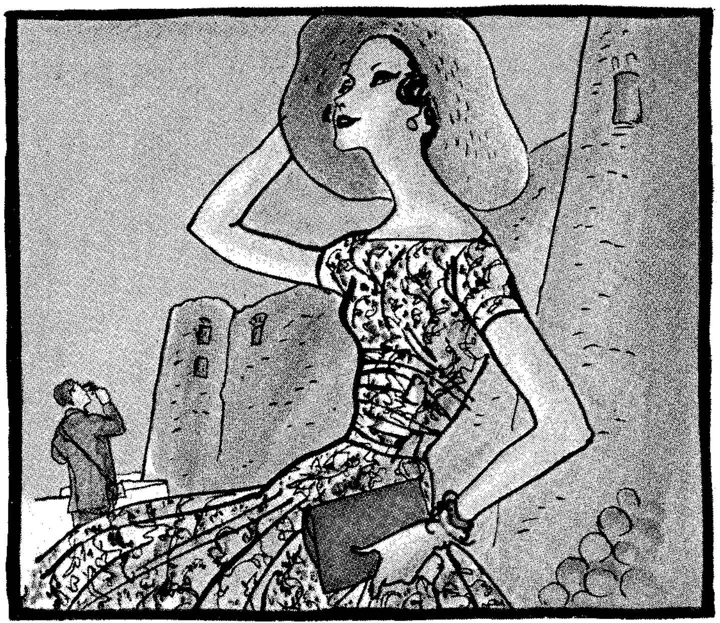

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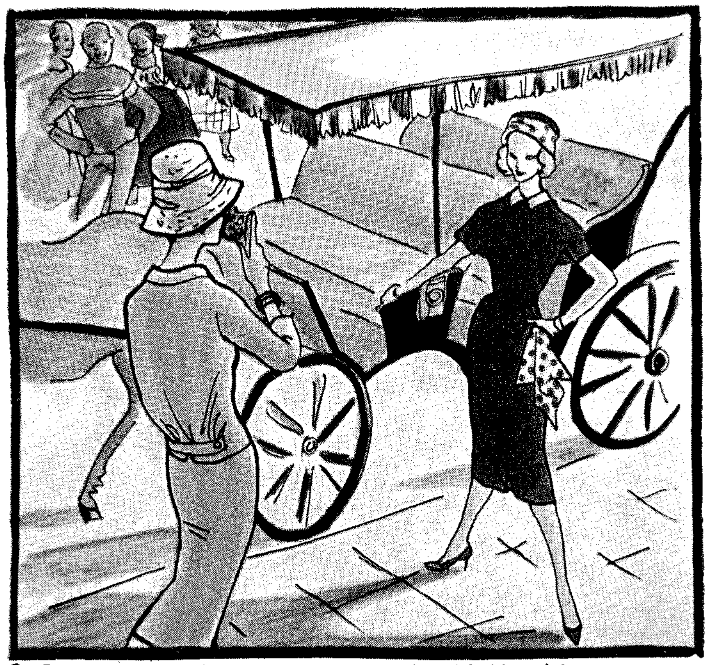

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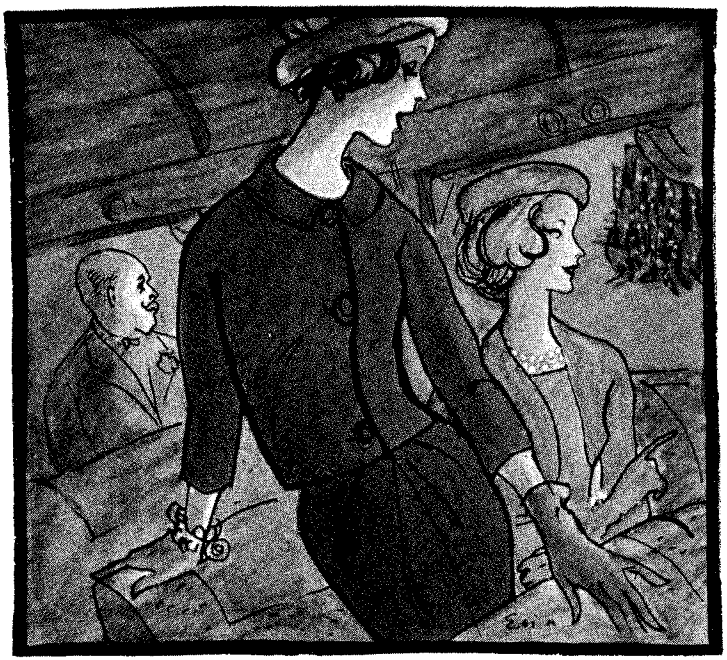

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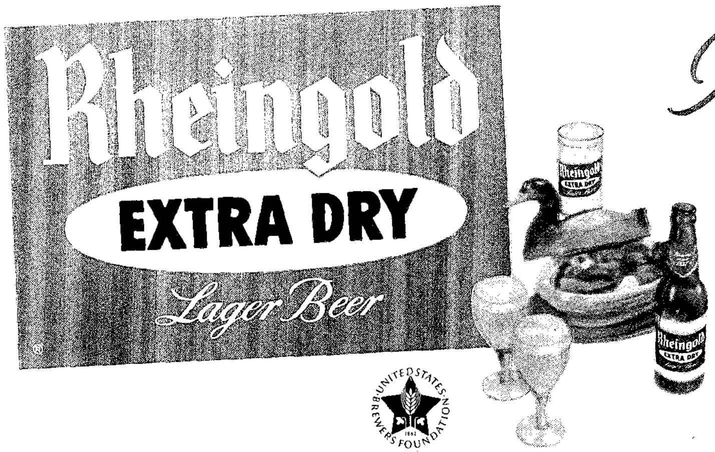
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I READ with a personal interest a few weeks ago the news stories about the first calls made between New York and London over the first Atlantic telephone cables, because in 1928 I was responsible for one of the first radiotelephone calls between New York and Paris. One winter morning that year, I was sitting in my apartment on Lexington Avenue, dawdling over a newspaper at breakfast. A small item caught my eye. It said that beginning at midnight that night regular transatlantic telephone service would be instituted between New York and Paris.

The item fascinated me. The new service would expand the potentialities of my own telephone, which was already a matter of pride with me. Only a few years before, I had emigrated to America from Hungary. Living in a succession of furnished rooms, I had constantly suffered the indignity of having the landlady yell up the stairs to me, "Hey, there's a phone call for you," and each time I wanted to make a call I had to trudge down the stairs and then, of course, fish up a nickel. By saving heroically, I had managed to graduate to an apartment and a private telephone. And now with this phone, which had been installed only recently, I could, without having to pay cash in advance, call not only across the country but across the ocean. That is, if I had the resources. For the item said that a call to Paris would cost seventy-five dollars for three minutes. As I sat there at breakfast, I wondered what the man would be like who would be willing to pay the staggering sum of twenty-five dollars a minute—just to call Paris.

Further on in the paper, I read another item that especially interested me. It stated that Count Mihály Károlyi, the former President of the first Hungarian Republic, had been booked for a lecture tour in the United States under the sponsorship of an eminent New York lecture bureau. I made a mental note to hear him when he spoke in town. I admired Count Károlyi, who was a legendary figure to many Hungarians. Though he had owned the largest estate in that land-hungry country, he had advocated land reform and democracy. His estate, however, had been confiscated by the government of Admiral Horthy, and Count Károlyi was then living in exile in Paris under straitened circumstances.

I SPENT the afternoon walking in Central Park and thinking of my old homeland, and when evening came I decided to have dinner in a Hungarian restaurant in Yorkville, among my compatriots, where I could talk nostalgically of acacia and jasmine blooming in the garden. As I entered the restaurant, which was filled with the spicy aroma of goulash, I was hailed by three acquaintances—Louis, Hugo, and Emery. They were exiled followers of Count Károlyi, and were, I knew, dreaming of the day when the Horthy regime would collapse and Károlyi would again be President of Hungary. As leaders of an émigré organization called the Anti-Horthy League, they had been trying, not very successfully, to rally the Hungarians in the United States under Károlyi's banner. When I joined them at their table, they appeared gloomy and depressed. They had, I learned, read the news item about Count Károlyi's coming visit to America. Months earlier, they had asked him to speak to the Hungarians in America under their League's auspices, but had been unable to get a visa for him. Now, apparently, the visa had been granted. What upset them was that the Count was going to tour for a lecture bureau instead of for them and speak to general rather than Hungarian audiences; they felt betrayed.

"Write the Count a letter and ask him to change his plans," I said. They waved me aside. It would be too late by the time letters had gone back and forth. Then I had an inspiration. "Why not call up Count Károlyi?" I asked. They looked at me with annoyance. "Call him up?" Louis said. "Why, he is still in Paris."

"Certainly, call him up in Paris," I said. "Right after midnight tonight." I told them what I had read about the transatlantic telephone service.

This news cheered them greatly, and they began at once trying to see what could be done. First, they brought out their wallets, only to find they had less

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Edward T. Dickinson

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than ten dollars among the three of them. Next, Emery, who was treasurer of the Anti-Horthy League, was asked for a report. He promptly replied that the Anti-Horthy League had a balance of minus twenty dollars—money that was owed to him. They looked at me expectantly. I showed them my wallet, which contained two fives and two singles. Suddenly, a thought came to me. "Why not make the call from my private phone?" I said. "That way you would have until next month to pay me." Excited by the idea of a call to Paris, I also said I would pay a share of the bill. "Bravo!" exclaimed Louis.

As soon as we finished dinner, we hurried over to my apartment, sat down by the telephone, and began planning. According to Hugo, who was a close friend of Károlyi's, the deposed President had a strict, never-varying routine. He would rise at seven, shave, shower, dress, bring in the morning papers, and sit down to breakfast precisely at eight. Taking the five-hour time difference between New York and Paris into consideration, we decided to make the call at 3 A.M. sharp, New York time. Louis called the operator and had the call scheduled. Then, with pencil and paper, we started writing out the message. It must, we agreed, be stated so clearly that Count Károlyi could not possibly misunderstand it; it must allow time for Károlyi to make his reply; and the entire conversation must not exceed three minutes. After working intensely for some time, we came up with a draft. Louis, who had put himself in charge, read it aloud to Hugo, because Hugo, as the Count's personal friend, was to do the actual talking.

"Hello! Count Károlyi?" Louis read. "This is Hugo in New York, speaking in the name of the Anti-Horthy League. Now that you evidently have your American visa, we, your loyal supporters and followers, ask you to cancel your scheduled lecture tour in English for American audiences and go on a tour instead among the Hungarians for us. We guarantee audiences totalling more than two hundred thousand Hungarians. You will speak in New York, Cleveland, Chicago. . . ."

Louis read the message through rapidly, but it was far too long. It left virtually no time for the Count to reply. We began making cuts. Well after midnight, when we had gone through several drafts, Louis read the revised text aloud, and this time he made it in fifty-eight seconds flat, but Hugo, who

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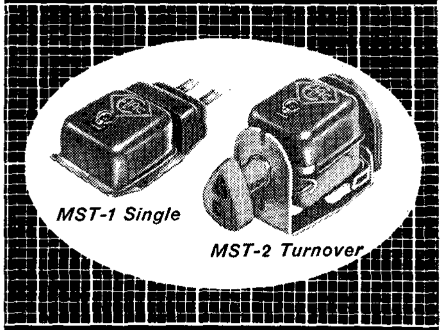

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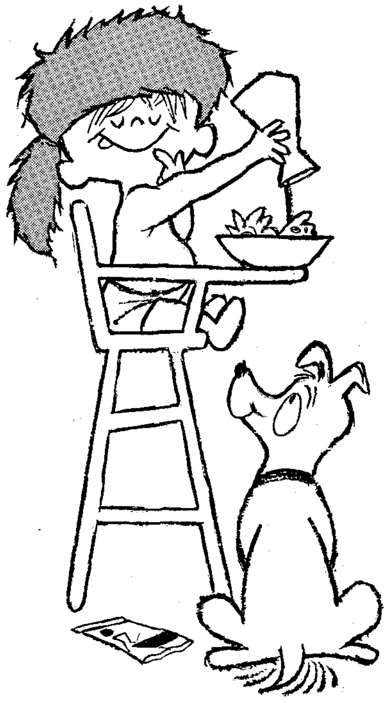

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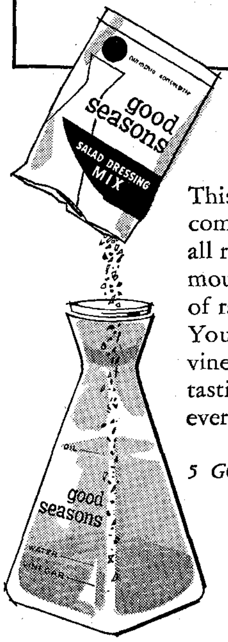

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was slow of speech, took a minute and fifty-five seconds when he tried it. There seemed to be no way to cut the message further without loss of clarity, so we decided to let Hugo have the time he required, and then close with, "You now have fifty seconds to reply." That would leave fifteen seconds for Hugo to reply to the Count, if necessary.

We had coffee, listened to Hugo practice reading the speech a few times, and at ten minutes to three, Louis called the operator to remind her that we wanted the call to Count Károlyi put through at exactly three o'clock. A couple of minutes later, the operator reported back that the lines were clear and she expected the call to go through as scheduled. We drew up into a tight circle, bent forward to the telephone. When it rang, Hugo lifted the receiver, and we put our heads as near to it as possible, so that our noses were practically touching.

"Ready with your call to Paris, sir?" asked the operator. Four heads nodded. "Ready with your call to Paris?" the operator asked again, with a touch of impatience.

Hugo then found his voice. "Yes!" he bellowed.

"Thank you," said the operator, and we heard her speak to the operator in Paris.

The phone in Paris rang once, loud and long. Then it rang again. But no one answered. Our tension mounted as it rang twice more, and then we heard the receiver being lifted—on the other side of the Atlantic, in Paris!

"Hallo," came over the wire. It was Károlyi! We all recognized his familiar voice. "Hallo," came Károlyi's voice again. "Who is there? Who is calling?"

We nudged Hugo, who swallowed hard and began slowly reading his speech. "Count Károlyi? This is Hugo, speaking in the name of the—"

"Just a minute, please," interrupted the Count. "Hold on for just a minute. I ran out of the shower when I heard the phone ring. I am dripping all over the floor. Hold the line, please, while I go back to the bathroom and get a towel." The connection was unbelievably clear. We could even hear him as he shuffled off.

But this was hardly according to schedule. We glared at Hugo accusingly. The Count with his strict, unvarying routine! The paper trembled in Hugo's hand. The Count came back to the phone and said, "Who is this calling, please?"

Louis grabbed the paper from Hugo

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and made a lightning-quick correction at the end. It now read, "You have forty seconds to reply."

Then Hugo started over again, saying slowly, "This is Hugo, speaking in the name of the—"

"Who?" shouted the Count.

"Hugo!" Hugo shouted back.

"Hugo?" asked the Count. "Hugo who?"

"Me! Hugo! Your old friend! You remember me," said Hugo desperately.

"Hugo!" the Count shouted happily. "Hallo, Hugo, when did you arrive in Paris?"

"I am not in Paris. I am in New York."

"In New York? How can you talk to me, then, if you are in New York?" The Count seemed genuinely puzzled.

"Over the phone," said Hugo.

"Over the phone? From New York?"

"Yes," said Hugo.

"Amazing," Károlyi commented. "Imagine, over the phone, from New York. Can you hear me?" it suddenly occurred to him to ask.

"Yes, I can," said Hugo, who was now slightly befuddled.

"I can hear you, too," the Count said. "What time is it in New York?"

"Three in the morning," Hugo said.

"It's eight in the morning here in Paris," said the Count. "It's the difference in time, you know," he added for clarification. "It's raining here. Is it raining there, too?"

"No, it is not raining here," said Hugo. "Is it raining hard over there?" By now, Hugo had become infected with the Count's pleasure in light conversation.

The rest of us were speechless. This was a rout!

"No, it isn't much of a rain," the Count assured him. "It may let up any minute."

"The speech, the speech, read him the speech," Louis hoarsely whispered to Hugo, pointing to the paper in his hand.

I glanced at my watch and held it up for the others. Three minutes and eight seconds had already passed!

Finally, Hugo managed to get down to business and read the message, concluding with "You now have twenty seconds to reply." Louis had had the presence of mind to cut Károlyi's time again—this time to a minimum.

"Hmm," mused Károlyi. "I can't do that, Hugo. I am under a signed, exclusive contract to that agency, you know. I cannot lecture in America for

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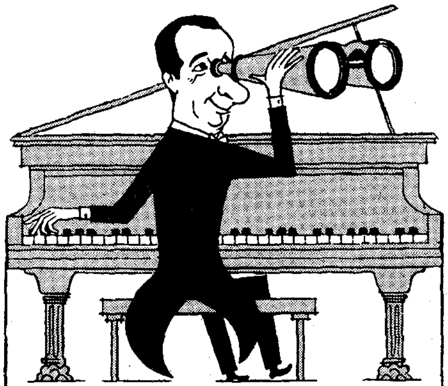

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anyone but them. You know what? They are even paying my passage for me. Isn't that nice of them?" he exclaimed delightedly.

"Tell him that he must in the holy name of Hungary," Louis whispered to Hugo. "Tell him that you are speaking in the name of three million Hungarians in America."

Hugo began to speak, but the Count interrupted him and carefully repeated his reasons for not being able to lecture to the Hungarians. "Write me a letter, Hugo," he then said, "and in my reply I will explain it all to you in detail." He added chidingly, "You know, Hugo, we shouldn't discuss this over the telephone. You may not be aware of it, but a call to Paris must cost money." With that, he hung up.

We were aware of it. I know I was, to the penny. That phone call came to a hundred and seventy-five dollars, and outside of twenty-five dollars, which I was finally able to collect from my three compatriots, I had the whole amount to pay. My curiosity as to what kind of a man would actually pay an astronomical sum just to call Paris had been fully satisfied. —SANDOR VOROS

•

She said the two kissed and embraced, then went to the Sheraton-Palace Hotel where they obtained a room under assumed names.

Mrs. Brown was joined by Michael Toohey, another operative of the Devine Detective Agency of San Francisco, and together they entered the hotel room, she said.

How was Ros dressed, asked the judge.

"Just in his pants," said Mrs. Brown. "He was pulling his suspenders up and he had no shoes on."

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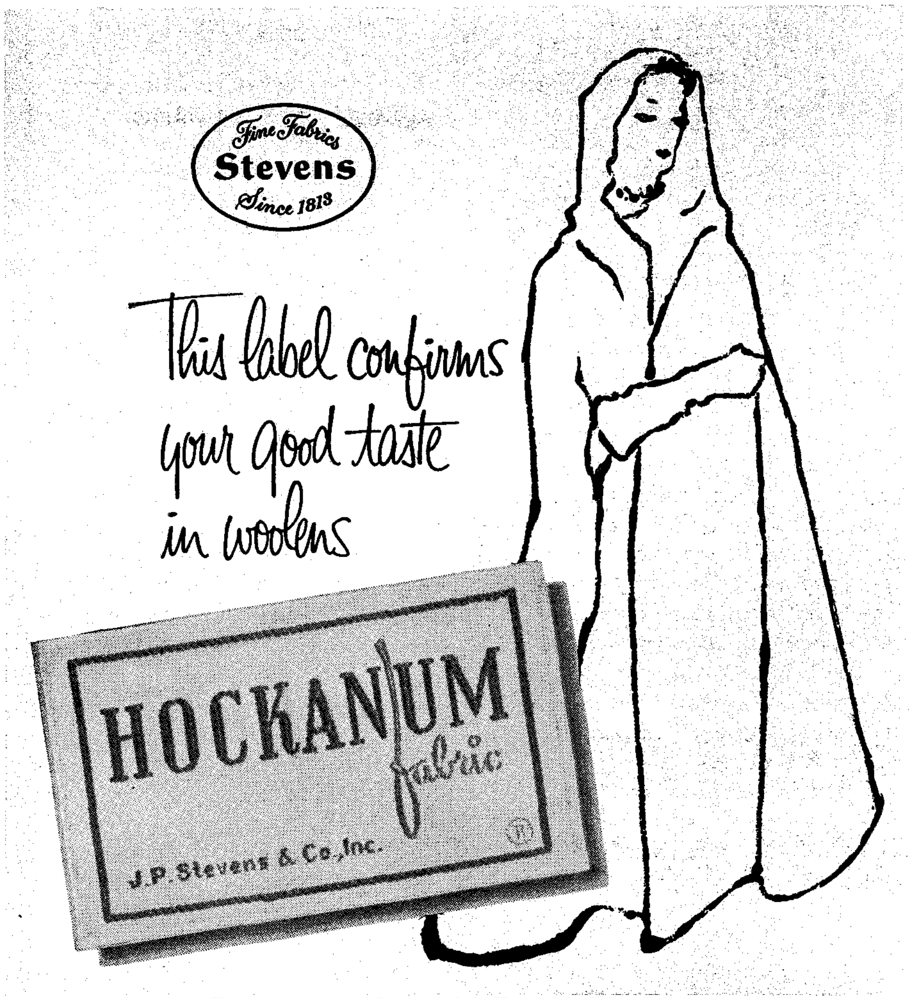
SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Monterey (Calif.) Peninsula Herald*]

Mournful bows of black crepe paper were found in every nook and cranny of Mrs. Angus H. Griffin's home on Colton street, Monterey, where she and Mrs. John J. Redhead were hostesses Friday at a birthday luncheon party for Mrs. Dan Searle and Mrs. Ray Ramsey.

Grim reminders of the fact that time still flies were everywhere for the honor guests, who seemed less perturbed by them than anyone else. They entered happily into the plan to take a jaunt around town in the ambulance, which was driven to the door of Mrs. Griffin's home by a friend costumed as Digger O'Dell.



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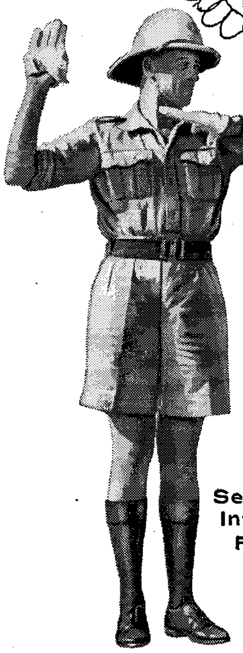
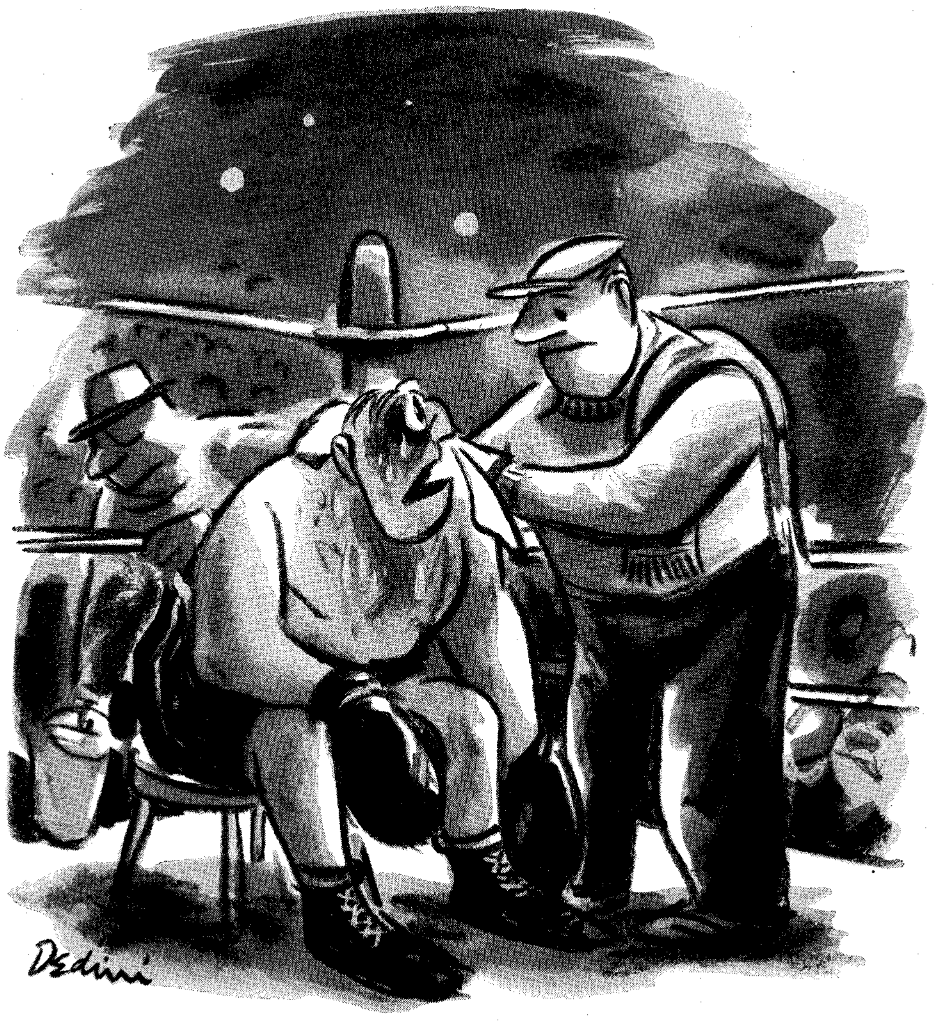


OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

ALGIERS, OCTOBER 17

FRENCH NORTH AFRICA, whether it endures or not, has writers who have put it on record enduringly. Albert Camus's two major novels—"The Stranger" and "The Plague"—are as essentially Algerian in some respects as they are universal in others. Meursault, the hero of "The Stranger," is not just a man who has killed another man and cannot understand why there should be such a fuss about it; he is a North African of European origin who has killed that semi-abstraction known an "an Arab," and this increases his incomprehension of the trouble he finds himself in. The name of the Arab never appears, or any description of him. Nor does Meursault ever exchange a word with him, or so much as hear him speak—a calculated means of stressing the impersonal nature of their relationship. Meursault's plight baffles him all the more because it has resulted from something that, according to the custom of the country, is barely a misdemeanor. He even had the excuse of anticipatory self-defense, for the dead Arab, although reclining at the time Meursault shot him, was holding a knife in his hand. So when the court sentences Meursault to the guillotine, he is right in believing that the sad outcome must be attributed to extraneous factors. In certain other matters he has refused to share the accepted sentiments of his tightly knit community; it is brought out against him at the trial that he showed insufficient grief at his mother's funeral, and this is the most effective element of the prosecutor's plea to the jury. There are Strangers everywhere, but in no other locale, with the exception of Mississippi, would society's reaction to Meursault's offense have seemed to society's victim so exaggerated and so clearly paradoxical.

Meursault, although he has killed without personal animus, is not indifferent to "Arabs" as a group. They make him uneasy. "They looked at us silently, but in their own way, neither more nor less than if we were stones or dead trees," he says in recounting his first view of the man he was going to kill. "The Arab" was second from the left among a group of his fellows who were leaning against the front of a tobacco shop, watching Meursault and his girl, Marie, and his friend Raymond, a pimp. It was Raymond who pointed out "the Arab" as the brother of a girl the pimp had beaten. During the rest of Meursault's narrative of the events leading up to the killing, "the Arabs" maintain their character—silent, persistent, disquieting—until Raymond is impelled to strike "the Arab," who draws a knife and slashes him. Hours later, Meursault meets the Arab again and is impelled to shoot. When he subsequently tries to explain his act to the court, he can ascribe it only to the hot sun. After he shoots the Arab, he fires four redundant shots into the body, which he never explains, either to the court or to himself.



"I'll bet he couldn't take a beating like this."

"The Stranger" was first published in November, 1944, and, rereading it now, here in Algiers, I find myself tempted to see in it a political allegory, as well as a prophecy of what has come about: the cycle of brutality, revolt, and repression, and the intruder's persisting irritation with a subject race that inwardly refuses to admit subjection—they look at you neither more nor less than if you were stones or dead trees. But in "The Stranger" Camus was writing no political allegory, nor was he setting himself up as a prophet; he was only recording his environment. "*Drôles de cocos,*" the Algerian Europeans of Meursault's class say of Algerian Moslems now. "*Si c'était des êtres humains! Mais avec eux il faut taper sec!*" ("Queer birds. If they were only human beings! But with them all you can do is hit hard!") The city is full of Meursaults who want to fire the bullet and the four extras, or at least to have the army—any army—do the firing for them.

ANOTHER novel, "Les Mauvais Sentiments," by a young Algerian-born Frenchman named Marcel Moussy, reveals more about the two groups involved in the present situation than can be derived from any pretentious reportage. It was written ten years later than "The Stranger" but before the violent phase of the current crisis began. The Moslems appear in it, as in the more famous novel, only as they are refracted in the minds of the French characters. In their most telling appearance, they are, to make a bull of it, invisible.

I do not know whether "Les Mau-

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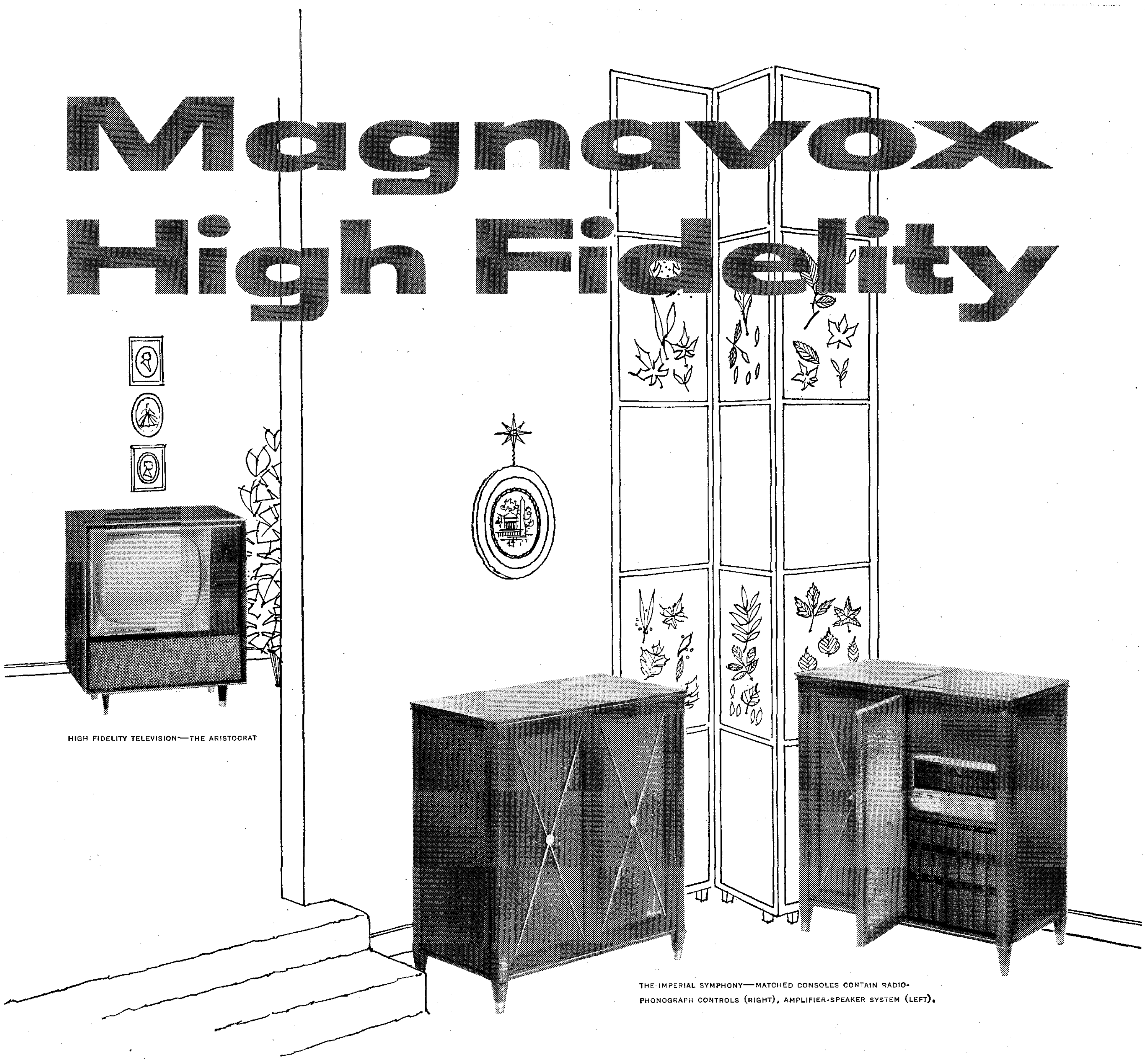

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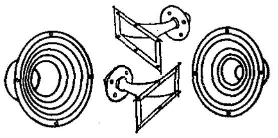

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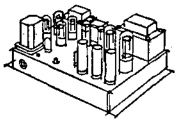

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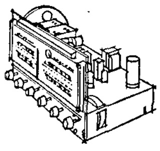

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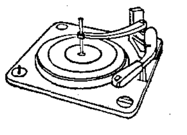

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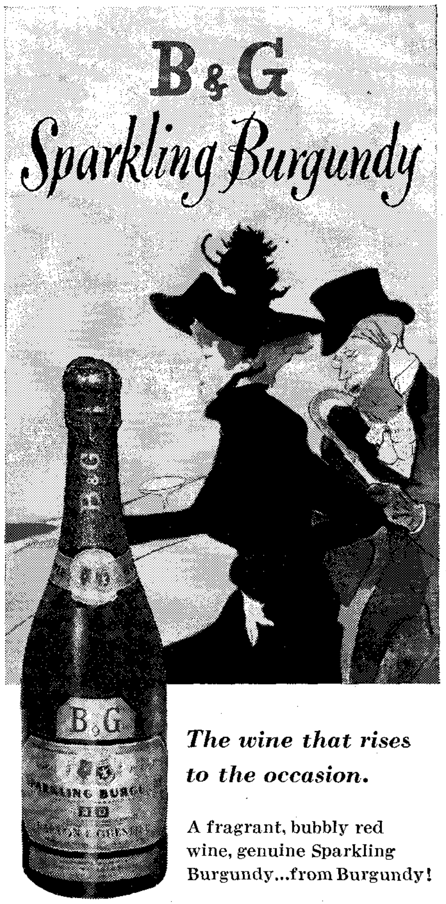
vais Sentiments" has been translated into English. In any event, its hero, Loulou Malapert, is not an oddity like Meursault; he is specifically and typically Algérois—one of the city's own. His particular pride is that he is "pure French," by descent from a surgeon of the first expeditionary force, which captured Algiers from the Turks in 1830. This entitles him to look down on naturalized Neapolitans, Néos (Algérois of Spanish descent), and Jews, but he has a hard time competing with them for a living. Loulou is in the importing business, which means that for the most part he sells canned goods on commission; canned snails are one of his lines, and he has difficulty finding buyers for them. He also takes orders for refrigerators, though not often. He is ambitious but feels himself caught within a contracting economy. No longer is Algeria the semicolonial country it once was—a place where any native of Metropolitan France who had failed at home could get by. There is now too much competition for too little business. To Loulou, everything seems shabby, provincial, third-rate. He makes his rounds in a derisory excuse for an automobile, which is always in danger of breaking down. Its final dissolution, ever imminent, will mark his regression to the ranks of the foot-salesmen, who lug their valises of samples by hand. For Loulou, that will be the end.

Loulou thinks that if the suppliers he represents would enable him to work "American style," by providing him with a smart new car and a fat expense account, he could do big things. Not a chance, though. They are too petty. This admiration for what is pictured as the American way is widespread among the Algerian French, who call the French of France the *frangaoui*—North African slang for old fogies with medieval ideas. The Algerian French differ from the French French as much as Australians from Englishmen, in both mentality and accent. For all his pride in his Frenchness, Loulou feels insecure about it. When he picks up a girl in a restaurant and realizes that she is a Frenchwoman of France, he tries to conceal his Algerian accent. He also tries not to let his face get close to hers, for fear she will smell the glorious effluvium of garlic he has retained from his bouillabaisse, seasoned in the drastic Algiers fashion. Loulou has physical courage—he is a former parachutist, who completed his training just as the war ended—but he has no perilous frontiers on which to exercise his valor, and this adds to his frustration. He lives with



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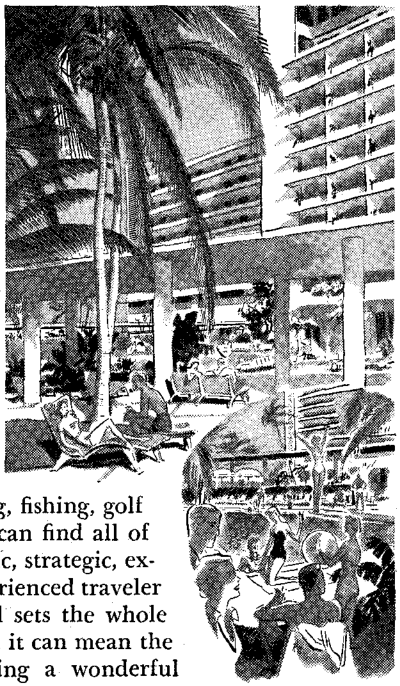
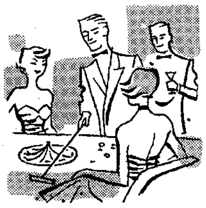
Having a Wonderful Time

BY Millie Considine

ARE these fall days, with their bleak promise of wintry days to come, filling you with vague yearnings to escape to the South? And in mulling over the attractions of the usual Southern resorts, are you wishing you could find a "different" place—a place that is warm, but excitingly new to you? Perhaps you've been discouraged from venturing into new fields by those warnings you used to hear about drinking water and food in strange lands. You need have no such fears in Panama. In Panama, pure, crystal-clear drinking water comes from the U.S. Panama Canal Zone water supply, and dairy products are supervised by the U.S. Canal Zone Health Authority. So be imaginative—get off the well-trod path!



THOSE of you who long for a place that is always warm and sunny, but also want to enjoy such pleasures as horse-racing, gaming, bull-fighting, fishing, golf and duty-free shopping can find all of this, and more, in historic, strategic, exciting Panama. Any experienced traveler knows that a good hotel sets the whole pace of a trip; very often it can mean the difference between having a wonderful time or just having a passable time. That is one reason why I can recommend Panama so enthusiastically; there you will find one of the most modern, luxurious hotels, not only in Latin America but in the world—the El Panama, operated by Kirkeby Hotels and hosted by friendly Joe Cunningham. Set within a fifteen-acre, lush, tropical garden, El Panama provides its guests the ultimate in comfort and enjoyment. Each bedroom has fine furnishings, over-sized closets, bathroom, and a wide terrace-balcony. Many bedrooms and all suites are air conditioned. Outstanding feature of the hotel, for me, is the Cabana Sun Club with its olympic-size pool—a great place for lazing around and getting a suntan.

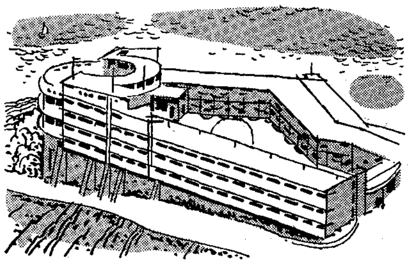


AT night you never have to wonder "where to go?" There is a smart new gaming "Casino in the Sky" atop El Panama, nestling in the balmy, starry sky, and the Bella Vista Roof where good dance music and entertainment make every night gay and fascinating. I've been in gaming casinos from Las Vegas to Monte Carlo, but I've never been in one with a gayer, more cosmopolitan crowd than you find here at the "Casino in the Sky."

THE cuisine and service at El Panama are comparable to that found in any of the world's capitals. Whether you want a quiet dinner for two on your balcony (that's for me!), or a big buffet party for your friends, El Panama's chefs and dining room staffs will make the occasion delightful.

PANAMA is famous for its international shopping, much of it duty-free, and if you have a lot of time, you'll enjoy wandering around picturesque streets of the city looking for bargains.

A BIG new lure for tourists in Panama is the recently completed $5,000,000 horse racing track, called "Hipodromo Jose A Remon" in memory of the late president. The Hipodromo is a ten minute drive from the Hotel El Panama, and has added greatly to the pleasure of the sports-minded visitors. The scenic background is comparable to that of Hialeah in Miami. As if all this were not enough to make Panama a wonderful vacation spot, there is also fascinating sightseeing that is a *must* for every visitor. Besides the obvious tour of the Panama Canal and trip to Colon to gaze at the Atlantic Ocean, just an hour's ride from the Pacific, you'll also want to visit the historic remnants of Spanish colonial days, see the San Blas Indian Islands and drive along the scenic routes to the picturesque interior towns. Panama—truly a sightseer's paradise—is so close, too . . . only 4 hours away from Miami!



IF you have nothing but basking in the sun on your mind and just want a completely relaxing vacation in a beautiful spot that is not over-run with tourists, why don't you fly to Acapulco, in Mexico, "The Riviera of the Americas." Then head straight for the Hotel Palacio Tropical, which is the coolest and most beautiful hotel in Acapulco. Situated high on a bluff between the "morning" and "afternoon" beaches, the Palacio Tropical has a sensational view of the Pacific, the Bay and the charming city of Acapulco. Most of the 136 guest rooms and suites are air-conditioned, the food is excellent, the water is purified, and you don't ever need to leave the hotel to have a good time. By day, you can while away sun-drenched hours around the pool or in the Kontiki garden with its exotic tropical plants. By night, you can go dancing at the hotel's famous Starlight Roof. Forget the cares of the world at carefree, captivating, unforgettable Acapulco!

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AMERICANS away from home always get a special thrill out of finding a favorite, familiar product in a far-off place. For instance, it delights me to find that Pepsi-Cola, a beverage I always serve at home, is so popular and available in many of the countries I visit. Believe it or not, Pepsi-Cola is now sold in 73 countries outside the United States (and it's made according to the same scientific formula wherever it's bottled!). Forty of these countries were added in the last six years, which gives you an idea of how quickly this delicious refreshment is making friends throughout the world. When you meet strangers in any of these countries it's easy to show your friendship and understanding, even if you don't speak their language. Just do what we do in the United States—treat them to a Pepsi!

Any questions? Write to me anytime for additional information.
Millie Considine Features, Inc., 743 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

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his wife and child in a one-room apartment on the ground floor of a suburban dwelling that was once a brothel, and he finds an outlet for his energies in wenching and picking fights. Even his successes in these pursuits fail to make him happy. All in all, he just isn't pleased with himself. Loulou has no trouble with Moslems; it would never occur to him, probably, that he could have. His fights are with a naturalized Italian cop who tries to take over his Frenchwoman of France, and with a Jewish wholesaler who pinches another of his girls in a queue at a movie theatre.

The episode in the book that comes nearest to explaining the common plight of the French North Africans is a dinner party given by a couple named Maillard to celebrate their thirtieth wedding anniversary. Old Maillard, a retired businessman, decides to make the party one that will recall the old, spacious, undoubting days before the First World War. He strains his unjustified but still unquestioned credit to provide the best of food, and does the marketing himself, in the old manner—wearing a panama hat, waving a palm-leaf fan, and accompanied by two Arab boys to carry the baskets. He draws from his treasured reserve the best of wines (French, of course; Algeria grows good wines but has no confidence in them). Maillard and his wife do their best to induce their guests to behave the way gay dogs used to in former times, but they fail.

After the feast, there is dancing in the garden, but old Maillard can see that the guests are thinking only of the approach of dark, when they can sneak off into the bushes with one another's wives. Two of the guests—Loulou and a friend of his named Felix Marteray—engage in a gloomy conversation, which almost ends in a fight. Felix is rich but also pessimistic. "We should have stayed in France after the demobilization," he says. "Here we sleep—until we wake to the bugle call."

Loulou, although he is as fed up with the general situation as his friend, takes a contradictious position. "A scrap would be much better than this," he says. "That's all I'm waiting for."

"It would be all right if we had support," Felix tells him. "But nobody likes us. We are 'infamous colonialists.' You know that. . . . Why aren't we happy? . . . Is it because this isn't our country? Often I ask myself the question."

"Now you're being anti-French!" says Loulou, bellicose.

The guests scatter, and as the Mail-

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lards start to lock up, the old man goes out to the chicken coop to shut in the hens. One is missing. He knows right away that one of "them" is responsible. "Day of God!" he howls to his wife. "They've stolen her! Ah, the bastards, the bastards!"

"How could they have?" Mme. Maillard asks.

"When we went into the dining room, by God!" her husband replies. "You know they watch us all the time."

The old man is furious. He says he will sit up all night with his shotgun, watching the henhouse. "What good will that do?" his wife asks.

"The quarter has never been completely pacified," Maillard grumbles as he goes to bed, reflecting on the many hens, rabbits, and garden chairs and tables "they" have carried away as silently as wolves during the quarter of a century he and his wife have lived there—in a suburb of Algiers, where the forces of French order have had their chance for a hundred and twenty-six years.

NOW that "they" sally from the dark for more serious depredations, it is as if this course of events, divined and feared for so many years, had been expected. The Algérois, strolling along the Rue Michelet after their late dinners to kill time until the midnight curfew, have the agitated air of the crowds in Camus's other novel, "The Plague," when the visitation is first rumored. Patrols of soldiers, tommy guns at the ready, weave their way among the tables of the sidewalk cafés, where the bright fluorescent lighting is designed to improve their aim. The Algérois, looking drawn, settle in sticky groups around the sticky tables and consume *animenthe*, a mixture of anisette and crème de menthe, or Verigoud, a brand of bottled fruit juice; it has been a long, hot, humid summer—a season that in these parts lasts from May to late September, by which time even the Algérois who were born here complain about the weather. The Moslem waiters and taxi-drivers look at them as if they were stones or dead trees. Some of the Moslems are fairer and speak a more grammatical French than their customers; these are not Arabs, of course, but Berbers, only a few of whom can speak Arabic. Even here in the city, there are not enough Europeans to do all the work, and outside it, in the vineyards, the fields, and the phosphate mines, "they" are indispensable. Extermination is not economically feasible. Café business has slowed down some

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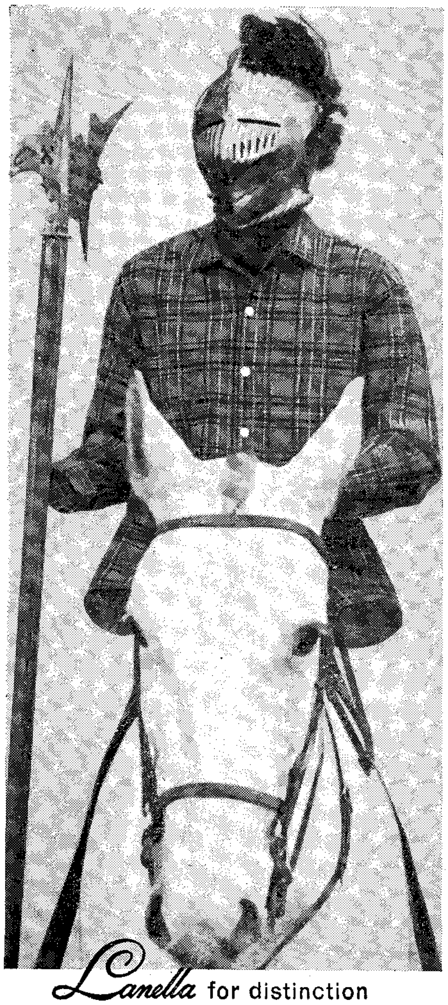

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since a bomb exploded in one of the Rue Michelet cafés the other evening, just before the fluorescent lights went on, and another blew up a café on the nearby Rue d'Isly. There were forty-four injuries altogether but no immediate deaths, although seventeen pedestrians and café patrons are reported to be on the critical list. Even so, I imagine business will soon pick up again. The nights are still warm, and one must do something with one's evenings.

I WAS not present when the bombs went off, but I had an instructive look at another phase of "their" campaign a couple of days later, through the courtesy and misfortune of a French friend who lives in Algiers and owns a small farm twenty miles out of town. He bought the farm a couple of years ago, primarily as a summer-weekend place, because his job keeps him here the year around. It seemed a safe investment at the time, with some eight hundred orange trees in full production and a nice bit of well-irrigated farming land. The farm lies in a valley folded in among mountains—green ones, not the savage, naked kind you find in the interior—providing a setting that suggests Alsace or northern Italy, rather than Africa. About five miles from my friend's place is the end of the main runway of the Maison Blanche Airport—the fourth-busiest in "the Occident," according to the *Guide Bleu*, being outranked only by London, Paris, and Brussels. Almost the same distance from the farm are the dam and reservoir of El Hamiz, which keep a hundred square miles of farmland green.

Early in September, when I first visited my friend on my present trip to North Africa, he told me that he and his wife hadn't spent any weekends on the farm during the past summer, because "they" took over the countryside after nightfall. He employed three Berbers—a farmer and two boys—to look after his place, he said, except for one field that a Berber neighbor was working on a sharecropping basis. The European farmers around him were continuing to work, but at the end of each day they withdrew with their families to the protection of the nearest town, Fondouk, leaving their buildings and cattle in the care of their Moslem foremen. Usually, when they returned in the morning, buildings and cattle were still there, but sometimes they weren't; a house or barn had been burned or some animals had been driven away, or both. When these sad events occurred, there were never any witnesses. "Only

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3. Thin slices of rutabaga or turnips that have been baked to a slight crispness.

St. Anthony, patron saint of stock farmers, lived frugally and fasted most of his adult life. He developed a simple food preparation that supplied him with proper nourishment and energy . . . a recipe almost identical to the one above. This preparation, spread on baked turnip chips served as a healthful and satisfying repast for St. Anthony during his pilgrimages.

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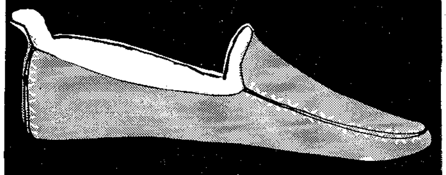

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a couple of nights ago, the *fellagha* drove off thirty-five bullocks belonging to a European neighbor of mine," my friend said. "It must have taken quite a bit of doing to drive all those beasts off into the mountains, but the gendarmes can't turn up a soul who saw a hair of their hides."

I asked if only the farms of Europeans were raided. My friend said no—that Moslem farmers suffered as often—and added, "But among the Moslems they seem to pick their victims on a political basis, selecting those whom they consider excessively friendly toward us or who have refused to contribute to their cause, while their choice of which European farms to attack appears to be entirely capricious." He told me that not many Europeans in the valley had been killed, but enough to make the rest cautious. Only a few days earlier, for example, *fellagha* had seized four European workmen in a road-construction gang and had killed two of them and released the other two. At about the same time, they had stopped a bus on a regular evening run between Algiers and Maréchal Foch, a town a couple of miles beyond Fondouk, and, after soaking it with gasoline, had burned it. The one passenger, a European, had escaped by first hiding under a seat and then bolting off into the dark. They had spared the driver and the conductor, both Moslems, but had confiscated the day's receipts.

It was hard for me to believe that the rebels had such a free hand in a district so near Algiers, and I asked my friend if there were troops stationed nearby. He said that Fondouk and Maréchal Foch were both jam-packed with soldiers but that their presence didn't affect the situation in the surrounding

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countryside after dark. It did insure the farmers and their families a safe place to sleep, though, because there was no question of rebels' attacking a town held by a battalion of infantry. (At hardly any time during the present uprising have the French encountered more than a hundred and fifty *fellagha* in a group, and even a hundred constitute what the communiqués call "an important concentration.") My friend said that thus far his own place hadn't been molested. Twice a week, he drove out from Algiers to make sure that it was still there and to get a supply of fresh melons and tomatoes for his dining table. His three employees kept grubbing in the ground as if nothing untoward were happening, and the wholesalers' lorries made their rounds, as always, picking up cases of garden produce harvested on the farm and crediting them to his account. The oranges from his grove would be ready to pick in January.

AT the time of this conversation, I was about to start for the Sahara, a peaceful part of the world, but I told my friend that when I returned I would like to go along with him on one of his trips to the farm. He said he would be glad of the company. So when I got back, a week later—I travelled by plane, not dromedary—I called him up, and we made a date to visit his place on the following Tuesday morning. Then, on Monday evening, he telephoned me at my hotel, the Saint-George, to say that he was afraid our plans for the excursion would have to be modified. His farmhouse had been burned and his orange trees cut down two nights before, and he was going out there the next morning to file a claim for damages at the mayor's office in Maréchal Foch. He hoped I still wanted to accompany him. I said I certainly did want to, and, although I was sure I knew what the answers would be, went on to ask whether the *fellagha* had hurt his farmer, and, if not, whether the farmer could identify them. He replied that the farmer maintained he hadn't been around when the raid took place. "He was in such a state of excitement and fright that he couldn't make sense yesterday," he said. "So the gendarmes in Fondouk locked him up overnight to calm him down. They notified me by telephone and I asked them to release him so that he could start cleaning up the place, but I gather he still isn't making much sense."

I asked my friend if he had any insurance, and he told me that he had the

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usual policies—fire, theft, and so on—but that they were no comfort, because the company writing them wouldn't pay off on damage by terrorists; no company would. "I've got to have an appraisal of the damage made by a licensed agricultural expert, and then put in a claim for government compensation, just as if it were for war damage," he said. "I'm going to put in for all the traffic will bear, but nothing can repay me for the orange trees—eight hundred of them, ten years old and all heavy with fruit. It takes seven or eight years to grow an orange tree to the point where it's in full production. I don't mind losing the house so much, since we weren't using it anyway. And they didn't burn the barn, or harm my two oxen. They are simply unaccountable."

I offered my sympathy, but he said it was an occurrence he had discounted long in advance; it was only the trees he didn't like to think about. As a matter of fact, he continued, he had figured his investment in the farm was lost, for all practical purposes, as soon as "they" took over the region. "I bought it for seven and a half million francs [$21,000], and, of course, no one would buy it now at any price," he said.

When I awoke the next morning in my room at the Saint-George, the content of my friend's telephone message seemed implausible in retrospect. All the anguish of the times comes to seem implausible at the Saint-George, which is one of the hotel's chief attractions for its present clientele. It stands on a hill high above Algiers—a dollar taxi ride from the center of town—amid gardens that might be mistaken for a fair-sized botanical park. Even while serving as Allied Headquarters during the North African campaign, the Saint-George was an ivory tower, in which no commander with less imagination than Eisenhower could have visualized conditions as they existed in the field, five hundred miles away. Still, the presence of white-helmeted M.P.s all over the place and, out back, of a parking area full of jeeps gave a hint that fighting might be in progress somewhere on the same continent. Now, however, there is no suggestion whatever that all is not well with the world, and the Saint-George is again the excellent hotel it was before 1939, except that the majority of its guests, instead of being wealthy English couples in search of the sun, are French executives, who have either left their families in France or daringly brought them—their wives, at any rate—to this hilltop, where they

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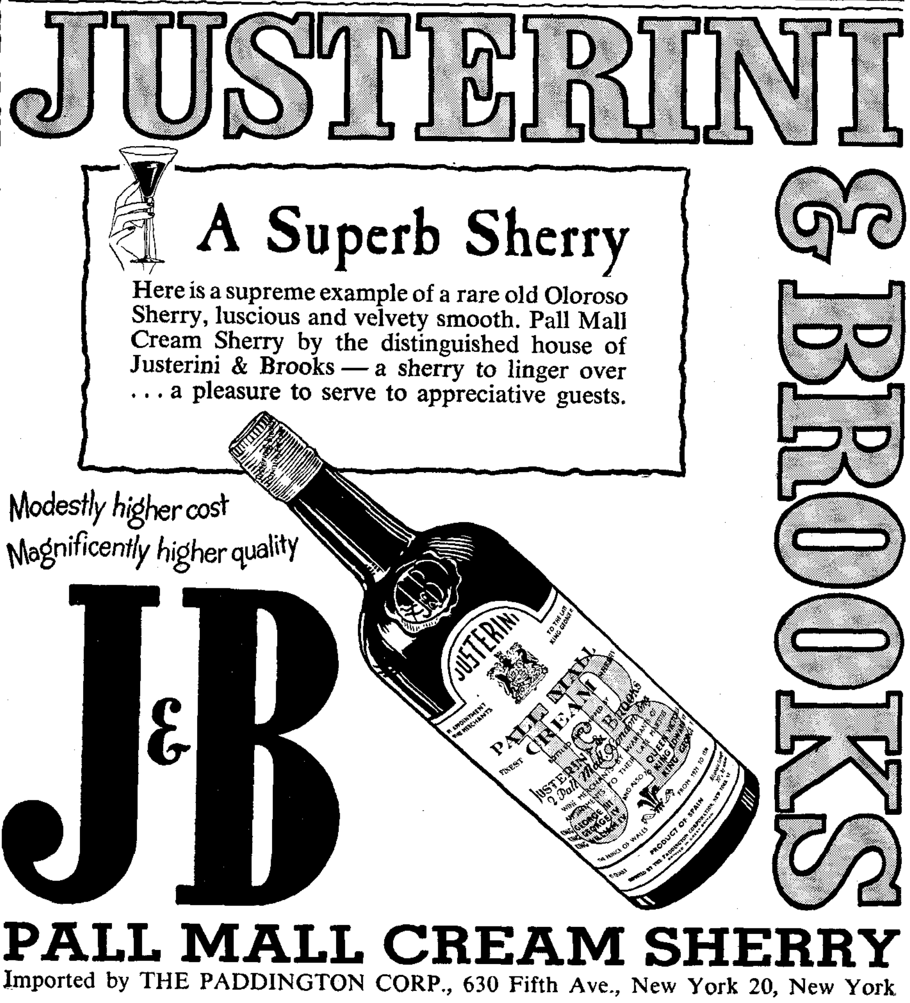
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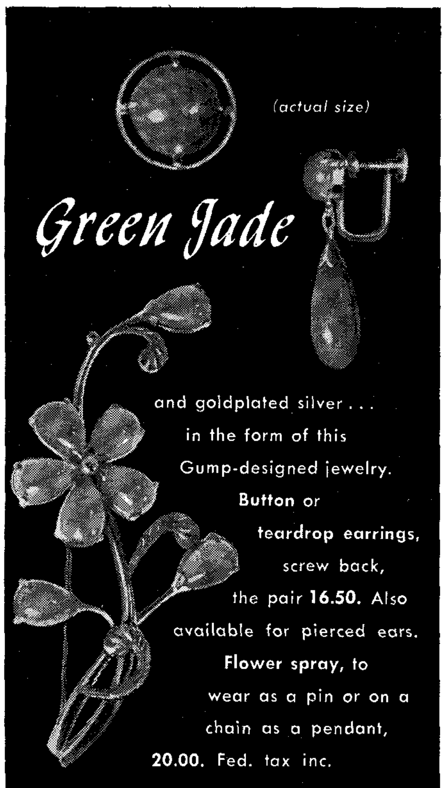

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Monday morning October 15th we arrived at the office to find . . . disaster. The lady who comes in to clean up had done her job with unprecedented zeal, and in so doing flung out a huge stack of unanswered entries in our "Rename the Continents" contest.

As we figure, these entries were mostly mailed after October 6th but some may date from the 1st. If you haven't gotten your Qantasylvania patent of citizenship by now yours was likely in the pile. Under these gaunt circumstances, the only way out seems to be for you to send in a new entry—Re-Rename the Continents, you might say—on a post card to "Re-Entry, Qantas, Union Square, San Francisco". We hope you'll give us (and the cleanup staff) another chance.

AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE

QANTAS

leave them when they descend to their offices in the city every morning. If a chap takes his lunch and a swim at the Yacht Club, which is in the military port, well protected by trenches and sentries, and then comes straight back to the hill after work, he is in a good position to assert that reports of the *dissidence* are greatly exaggerated.

The white-coated staff of the Saint-George, which includes a sprinkling of Moslems, is apolitically polite, except for a couple of the waiter captains—old Bemelmans types—who are apolitically discourteous. The food is of an international pallor; the diner who closes his eyes may imagine himself in Switzerland. There are tea roses *en espalier* on the terrace of my room, No. 18, which is a cubbyhole no more than thirty by twenty-five feet (not counting the hall and bathroom), and which stands me about eight dollars a day. A brass plaque on its door bears an inscription, in English, that reads: "In this room, from December, 1942, to July, 1944, many conferences were held by General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean Theatre, and by General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, Supreme Allied Commander, Mediterranean Theatre, at which decisions vital to the strategy of the war in the Mediterranean were reached."

While I was waiting for my friend to call for me, I went out on my terrace and sat down to look over the morning newspapers. They contained nothing of much interest, except for an account of a French second lieutenant stationed here who, already condemned to death for treason, had now been convicted again, this time of desertion, and sentenced to deportation from Algeria for life. "The sentences will run concurrently," the story added provocatively. The rest was run-of-the-mill—terrorists had hauled an old gentleman, who happened to be the uncle of the Vicar of the Cathedral, off a bus and shot him; two military postmen had been killed by a sniper on a street in Algiers; and in the suburbs a farmhouse had been burned, a jeep driver shot from ambush, and two or three Moslems killed. On the credit side of the ledger, the papers—French, of course—reported a total bag of nineteen rebels killed in eastern Algeria, where the forces of order had suffered only a few casualties, and those just slight wounds. Twenty shotguns had been confiscated and two rebels killed in Kabylie, also at a trifling cost in slight wounds. (A possible reason for the high incidence of only slight

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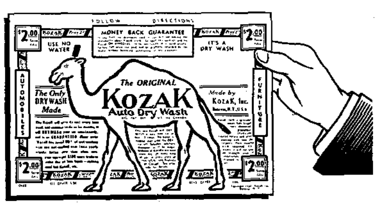

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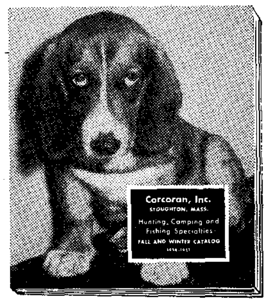

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wounds among the forces of order is that the rebels are armed for the most part with nothing more powerful than shotguns.) And so it went. In all, incidents of violence were reported from twenty-seven localities, which indicated that the *œuvre de pacification* was proceeding briskly.

I HAD just about completed my survey of these lugubrious score sheets when the telephone rang, announcing my friend's arrival. His appearance in the lobby of the Saint-George did not jar with the hotel's atmosphere of calm conservatism. He is one of those Frenchmen who have grown so accustomed to the Algerian climate that they wear collars, ties, jackets, and full-length trousers even when the temperature hovers around a hundred. He led me out to his smart convertible, and we set off as if for a pleasure drive, the way we might have three years ago. After threading our way through city traffic, we got onto the Route Moutonnière, or Sheep Road, which is the main highway leading east from Algiers and is called that because long before it was paved Berber shepherds used to drive their animals over it to market them in the city. The road—smoother now but hardly wider, and crowded with vehicles—cuts through a region of warehouses, factories, and slaughterhouses that much resembles the *faubourgs* of a European city.

In the stream of traffic were French Army jeeps and lorries with soldiers lolling in them, displaying rear-area boredom. Most of them were young Frenchmen who had not yet lost their European paleness. The conscripts and the *rappelés*—fellows called back to the colors—are too soft at first to hunt the *fellagha* in the mountains of the interior. They are fed into safe areas to leg them up. Their presence is supposed to reassure urban dwellers and keep terror-

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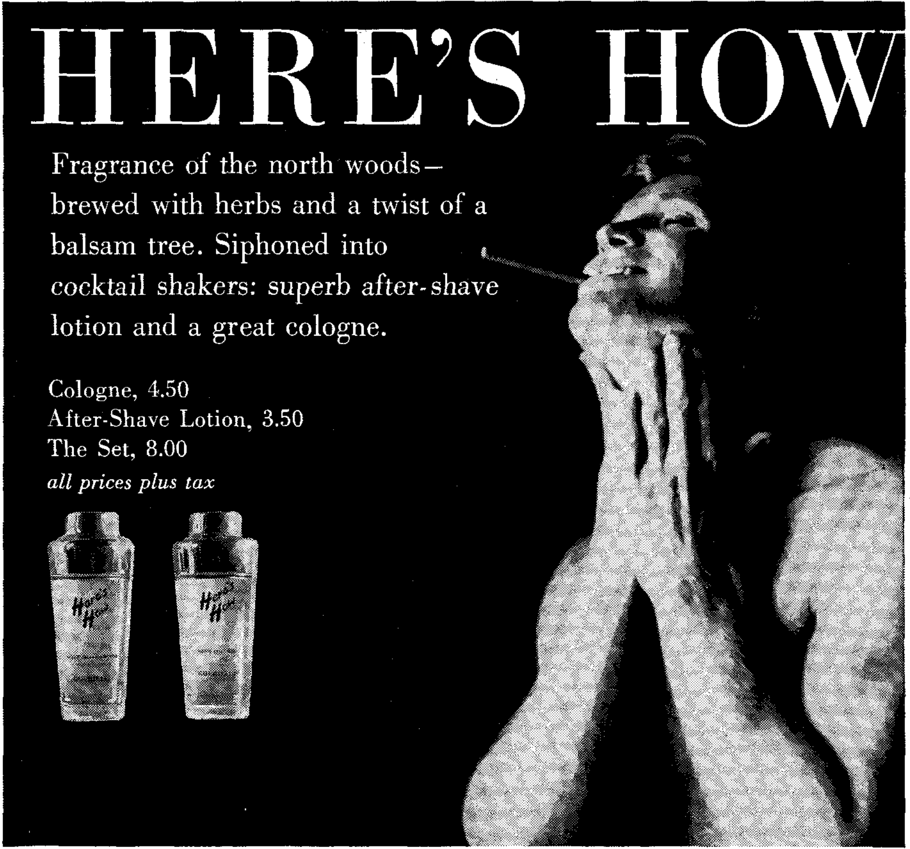

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ists at a distance. The Légionnaires, parachutists, and other rugged types perform the *actions d'éclat*, the *coups de main*, the *coups durs*, and the *offensives foudroyantes* that produce the results the Algerian press acclaims as "fruitful" whenever the troops kill more than one rebel at a time. The vocabulary of French military journalism, preserved almost intact from the First World War, is a pretty incandescent medium for the description of this kind of fighting, but the journalists have no other. The enemy, however, who is conventionally described as *lâche*, or cowardly, does not always consent to confine his attentions to the *corps d'élite* assigned to seek him out but occasionally bushwhacks a section of conscripts on a training march. This adds an element of apprehension to the distaste most of the boys feel for the present interruption of their civilian lives.

The traffic thinned out as we reached junctions with roads leading to a number of important suburbs. We passed the entrance to the Maison Blanche Airport, drove parallel to the airfield for about a mile and a half, then turned off on the road to Fondouk. On either side of us lay neat, geometrical, carefully tended vineyards and orchards, a checkerboard that I had admired from the sky on my return from the south a few days earlier. Algerian vineyards, which have been laid out more or less scientifically within the last fifty years, cover areas that would seem like Texas ranches to the grape growers of Burgundy or the Bordelais, whose ancient little patches of land straggle at odd angles up and down slopes. Even if he has the help of a large family, the proprietor of an Algerian vineyard must call in hired labor to work his land properly.

Gangs of Moslem laborers—men and women—were at work among the vines of the places we passed. The men wore blue denims and big straw hats, like Mexican laborers; the women had bandannas around their heads. The only evidence of trouble I saw was a series of miradors—watchtowers on stilts—flanking the buildings of one of the big *domaines*. Guards are posted in them every night, with rifles and searchlights, to defend the vintage. It is a solution usually open only to a big proprietor, who can afford to hire guards or has enough European employees to organize watches. "In the commune of Saint-Pierre-et-Paul, east of here," my friend said, "almost every small farm has been attacked, at one time or another, except that of a retired Army officer who has a large progeny. He and

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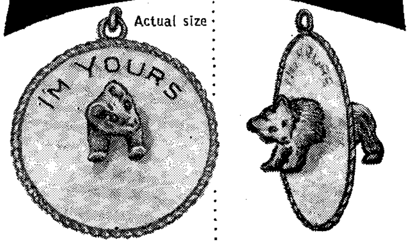

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Fondouk is a fair-sized town but a definitely rural one; on reaching it, I felt that we were at last out of the suburbs. The farms around it, which have a more modest aspect than those we had passed earlier, grow wine grapes, garden truck, wheat, and tobacco. Fondouk was full of soldiers of a regiment recently arrived from France, and the cafés were doing a whacking business. It was the hour of the noon apéritif, and the atmosphere was cheerful. My friend stopped at the police station, ostensibly to ask if the authorities had any clue to who had burned his house; actually, he told me, he just wanted to pass the time of day and hear the local gossip. He enjoyed his visits to the town, he said; it was such a friendly place. When he came out, he said that the gendarmes had asked him to bring in the two boys he had working on the farm, as well as his sharecropping neighbor; the law wanted to ask them some questions. He went on to explain that while Fondouk was the town where he had his *relations* and did his marketing for the farm, his property lay just over the boundary line, in the commune of Maréchal Foch. He would therefore have to go to the town of Maréchal Foch to file his claim for compensation.

Beyond Fondouk, the road was a pretty one, climbing between gentle hills; the mountains looked kind and attractive, but there was no other traffic to be seen and I think we both felt a trifle lonely. As we approached a charred patch in the middle of the road, my friend said, "That's where they burned the bus." I remarked that all those soldiers back in Fondouk might be doing something more useful than imbibing Ricards and playing billiards for the next round. It was the kind of observation that always occurs to people who get out of sight of troops during a war. To be sure, this wasn't a war officially, but still, I reflected, the passenger in the bus hadn't had any opportunity to raise the quibble. The *fellagha* had considered him a belligerent.

"THERE'S my house, or what's left of it," my friend said, pointing to a slope rising from the road perhaps a mile ahead of us. On it I saw the typical white walls of an Algerian farmhouse but not the customary red roof.

Turning up a tributary road leading in the direction of the farm, my

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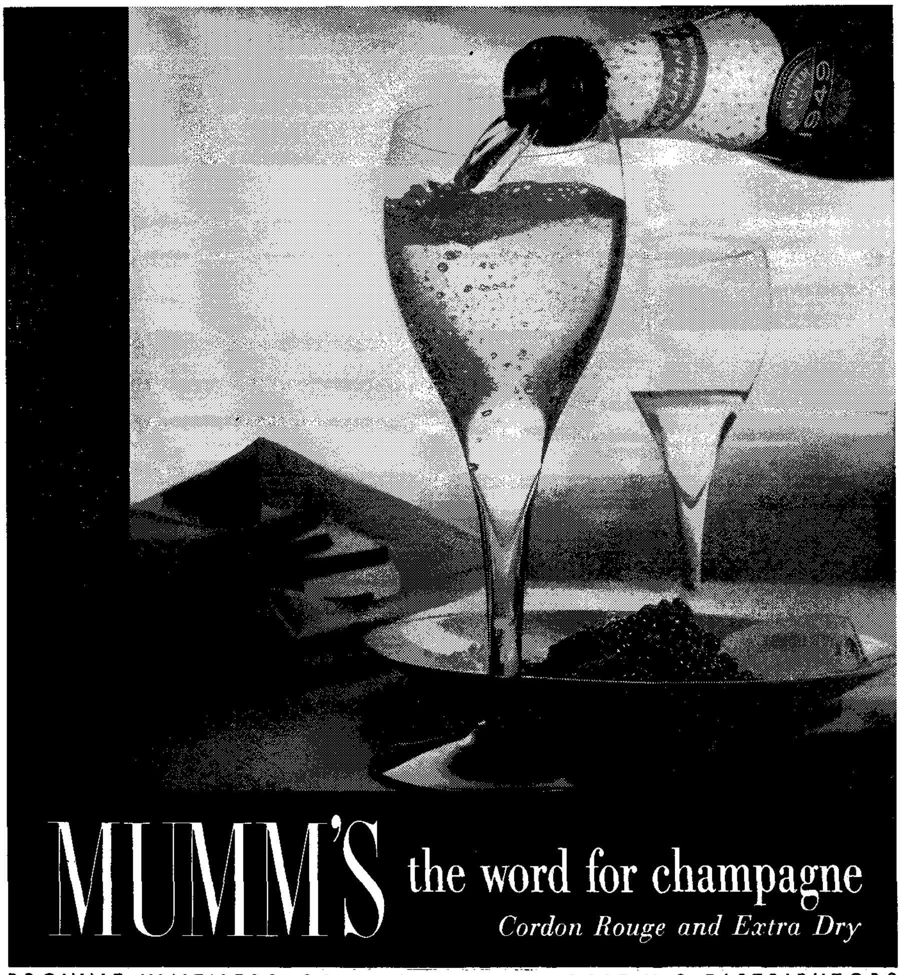

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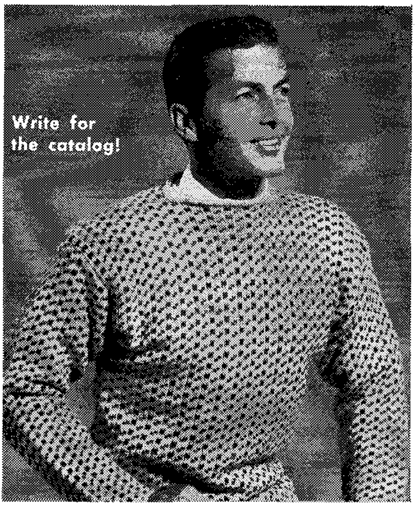
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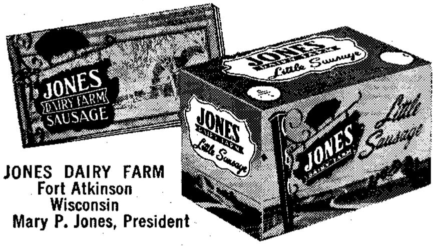

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Mary P. Jones, President

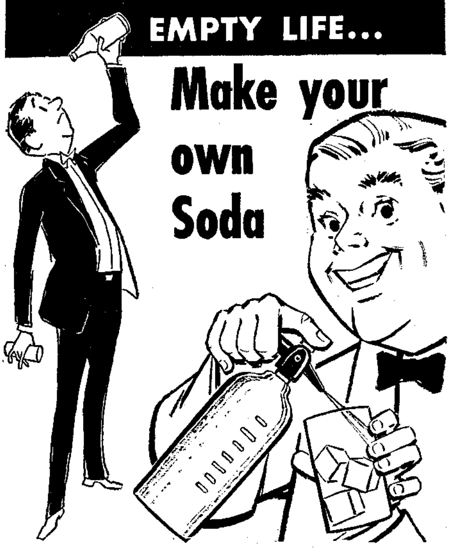
friend said, "It's like a lost valley here. That used to be its charm for us." Soon we came to an extensive and orderly orange grove bordering one side of the road. "My neighbor's," he told me. "His grove adjoins mine, and not one tree in it has been touched. He's in France." My friend did not have to tell me when we reached his property, for beyond a certain point, although the land was still given over to orange trees, every one of them had been toppled; each trunk had been sawed part way through and then snapped, sending the foliage sprawling to the ground.

"Eight hundred and three trees," said their proprietor. He is a graduate of the Ecole Polytechnique and likes figures. "Let's say arbitrarily that it would take a man five minutes to demolish a tree in that fashion. That's four thousand minutes, or about sixty-six man-hours. Assuming they started down from the mountains just after dark, arrived here at around midnight, and left before dawn, they would have had a total of, at most, five hours in which to do the job. So I figure there must have been at least a dozen men—maybe a score."

Rather surprisingly, in that isolated region, a small roadside restaurant came into sight ahead of us. It was closed, of course. "Last year, this was very handy for me and my wife on Sunday nights, when she didn't want to have to cook and then clean up the kitchen before going back to town," my friend said. "The *patronne*, a woman from Fondouk, served an excellent supper. She used to have a good Sunday automobile trade, because it's cool out here, compared to Algiers. She's back in Fondouk now, helping her husband run a bar. Well, here we are." He swung the car off onto a driveway that brought us still farther up the slope, to his barnyard, where we got out. The two Berber boys, both in their middle teens, were working together on an onion bed, weeding it with short-handled hoes. They kept right on working. A man in Levis and a fez came hurrying toward us from the desecrated orange grove. He was the farmer—Abdelkader, by name. Short and bowlegged, with stooped shoulders, long arms, and a long nose, he looked like a Berber Eddie Arcaro. When he reached us, he shook hands with his employer and me, and then assumed what he evidently considered a proper attitude of dejection, staring at his toes and shaking his head slowly.

"What time did it happen?" the boss asked, and Abdelkader swung his

STOP THIS EMPTY LIFE...



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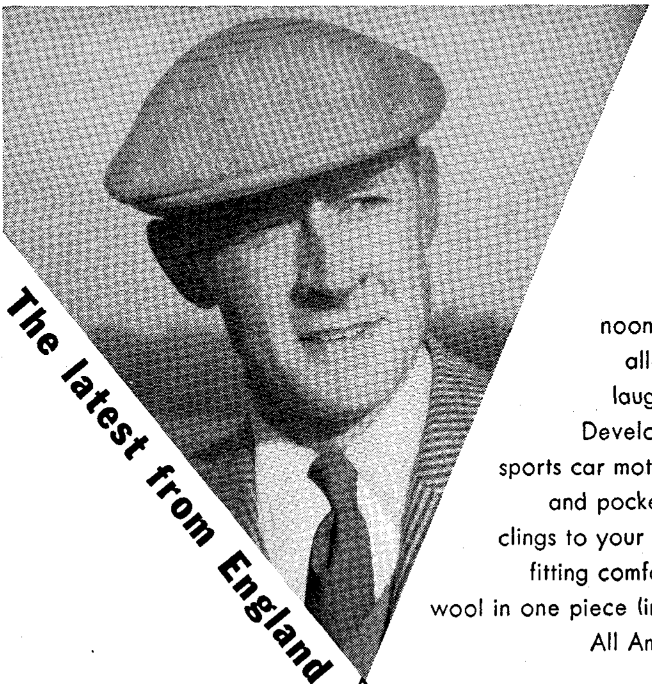
arms high over his head, palms forward, disavowing all knowledge.

"Did anybody you know recognize any of them?" the boss persisted. At this, Abdelkader brought his hands down over his eyes, as if scooping tears from them, then thrust his arms straight out sidewise, his fingers spread wide. He went through a whole series of similar calisthenics of negation in response to further questions, and finally my friend gave up. "Let's go look at the house," he said to me, and we walked a few steps farther up the hillside, to where the white walls stood. As we approached them, I became aware of a strong smell, like that of roasted coffee, and when I stepped in through the gaping doorway, I saw a great heap of barley in a corner, toasted dark brown by the heat. The farmer had stored it there, intending to use it as poultry feed, my friend said, and now the heat of the fire had turned it into one of the commonest wartime substitutes for coffee.

The house, which had consisted of three rooms—two bedrooms and a kitchen—was a mere shell, and its tile floors were deep in ashes. It was the only building that the marauders had touched; the barn, the tool shed, and the chicken run were undamaged, and the livestock had also been spared—the chickens in the run and two small, well-muscled cream-colored oxen that the farmer used for plowing and that were just then grazing on the side of a hill above the orange grove. I wondered if "they" had intentionally overlooked these buildings and animals, so that Abdelkader could continue to work the farm, on which he and his family were dependent for a living. The house and the orange trees contributed nothing directly to the family's nutrition, whereas the livestock did, and "they," it seemed to me, might have realized how unlikely it was that if the oxen, at least, were killed or stolen, my friend would invest in replacements. It occurred to me, too, that in leaving the chickens and oxen behind, the rebels must have been conscious of no protein deficiency in their current diet.

"Did you bring the basket?" Abdelkader, who had followed us up to the ruined house, asked his employer. "I have some beautiful tomatoes for Madame." But my friend, distrait, had not thought of the family larder this time. Abdelkader then silently produced a receipt showing that he had sent two cases of melons and one of tomatoes to market. His boss pocketed the slip of paper and told him, "Keep working. We've got to drive over to



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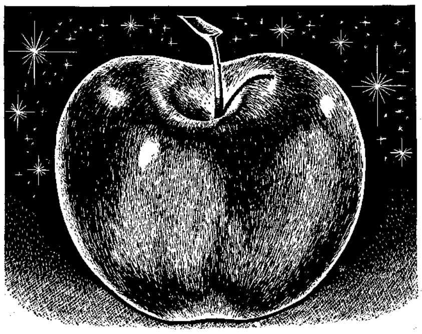

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Maréchal Foch now, but we'll be right back. Tell the boys and Ali I want them to be ready to go to Fondouk with me when I return." Ali was the sharecropper.

We got in the car again and set out for Maréchal Foch. On the way, my friend said the gendarmes had reason to believe that no more than five or six armed *fellagha* from up in the mountains were involved in raids like the one on his place—that they often recruited a score or more of men from the locality to do the hard work, such as cutting down trees. "In that case, it would be strange if Abdelkader did not know at least some members of the local contingent," he remarked. "But if he should give them away, he would be in danger of having his throat cut. On the other hand, he may have put them up to it. How is one to know?"

MARÉCHAL FOCH is a smaller and scrubbier place than Fondouk. So many soldiers and military vehicles were gathered there that I wondered if they were expecting an attack by a panzer division. The Mairie was a two-story building, and the Maire occupied the upper floor with his wife and family. My friend had brought with him a list of his losses, typewritten on the proper form, but the Maire, who received us in his living quarters, said no, no, that was not enough. The supplicant would have to get the list typed in triplicate, and, moreover, append to the three copies an *attestation de non-warrant*—a bit of legal French that stumped me completely. My friend mumbled that he would have to go all the way back to Algiers for these emendations and then make another trip out to file his claim. "That's right," the Maire said impassively. "But there's no hurry. You have three months in which to file."

Back downstairs, I asked my friend what an *attestation de non-warrant* was, and he said he didn't know, either, but hadn't wanted to admit his ignorance to such a bumpkin of a Maire. (We found out later in Algiers that it is an affidavit stating that there is no mortgage on the property involved in the claim.) On the return trip to the farm, my friend grumbled a good deal about the treatment he had received from the Maire. "These monkeyshines of civilian red-tape have empoisoned everybody," he said. "When the gendarmes telephoned me in Algiers to tell me my house had been burned, they wanted me to come out immediately. And do you know why? To

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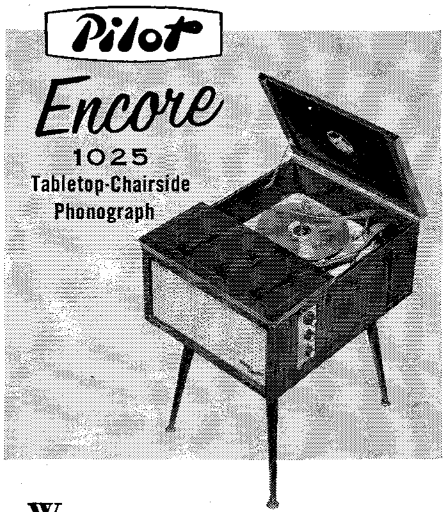

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file a proper *plainte* against, as they put it, 'persons unknown for trespass, breaking, entering, malicious damage, and arson.' The whole region is contaminated."

We stopped shortly before we reached the driveway to the farm, to pick up the sharecropper the police wanted to question; he was a Berber with a brick-red complexion, blue eyes, and a reddish-blond mustache. The two boys were ready and waiting for us—a pair of pie-faced louts who under ordinary circumstances would have been tickled to ride in the sleek convertible. But now they weren't. Their faces were self-righteously blank. "*Maktoub*," they seemed to say. "Fate. What will be will be." *Maktoub* gets to be a bore in North Africa. When we arrived in Fondouk with Ali and the boys, the gendarmes told my friend that they would not need them until the next day, if then. So we drove the trio to a general store, where they bought bottles of green pop, and there we left them. My friend, I imagine, felt a lot like old man Maillard in the novel. —A. J. LIEBLING

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—*The Herald Tribune TV Guide.*

Well and good. What was the name of the inventor?

•

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[*From the Illustrated Magazine Supplement of the Times, March 12, 1899*]

There was a time when the ham, beef, or egg sandwiches purchased at railway stations near New York and in the lunch rooms of the stations of the metropolis were of generous proportions. Between two slices of bread almost an inch in thickness were placed two slices of ham, thick and crisp. The beef sandwich was fixed up in the same way; so was the egg. Now, where once the above delicious morsels were distributed for 5 cents apiece, you pay 10 for two thin, wafer-like slices of moist bread, cut in the form of a triangle, between which is some hashed material that sometimes tastes like ham but more often does not.

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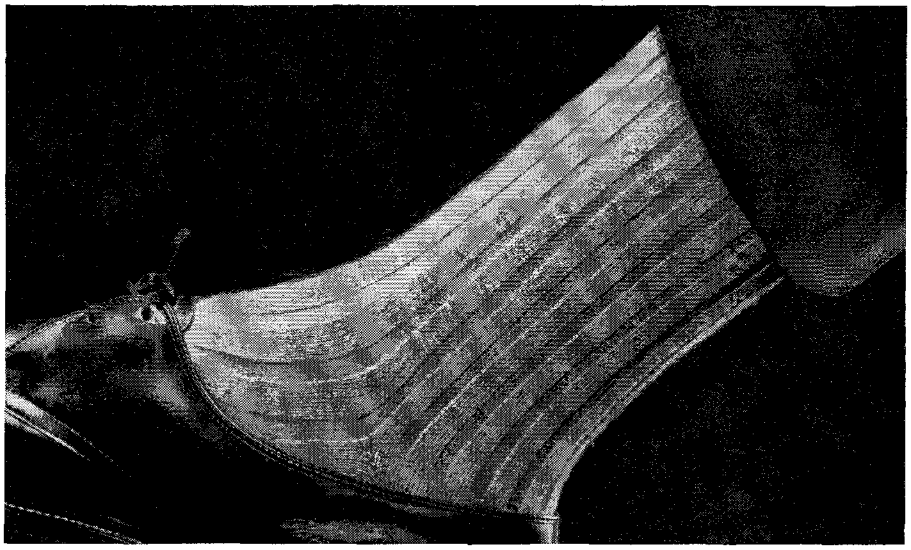

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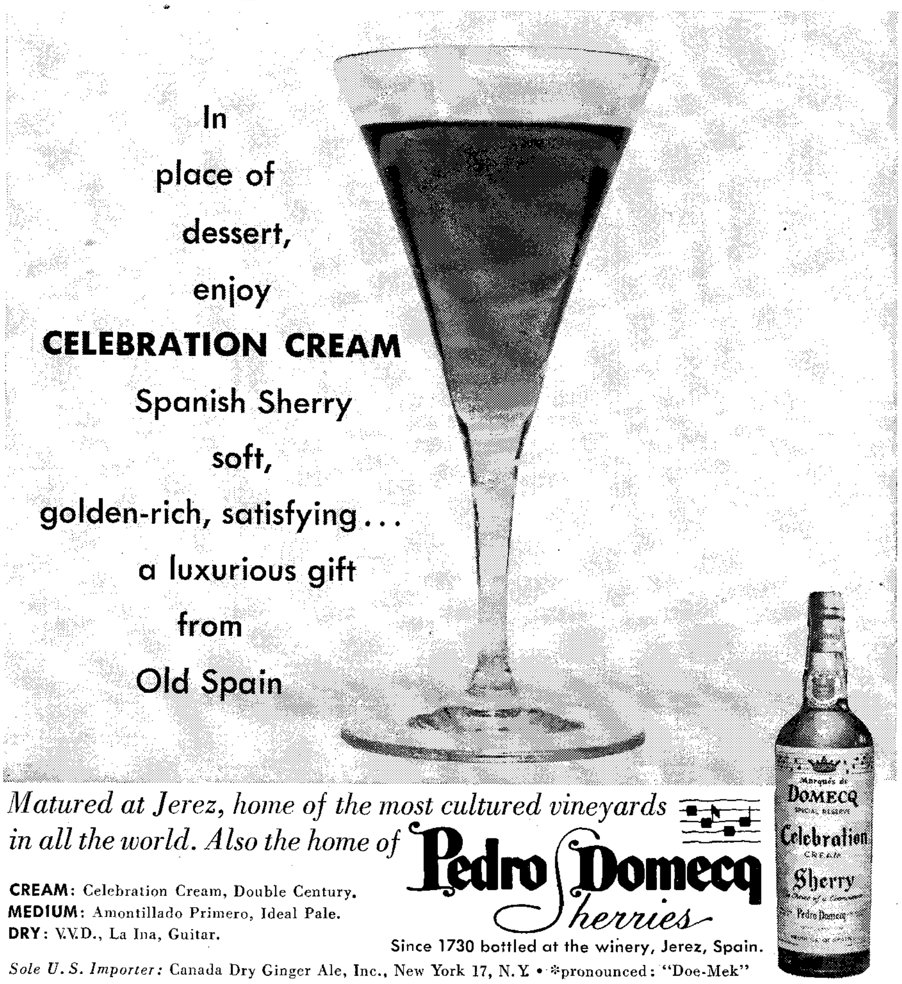

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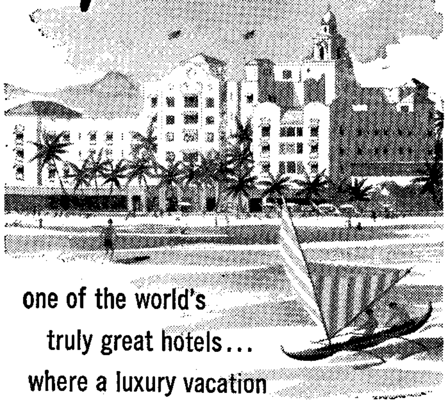

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Eighteen-Carat Comedienne

ON the stage, "The Solid Gold Cadillac," a sidelong glance at some of the sillier aspects of big business, was transformed from a rather fragile comedy into a durable commodity by the sturdy performance of Josephine Hull. Mrs. Hull has an almost transcendental talent for projecting the notions that run like mice through the heads of middle-aged ladies, and she is an actress whose performances are impossible to duplicate. Now we have a movie version of "The Solid Gold Cadillac," in which Mrs. Hull's role is assumed by Judy Holliday, and I am happy to say that she attempts no imitation of her predecessor. She is a hell of a funny woman in her own right, and here, given free rein in Abe Burrows' adaptation of the original work by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann, she is altogether her own comic self, complete with that strange, primitive Bronx accent and that air of primordial simplicity.

The plot, which shouldn't bother you much, has to do with a female stockholder in a corporation about the size of United States Steel, who, though her holdings are minuscule, causes an uproar at an annual meeting by requesting some information about the staggering salaries paid to the officers of the firm. To keep her quiet, the organization hires her to answer correspondence from other small stockholders, and before you know it, she has enough proxies to take over the business. Mr. Burrows has seen to it that all the good things in the Kaufman-Teichmann script have been preserved, and has added some comicalities of his own. By way of giving Miss Holliday something to do besides baiting corporate stuffed shirts, he has provided her with a suitor, in the person of Paul Douglas—a big financial wheel in her company who is serving as a dollar-a-year man in Washington but keeping a close eye on his private interests. As you'll remember from "Born Yesterday," Miss Holliday and Mr.

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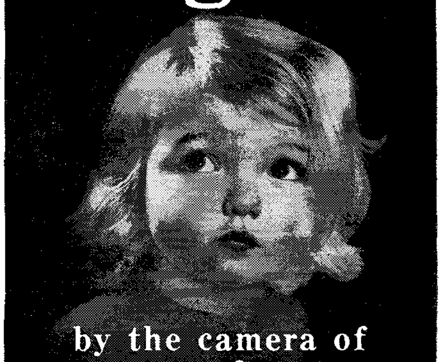

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Douglas make quite a lively team, and they are fortunate in having Hiram Sherman, Fred Clark, John Williams, and several other estimable people on hand to give them some enthusiastic help.

"MARCELINO" is an attractive little Spanish film featuring a five-year-old boy named Pablito Calvo, who is altogether as nice a child as you're likely to encounter in a very long time. Directed by Ladislao Vajda, a Hungarian now living in Spain, the picture is based, I'm told, on an ancient folk tale. It tells the poignant story of an infant lad left at the door of a monastery, whose inhabitants, after a fruitless search for his parents, undertake to rear him themselves. The monks portrayed here are delightful, and the boy's life among them is gently diverting. At the end of the picture, it turns out that Pablito is no ordinary mortal but a saint, which is a totally unexpected revelation. For the most part, though, this is a fine film.

IN "Vitelloni," the Italian director Federico Fellini, who was responsible for "La Strada," undertakes to examine some of the young bloods of an Italian village, who seem to be about on a par with some of our own delinquents. Prominent among them is a young masher who is forced into marriage when his girl becomes pregnant; a potential playwright, a pal of the skirt-chaser's; and a lad who is dying to get out of town and see the world. Mr. Fellini makes these unpromising types occasionally amusing, and, indeed, achieves some skillful variations on the theme that they are neither all bad nor all good. Still, the theme seems hardly worth this full-length treatment, even though the acting is admirable throughout. The cast is headed by Franco Fabrizi, who is splendid as the sport who can't get enough of girls.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE cloth coats around New York have never been more stylish, and I loved them dearly a short time ago, but after viewing the incredible luxury of the furs in the custom houses around town, I've decided that maybe my heart belongs to mink. For mink has never been more deviously simple (I am thinking particularly of Bergdorf Goodman's Emeric Partos and his shirtwaist dress of black mink with a contour leather belt and a casual knot of white mink under the collar) or more extravagant. In cut, that is. For the awful problem of choosing between so many mutations has diminished. Oh, there are still a few. Dark rich brown ranch mink remains important, and we also have Lutetia (dark gray with a blue cast), Autumn Haze (the warm tan of a beagle puppy), and Diadem, a blond newcomer that is already a threat to white mink for evening. Gunther Jaeckel thinks well of the tawny Desert Gold, and Revillon thinks well of good old-fashioned wild mink instead of the institutionalized animal. For good old-fashioned luxury, most houses have put together a couple of coats in which the skins are worked wide—nearly four inches across instead of the conventional two and a quarter, to make the fur resemble sable. Maximilian and Bergdorf use the skins not only wide but upside down, so the hair is in the ascendant; since the fur is viewed from above, there is an illusion of greater depth. (Caution: You have to learn to stroke it upward.) A full-length knockout arranged like this, at Maximilian, is constructed of ranch mink. It tapers toward the hem and becomes noticeably darker there. One of Emeric Partos' magnificoes is a beguiling short-sleeved, below-knee-length cape of ranch mink that embodies his nice trick of elaborate snap-in linings to cover the plainer regular ones for evening. Mink isn't everything around town, though. Black Alaska seal runs a good second, and Russian broadtail is abundant, too.

No matter how straight the line of a coat (and straight coats, often with mandarin slits at the hems, are prevalent), the collars are efflorescent. They're all designed to be worn several ways, but they usually start out flat against the neck and then puff or fold upward at the sides to frame the face. Alfred Rainer's little jewel of a waist-length jacket, done in Royal Pastel mink, begins with a sort of shawl collar that can be pulled forward to cradle the chin or, for evening, can open wide in a heart-shape layout whose point is at the waistline. Maximilian's collars look as if a wayward wind had been puffing through them, they're that pliable. The Russian-broadtail efforts are particularly charming. The best of the many hoods in town (but who wants to muss a good hairdo?) are designed so that they fall into a graceful cowl collar in back. Gunther loves this idea. There are dozens of capes or coats that are anywhere from below-hip length to just-below-the-knees length, and a big mirror is more than ever a necessity.

Cocoon and barrel shapes are rife. Bendel is showing a perfect full-length cape of black Alaska seal that represents some new departures. From the back, it looks like a dolman cape—very wide across the elbows and tapering sharply below. This width means that there is plenty of fur to cover the arms in front before the hands emerge from the slits. This has a crossed shawl collar. A really exaggerated coat, also of black seal, is the stunner at Bergdorf. It's just-below-knee length and is caught in beside the knees with buttons to accomplish a hobble effect. Partos, its designer, likes to dress it up, on occasion, with a big cape collar of lynx or, because he's in love with black on black, a vast muff and raggedy hat, both of black monkey fur. More wearable barrel shapes result from working soft skins horizontally, as in Alfred Rainer's delightful hip-length ranch-mink cape for day or evening. Little chinchilla evening wraps are made to seem more bloused and puffy with this horizontal working. And chinchilla is ladylike this season (I used to hate it), and even youthful. Esther Dorothy, who, through the years, has been trying to make a Galatea of this rat, works the skins diagonally in her small waist-length capes and her huddled jackets.

There is no end to the inventiveness of the designers who manipulate Russian broadtail like chiffon in making really elaborate coats; as for tailored sports coats, everyone has discovered sleek river otter from Brazil, Bolivia, and other South American countries. It can make a terrific winter raincoat, too, for it is warm and it sheds water like— well, an otter. A new natural color in South American otter is dark brown with a bluish tinge; it has also been bleached to a nice polo-coat tan shade, and Maximilian offers another variant, blue-gray, which the firm uses for a tailored coat, with gray Persian inside the big lapels and trimming the flaps of the pockets. Rainer is still a master of otter, which he raised from a pup. And David, at 50 West Fifty-seventh, has a stunning coat in a fur that resembles the new otter but is actually a warm brown Canadian hair seal. This is much softer than the Norwegian, which Revillon continues to dote on. The one at David is a Marlene Dietrich trench coat piped with brown velvet, and there's a self belt, bathrobe type, and a wide shawl collar of fluffy otter.

BUT enough of generalizing. Let's drop into some of the salons for a more orderly survey.

Emeric Partos' big and varied collection at Bergdorf Goodman is planned to stun the woman who thought she had everything. He's a belt man. Some of his self belts emerge from slits at the sides of the coats and then nip them in at the front, as happens to a coat of white India broadtail lamb fully lined with wide stripes of nutria. On a jacket of Royal Pastel mink that comes well down on the hips in back, the broad leather belt makes a puffy peplum. Partos admires forward fullness—fullness at the shoulders, fullness in the skirts. Contour leather belts, arching on the stomach to suggest a high waistline, are prolific here. A belt of this sort gives a nice, bunchy look to a coat of black seal; the belt is of black velvet (that Partos black-on-black combination again). Enormous buttons, put together like cuff links, are another Partos pet. A full-length mink coat has a square of buttons from the waistline down, but they can be removed if you want to huddle the coat in the evening. He is adept at working pelts for a bloused effect. A coat of black broadtail is bloused above the contour belt, and the skirt is given a forward swing by means of side pleats. Charles Dana Gibson should have lived to see one Partos shirtwaist dress, this with a bloused top of white ermine and a skirt of black broadcloth. Of the short evening goodies here, my favorites are

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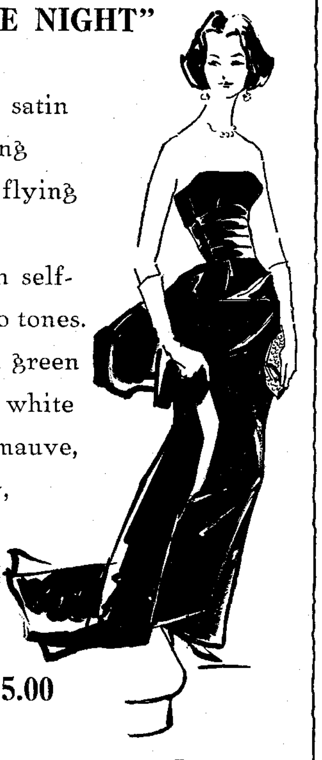

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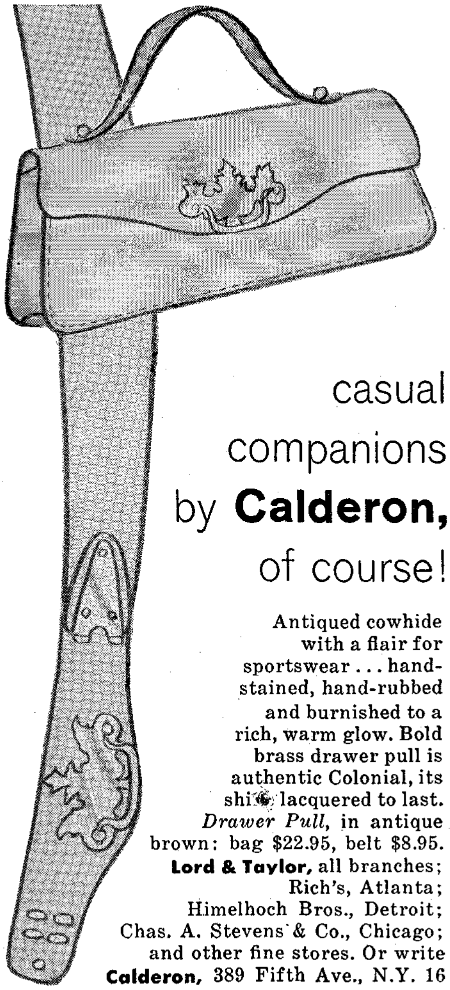
one of chinchilla, made extra bulky with upward-tucked tiers across the back, and one of white mink bloused on a white grosgrain band all around the base.

VERY high style is the password at Maximilian, too, though there is an all-purpose ranch-mink cape ending a bit below the hips. The hands come out through casual slits placed well forward, so that the arms are covered. The double-breasted buttons that make it tailored for daytime can be removed for evening. Persian lamb dyed steel-blue gray is the basis of a coat-dress with tiny steel buttons going down the front from a turnover collar and darts nipping in the high waistline. A Persian coat, dyed golden beige, is collarless and tubular; a matching separate cowl collar can go over the head and button high across the chest to make it extra dressy. The Russian broadtail here is breathtaking. One full-length coat has a puffy collar (all outward tucks and folds) and sable cuffs below the elbow-length sleeves. A chinchilla lei slips through loops around the neck of a straight coat of Russian broadtail. It is assumed that you will also order a broadtail lei with fringed ends for your vampire moods. More broadtail is worked horizontally in a very extreme tunic with a harem hem above the knees.

ONE of Bendel's elegancies is an absolutely beautiful Directoire coat of black Russian broadtail. It has high armholes, and a curve inward near the top in back and under the bustline in front indicates the Directoire look, a cunning variation on the more obvious placing of tabs or half belts here and there. A ranch-mink cape with a rearing-up collar is of skins worked wide and horizontal across the top to make a big, deep yoke; meeker and narrower vertical stripes of mink appear below. A Zuckerman waist-length cape of Persian broadtail or white beaver is high and wide across the upper part of the body. It fastens with four buttons down one side, and the silhouette slants out just like a lampshade. A coat of white American broadtail, for resort or town, is three-quarter length and very tubular. There are slits at the sides, an outward fold goes down the upper part of the arms, and the pockets are placed very low. This is $770, tax included, a price you can hardly get any more. And a hipbone-length jacket of black American broadtail, with four brass buttons and little



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slits at the sides near the hem, is just $297, with tax.

REVILLON, which loves old-fashioned sports furs in general, is happiest this year with ocelot, an ideal choice to accompany the many taupe shades that are around nowadays. Magnificence personified is a full-length coat with wide, fat lapels and a low, wide belt in back to hold in the fullness there. Ocelot also makes the shawl collar of a black seal hip-length jacket. Somali leopard, which gets rarer and rarer, is used very simply, so that this spectacular fur can speak for itself—in a three-quarter coat with big patch pockets, for instance. A just-right hip-length jacket of Persian lamb has a vent that goes well up the back; it's edged with black satin, and a bow of black satin decorates the chest. Another favorite of mine is a below-hip-length cape of black Alaska seal with a deep collar all around and a silhouette in back that looks something like ( ). A coat of Russian broadtail, long and tubular, has a cape collar that flips out astern because of the inverted pleat there; a fitted coat of black Alaska seal has a wide shawl collar of chinchilla. And, for sheer deviltry, there are full-length coats entirely of white fox or lynx. Then, lest you think everything in this sermon is aimed at a ninety-per-cent-bracket income, there is a true love of a jacket, hipbone length, made of pastel mink paws arrayed in vertical chevron stripes; it's $594, tax and all.

ESTHER DOROTHY is at once creative and practical, and it's too bad her tribe does not increase. She likes straight lines for full-length coats, and all her coats are cut to wrap forward. If you have to sit in them, which she deplores, your knees will be covered. Elbows are always covered, whether you bend them or not. This year, she does lots of tuxedo collars that barely show when the coats are wrapped but can fold backward to make quite a display when you like. A dyed nutria, sort of a star-sapphire color, is a pet of hers. She uses it for a full-length coat with a vent at each side of the back and a lavish ranch-mink tuxedo collar. Ranch mink also peeks from under the nutria cuffs; these undercuffs

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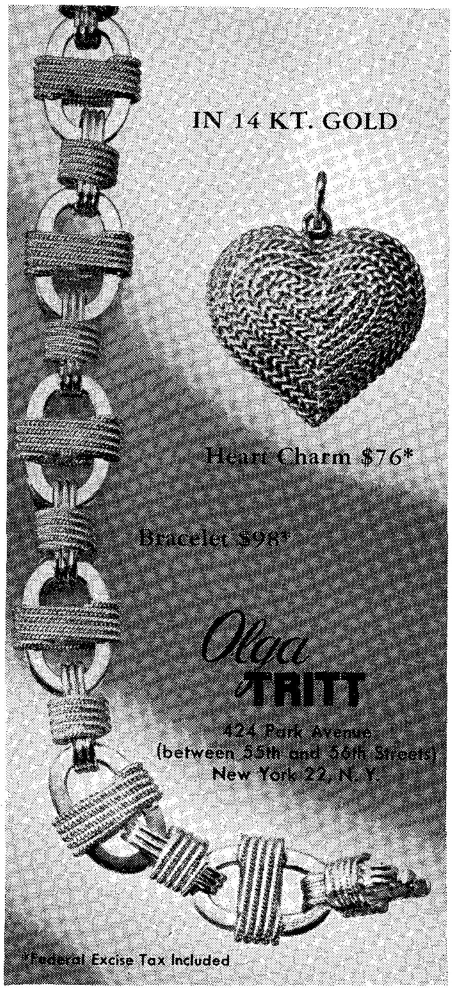

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can be turned back or pulled well down on the wrists, where they fasten with link buttons. Other handsome coats, of white beaver, have ranch-mink tuxedo collars; Alaska-seal coats have Royal Pastel tuxedo collars. Dorothy was the first, as far as I know, to make chesterfields in luxurious furs; her latest stunt is a short English overcoat (long enough to cover even Irene suit-jacket lengths, though) of Lutetia. Skins worked on the bias are a trademark here; the ultimate example is a full-length cape of Russian broadtail with a huge standup collar that is backed with white mink. Brown Russian broadtail makes a rounded-hip tunic fastened with steel buttons. It's just-above-knee length, and the narrow sleeves are distinctly leg-of-mutton at the top. And, for fluffiness over full skirts, there's a tiny jacket of Azurene mink, gathered to blouse at the hem. It has a waist-length shawl collar and crushed elbow sleeves. You can push the jacket back to show plenty of décolletage at night, or huddle it, or twist the whole thing around one arm like a muff.

Alfred Rainer's collections always avoid the spectacular in favor of understated feminine aplomb. A full-length coat of black Alaska seal has not only aplomb but allure, this because of the little satin bow under the tiny collar. (There is a fairly deep V, however; Rainer always allows for fur or fabric ascots, in the Continental manner, inside his necklines.) Satin ribbon laces through the bell sleeves of this one to tie in bows and pull them in a trifle some inches above the wrists. Rainer shows coats in that dark-blue-brown river otter I was talking about. A fitted one is circled by a leather belt; the shawl collar is of Royal Pastel mink, and so are the undercuffs, which project from underneath the otter sleeves and fasten with cuff links. This sort of sleeve appears on a coat of almost iridescent brown Persian lamb, whose shawl collar and undercuffs are of ranch mink. Sometimes the otter is dyed and bleached into a taupe shade. A coat of this has low vents making a panel in back, and there's a collar of natural sable. Tubular coats with a slightly barrel silhouette are around, too; one is of black Persian broadtail, with a braid band around it just under the arms and a similar band at the hips. The skins in a jacket of Lutetia mink are worked horizontally to give it a bunchy look. It's hipbone length in back and has a tiny peplum; the shawl collar goes to the waist of the jacket before it curves outward. This design is repeated in a combination of

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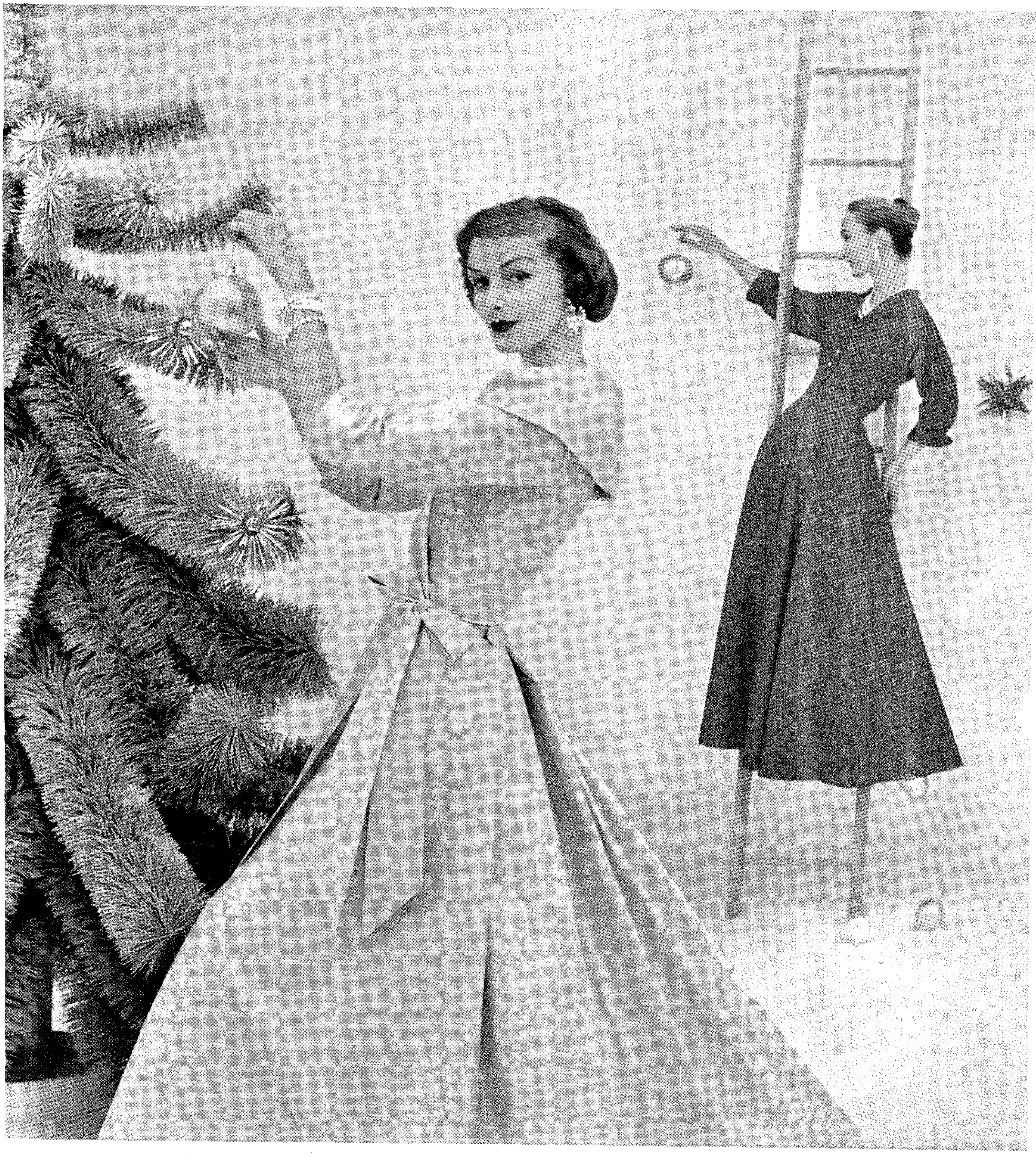

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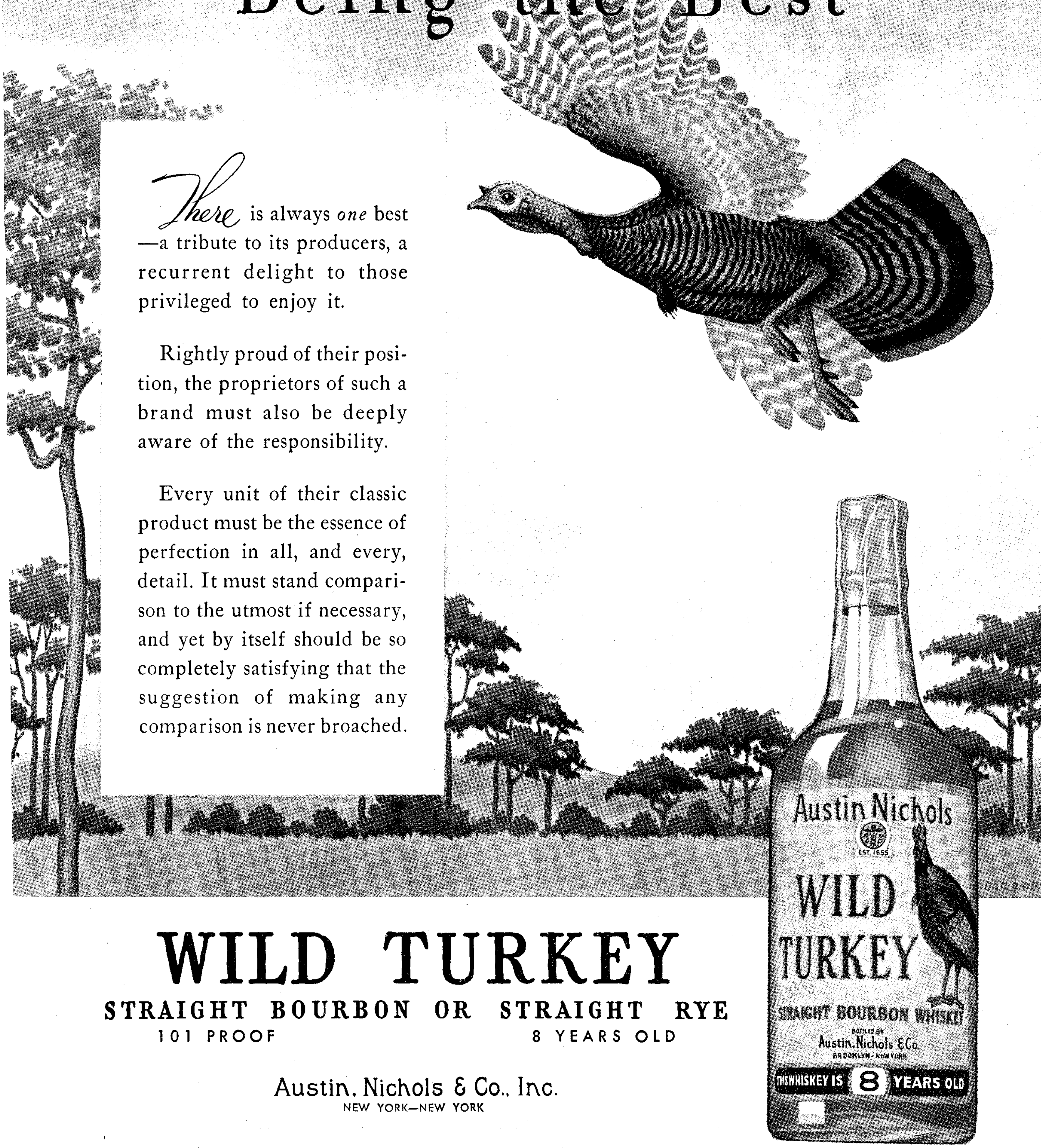
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Russian broadtail and black mink, too. A real triumph is a black broadtail cape, below the waist in back, with a big shawl collar of white mink that flattens out before it crosses down the front. Buttons fasten this crossing.

As I have hinted before, Gunther Jaeckel is bearish on hoods this year. A full-length cocoon-shaped cape is of black Persian, and the hood part of it is edged with black mink; the hood of an easy greatcoat of black Alaska seal is lined with black velvet. A three-way hood pulls up around the neck in a bolster effect, falls in a graceful cowl, or covers the head. This is of ranch mink. The full-length mink coats here are designed to be pushed well back off the shoulders, giving the back a low, bloused look (twenties style) and showing plenty of chest and shoulders for evening, too. An opera cape of white beaver, with a small ranch-mink collar, has a square-shouldered, military cut; a miraculous coat-dress of black Russian broadtail—the back slim and fitted, the collar a high shawl affair that stands away from the neck—has two self tabs coming forward from the sides of the waist in front to snap and hold in the forward fullness of the skirt. For more informal, countryside life (and more informal prices), we come upon a patch-pocket car coat of caramel beaver, mid-thigh length, with a square of buttons on the stomach; it's $935. A jacket to wear over suits is a boxy, hipbone-length deal of black American broadtail, with tiny reefer pockets and a shawl collar of dyed sable; $545. Both these prices include the federal tax.

At Hattie Carnegie, they're permanently fond of jackets that end a bit above the waistline; they call them Demi-Jackets. The favorite design this year has perky revers in front and two slits ascending in back; a little velvet bow is poised at the top of each slit. They make it in everything—beaver, mink (with satin bows), red mole, and American broadtail. This last is $335, with tax. Another Demi-Jacket, of white mink, has a crossed shawl collar that ends at a slanting bow of white mink just above the waistline to one side. This one is done in black Russian broadtail, too, with a mink collar and bow. Black Russian broadtail also makes a hippy coat-dress, with a slanting pair of bands and folds down the hips to emphasize the roundness, and there is a marvellous straight coat of black ermine with a fold across the back at the waistline to hint at a bolero. This

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hint is emphasized by the horizontal working of the skins above the fold. The rest of the coat is worked vertically. A honey of a full-length coat appears in white American broadtail; black velvet makes the collar, which is bound with the broadtail, and the detail on the pockets. The thing is buttoned down the front, and a back panel swings free on the skirt low in back. It's $975, tax included, for all this elegance.

UP at Bonwit Teller are Dior's offerings, whose only shocks are delightful ones. A full-length coat of Russian broadtail has an inverted pleat all the way down the rear; a cowl-collar fold stands away from the neck in back but lies flat in front, where it crosses and buttons. A self sash will tie this in, if you like. Another self sash accompanies a full-length ranch-mink coat with a little rolled, crossed collar. An evening coat of white mink has a cape back and a front that laps over itself like a fichu. The upper edge of the top skin at the rear is detached, so there's a peekaboo glimpse of your evening décolletage when you push the coat back on the shoulders; when it's pulled forward, it's as demure as you please. (Hard to visualize, all right, but it really works.) This can be made up in every shade of mink. Tailored Dior fur jackets to wear over suits are plentiful. One, a nutria hipbone-length job with high reefer pockets, suggests a cape; it's $875. Another, of Persian lamb, mid-thigh length, has a tiny shawl collar, reefer pockets, and a vent in the center back; $1,045. Among Bonwit's own designs is a vast, enveloping greatcoat of black mole with a hood; $715. (The federal tax, by the way, has been lumped in with all these prices.) As for tunics, there's one of devastating simplicity, done in black seal, with a long tuxedo collar that can turn over to wrap, and there's also the utmost in Dolly Sisters fantasy—a knee-length tunic of gray broadtail, with gray fox around the rippling hem. A black seal cape, wide at the elbows in the old-fashioned dolman way, is full length, and its bolster collar is of mink or sable.

SOPHIE, of Saks Fifth Avenue, makes her coats very slim. One is a Russian broadtail, with a folded collar rising high at the sides away from the neck and the loose back caught in by a fragment of belt placed quite low. She does wonders with matara and black seal—a coat of matara with a mink shawl collar and a side pleat folded forward low on each side of the slender skirt, and a coat of

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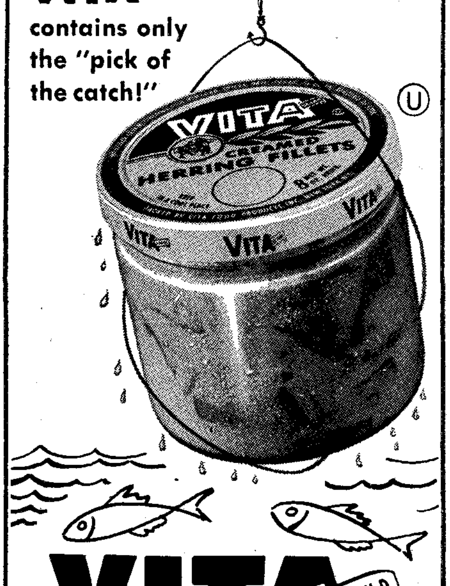

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black seal with a trumpet effect in the skirt, achieved by an inward pleat at each side of the back panel and others on the sides. For sports, she uses beaver dyed what she calls Blue Mist (a nice powder blue) and a beaver dyed butterscotch. The Blue Mist makes a greatcoat with tricky cuffs, on the windbreaker principle, that can be manipulated several ways.

STEIN & BLAINE gives a barrel look to a hip-length cape of pale Azurene mink with tucks across the back. A full-length daytime coat of matara seal has slanting hip pockets, and velvet ribbon (which can be released, of course) ties in the fullness low in back. This house likes shirred furs, even shirred mink, which it uses for a full-length coat with a collar whose outer edge is shirred onto the inner one. The skins of this coat are worked wide. Nothing is more youthful than a hip-length jacket of Russian broadtail, with satin rims around the fur buttons that appear at each side of the low back panel and on the up-and-down reefer pockets.

DAVID, at 50 West 57th Street, has beautiful full-length wrapped tubular coats of Russian broadtail, with folds and folds at each side of the neck. They're shown in both the conventional black and the rare gray-blue. A jacket of black Russian broadtail is waist length in front and deeply bloused on a waistband that descends sharply on the small of the back; $985, plus tax. And there's an assortment of Persian-broadtail jackets, mid-thigh length, straight, and tailored with a chesterfield look, to go over suits. They have long revers above the three buttons down the stomach, and high pockets with flaps.

AND what ever happened to those cape stoles of the past few years, thank goodness? —LOIS LONG

•

Gauguin, the artist who was immortalized in Somerset Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence," married a native woman after he left his wife and children and fled to Tahiti.—*Louella O. Parsons in the Journal-American.*

Let's see, who immortalized Maugham?

•

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*People v. Amdur, 1954. 123 CA 2d 953*]

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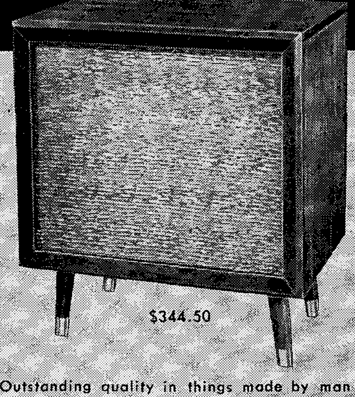

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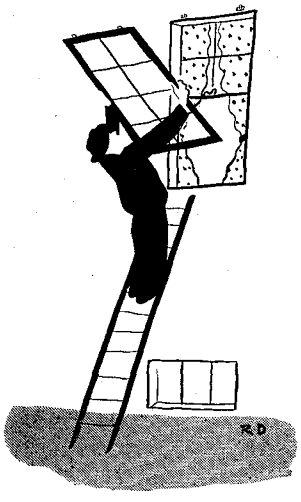
THE DOMINANT KITE IN BANGKOK

I HAD not flown a kite since I was six or seven. My kites then were small, shaggy-tailed, tree-destined; they usually lasted less than a day, and my enthusiasm not more than two. For such an amateur kiteman to land in the championship matches of kiteflying, as I did recently in Bangkok, is something like starting a sand-lot ballplayer in the World Series. I spent an afternoon as a rookie on the Sor Dhammabhakdi Bookstore kite team. I was even holding the twine when we hooked, battled, and brought down the excellent kite of the Bangkok Electric Company, so that now, from a distance, I am rooting for the old Sor Dhammabhakdi kite to bring down Hotpoint and Shell and cop the title.

I first heard of big-league kiteflying a year ago, while on Army duty in Hawaii. A Thai colonel spoke to the unit I was attached to, and afterward I went up to talk to him about Thailand. Our interview was complicated somewhat by amiability, since the Thais, as I found out later, are an easygoing people and like to please. For example, if you ask a question, such as "Is a taxi coming to get me?," they will smile and reply, "Oh, yes," because they feel an affirmative answer will please you, whether a taxi ever intends to come for you or not. Several years of close contact with Americans have convinced the Thais that Americans want all other countries to be carbon Americas, so they will tell you that everyone in Thailand has a television set, that commercials are a fine thing, and that the Thai ideal of womanhood is Marilyn Monroe.



"Colonel," I asked, at one point in our conversation, "what would you say the favorite sports of Thailand are?"

"Sports?" He smiled, thought for a minute, and said, "Favorite Thai sports—golf, tennis, polo . . ." and waited for the next question.

Even then I knew that, though several kings of Thailand have been good golfers, there are but four or five courses in the country, and it is too hot to play much tennis or polo. "The *average* Thai," I persisted, "what does he do for recreation, exercise?"

"Golf, tennis, polo," said the colonel, smiling.

"Villagers, farmers," I said. "In your city, for example, which is—"

"Korat, north."

"Yes, now in Korat, *besides* golf, tennis, and polo, naturally, what do you do—what do *you* do in Korat for fun?"

The colonel frowned a moment, then smiled his beatific smile. "You mean fun?" he said. "For fun I fly my kite."

"Not children," I said. "Big people."

"Oh, yes. In Korat everyone flies kite. In spring, everyone in Thailand flies kite. Many kites, many people. Kites fight all spring, best kites fight in Bangkok."

"They *fight*?"

"Oh, yes. My kite was lady. Some like men kite, I like lady—when you tell lady kite something, she moves quick. Good to have lady in fight." The colonel smiled his widest. "She was champion of Korat, one time."

The colonel, at my request, then went on to give me some background on the sport of kitefighting. The Thais, he said, have been flying kites for at least seven hundred years. There is even a legend of an ardent prince who ascended to his lady's bedroom by means of a taut kite-string. In spring, he said, elaborating on an earlier remark, there are kites above most village greens in Thailand and along many of Bangkok's *klongs*, or canals, and sooner or later the serious kitemen, each of whom is captain of a team, get to the Pramane Ground, a large common in Bangkok. Sometimes there are elimination contests, first between teams within a village, then between villages, until the provincial champions assemble in Bangkok.

Kites are of two kinds: the *chula*, or male, kite and the *pakpao*, or female, kite. The *chula* is star-shaped, seven or eight feet high and perhaps five feet wide, fast, powerful, but not as agile or as graceful as the smaller, diamond-shaped *pakpao*, which measures about five feet by three. The *chula* has as its weapon several six-inch hooks, fastened to the string just below the kite itself;

in the air the *chula* makes a running pass at the string of the *pakpao*, to hook it and bring it down. Defensively, the *pakpao* is more maneuverable; it can climb faster and turn more tightly, and as a weapon it has, just under the kite, two loops of twine, four or five feet in circumference, which the *pakpao* kitemen try to cast, lariatlike, over the points of the star-shaped *chula*. Both kites are made simply, of rice paper and bamboo.

A kite team usually has at least seven members. The chief kiteman, or captain of the team, holds the kitestring at a point nearest the kite and directs or executes the maneuvering. Sometimes, with his teammates ranged behind him, he may stand in one spot and let the line play out through his fingers, as when the kite is being carried upward by the wind. At other times, he may keep a tight hold on the line and, by a series of intricate wiggles, make the kite climb, turn, slide, or dip. Or, again holding fast to the string, he may run with it in any direction. At such times, the other members of the team, some of them usually boys, will pick up the slack of the line and run after him, carrying the slack over their shoulders. At still other times, the captain may remain stationary while the rest of the team runs with the string; at these times the captain, letting the string slip through his fingers, acts as a pivot. His teammates may run to the rear or to the right or left of him, depending upon the exact maneuver he wishes the kite to make. Maneuvering the kite is a complex operation, and a champion kiteman exhibits great skill, particularly when his kite is closing in on, or being attacked by, another kite.

At the Pramane Ground, each kite team stakes out an area by planting a flag with the team insignia on it. The competing teams with *chula* kites are separated from those flying *pakpao* kites by a kind of fence, or *rua*. By sailing across this fence, a kite challenges the kite flying opposite it. Several contests may go on at one time.

The crowds, the colonel told me, begin to gather at the Pramane Ground about four in the afternoon. These spectators are almost exclusively Thai, for though the Pramane Ground is probably the most colorful spot in Bangkok, it is largely unknown to foreigners, because the Thais take it for granted and conduct their visitors to more obvious sights, such as the Emerald Buddha, the Temple of the Dawn, and the floating market. By four-thirty, the Pramane Ground is a very

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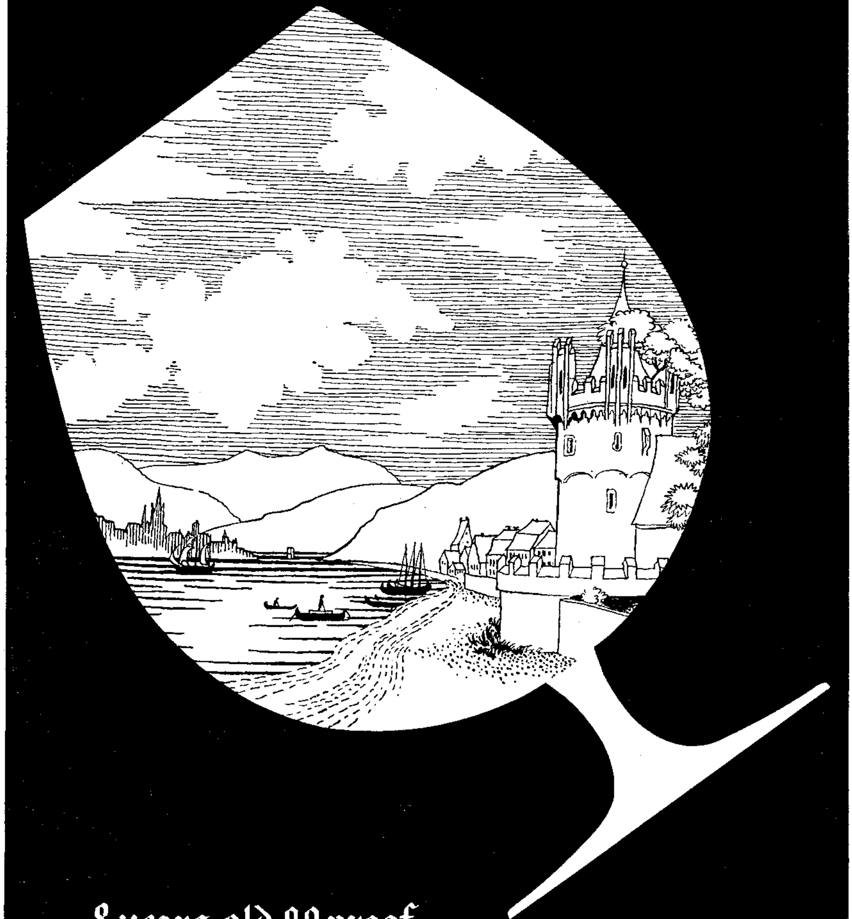

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busy place, the colonel went on. There are peanut and spice venders, jugglers, snake charmers, three-man bands (wooden flute, cymbals, drum), and scores of kites—some on the ground, some aloft. A knot of people may have, as the object of its attention, three swaying cobras, two jugglers with poles on their chins, or a master kiteman getting his kite into the air. At one side of the field, in a small wooden pavilion, are the judges, who are usually businessmen and kite enthusiasts. Their main function is to make the outcome of each match official by declaring the winner. They also keep a record of the standing of the teams.

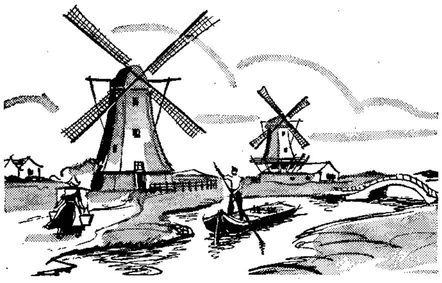
SEVERAL weeks after my talk with the colonel, I got some leave and a seat on a military plane, and flew to Bangkok. At my hotel there, the afternoon of the day I arrived, I hired a *samlor*, or three-wheeled pedicab, and told the driver I wanted to go to the Pramane Ground to see the sport of kitefighting. I had my camera with me.

"Sport?" he said. "Bangkok Sport Club? Golf, tennis—"

"Sport for fun," I said. "Kites."

So we went to the Pramane Ground. As we drove up to it, I saw that it is rather like a grassy, treeless park, perhaps half a mile long and three hundred yards wide. Behind it rise the golden spires of the Imperial Palace and the fierce stone heads of the Guardians of the Emerald Buddha. It was about four-thirty, and, as the colonel had said, a number of kites were in the air. They seemed to be not contesting but just sailing and trying some easy turns. There were, on the ground, the flags of several kite teams, each surrounded by a group of rooters and augmented by a Coca-Cola vender or so. The snake charmers and jugglers had their audiences.

As I walked onto the field, I noticed, just in front of me and on one side of the *rua*, or fence, a white *chula*, with what I supposed was its name in Thai lettered across it at its broadest point, just getting into the air. I quickly snapped a picture of it. At that moment, a pleasant-looking young man walked up, introduced himself as Khunsuan, and told me, in English, that the kite I had photographed was the kite of the Sor Dhammabhakdi Bookstore, of Bangkok. He then introduced the man who was holding the kitestring and said that he was the owner of the bookstore. The owner was evidently pleased at the sudden international representation among his supporters, because he



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held fast to the kitestring for a minute or so, thus allowing me to take a few more pictures before the kite was fully aloft.

Once it was up, the proprietor strolled about with the string, playing it out smoothly, like a deep-sea fisherman. Then he walked over and, with a courteous nod, handed me the kitestring—a gesture, obviously, of hospitality to a foreign guest. He watched me handle the string for a moment or two and then went off, as I saw, to inspect some of his extra hooks, which were laid out on the ground nearby. The kite was now so well buoyed that there was hardly any play in the string at all. I trolled confidently. Khunsuan said he would explain any doubtful points. The spectators around us looked on, amused. Suddenly they surged forward with a shout, causing me to retreat.

"Quickly, please," said Khunsuan. "Endeavor to run."

I looked over my shoulder as we sprinted away from the fence. From nowhere an angry *pakpao* had appeared, circling hawklike and evil above us. From somewhere half a dozen small boys appeared, tossing our slack over their shoulders and racing ahead of us. Khunsuan ran beside me, saying apologetically, "We must endeavor to gain altitude—quickly, please!"

Now the crowd of supporters on our right came toward us, shouting "*Leeo sai!*"

"Left," Khunsuan translated. "Please run left. The *pakpao* is—" He waved at the sky.

We ran to the left. Faces up, the crowd on our left melted, then stiffened. "*Leeo kwah!*" they shouted. Khunsuan didn't have to say anything. We ran to the right. Now, in response to something Khunsuan shouted, the boys carrying our slack ran at a tangent to our path. Our rooters, faces still up, also shouted directions. Dimly I could see a lot of people running to our part of the field. A three-man band began playing near our flag. My lungs ached.

Suddenly the courteous bookstore owner raced up and grabbed the twine at a point above my hands. He barked something in Thai, which Khunsuan relayed to me as "Pull down, please." Then, while I pulled and kept the line taut, the bookstore owner began a succession of complex wiggles with the line. We had outclimbed the *pakpao*, but they had looped one lower point of our *chula* with a kind of underhand cast, and it took a lot of waggling to get the

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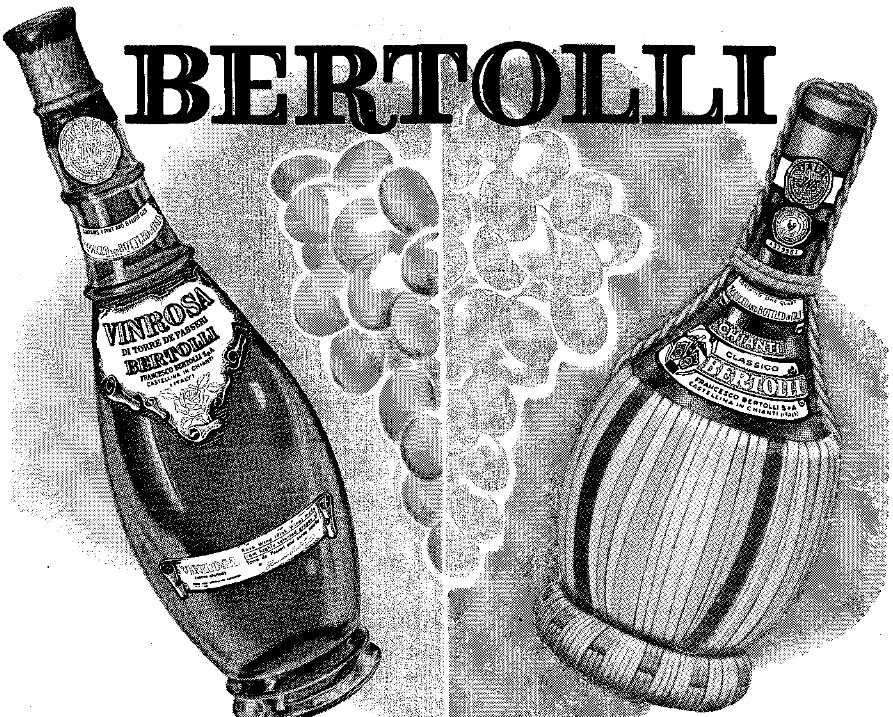

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loop off. As we got free, we hooked the *pakpao* line. Again we ran, Khunsuan pacing at my side, the bookstore owner guiding the wiggles, the crowd shouting further directions, with an eye on the kites. Agile as an eel, the *pakpao* slid away from us, but before it could get completely away, we hooked it again. The crowd of rooters swarmed around as we ran, blocking our path when we were wrong, leaving the right path open. Now the *pakpao* flapped like a wounded bird, circling frantically in ever smaller circles. Then suddenly it dropped, and the Sor Dhammabhakdi kite came after it, coasting triumphantly down. There were cheers. The crowd surrounded the downed kites, and the bookstore owner grinned, bowed, and clasped his hands under his chin in Thai greeting. We shook hands. He spoke to me.

"He thanks you for your assistance," Khunsuan said, "and is sorry to have put you, a guest, to trouble, but this is the character of the Sor Dhammabhakdi kite. It has won many contests with this character. It is not a sly, crafty kite, but a dominant one, very fast, requiring firm handling. Last year it was the dominant kite in Bangkok, which is to say, in the world."

It took me several minutes to stop puffing. "What happened?" I asked.

"We were challenged by the Bangkok Electric kite, one of the best kites in Bangkok, when it crossed the barrier," Khunsuan said. "We defeated it."

"What kind of wiggles made their kite go in a circle?" I asked, but Khunsuan seemed not to understand.

Then the team and I went over to meet the judges. The jugglers and snake charmers had closed shop and become part of the crowd. The judges clasped their hands under their chins and bowed. We did the same. The judges said that we had done well, with a beginner.

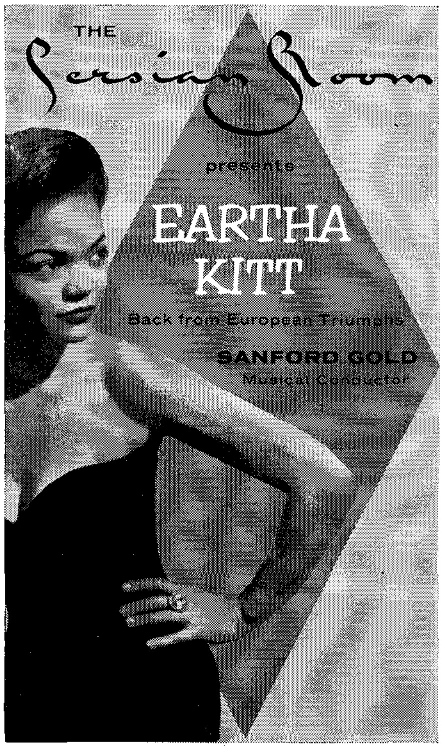
"They also say that it is too bad this is Thursday," Khunsuan said. "On Sunday such a victory would really advance us."

"You mean," I breathed, "all that running, and this is only practice?"

"More than practice, less than a Sunday match," Khunsuan said. "It is a pity this is Thursday. A good omen, though."

I did not comprehend the Thursday-Sunday scoring nor—still—what wiggles made the kite go in a circle. But I had dreams of future glory—of being the first *farong*, or foreigner, to be on a champion kite team of Thailand.

On the two afternoons following, I



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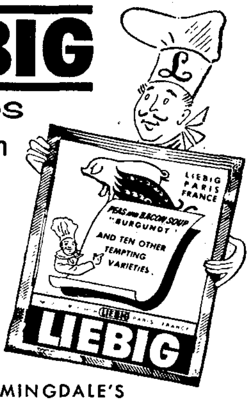

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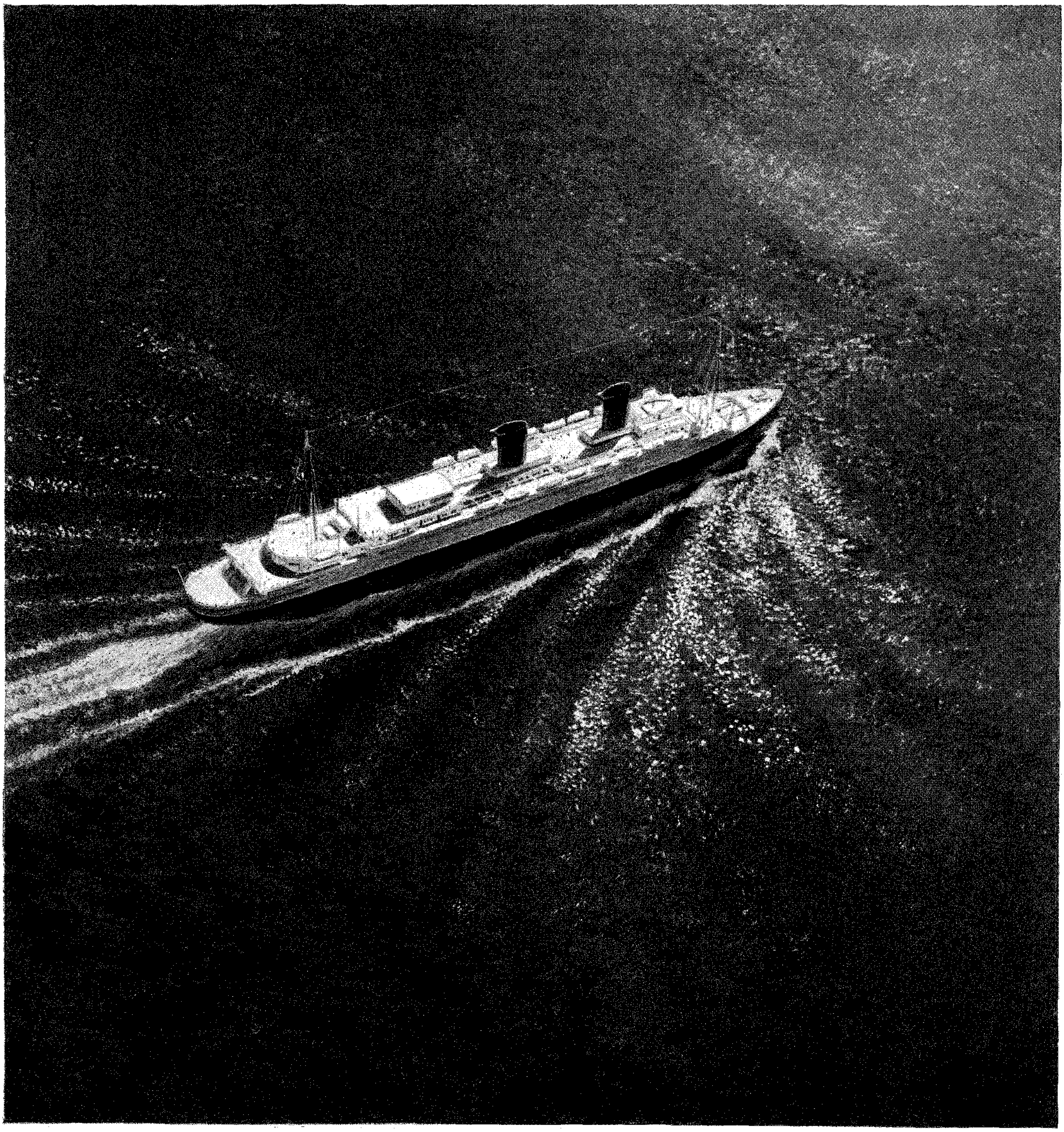

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returned to the Pramane Ground and practiced with my team. On Sunday I again reported to the Sor Dhammabhakdi flag. Everyone was very cordial, but Khunsuan was not there, and no one else spoke English. The kite was being put into the air; I was not asked to help, however. I got the feeling I was something of a mascot. On Sunday, apparently, the stakes were too high to start a rookie. Anyway, I had to leave before the afternoon was over. As I made my way to a pedicab, I saw that the jugglers and snake charmers still held their crowds, indicating that no major action was as yet under way. The Sor Dhammabhakdi kite was sailing smoothly overhead; across the barrier from it, the Bangkok Electric kite was circling, waiting, its loops poised for a Sunday revenge.

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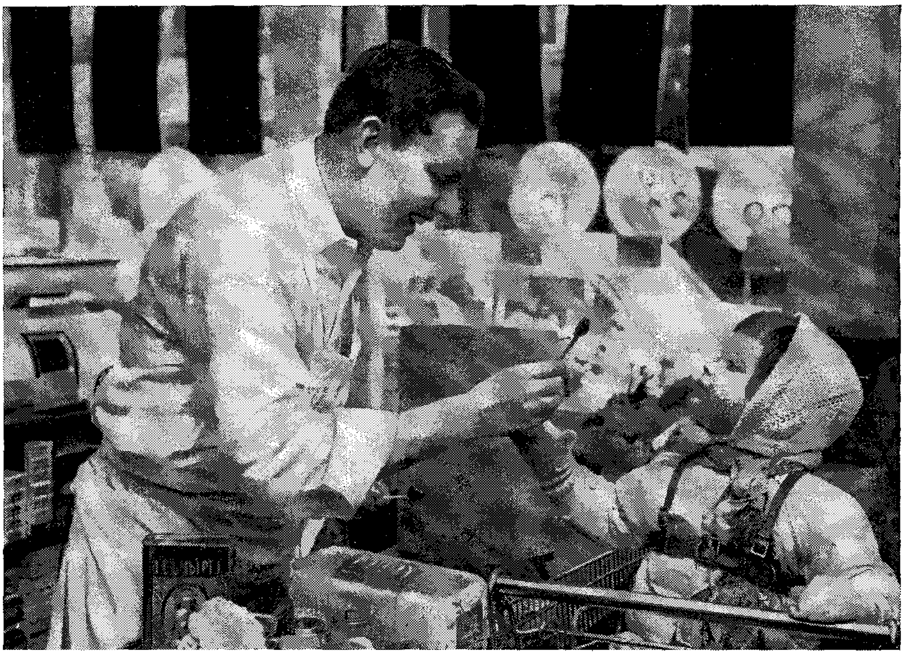

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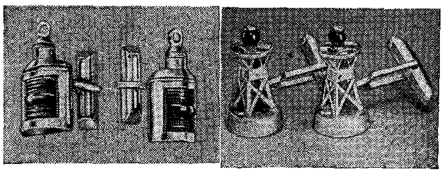

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THE RACE TRACK

Filly from Chile

THIS itinerant department took advantage of an opportunity last weekend to revisit the New Woodbine, at Toronto, for the Canadian Championship Stakes. I may excite the pitying scorn of many racegoers who watched the Garden State Stakes in Jersey the same afternoon, but I should like to say, without shilly or shally, that the race I saw was a good show and that I wouldn't have missed the trip for worlds. (It doesn't take long to get to Toronto by plane, and once you're there, it's always fun.) Twelve horses ran for the Canadian Championship Stakes, and Eugenia II, a rather plain-looking four-year-old chestnut filly, who had done nothing very glorious since she was imported from Chile last year, won with a bit to spare from Prince Morvi. Wise Margin was third and Paper Tiger fourth. Canadian Champ, a flashy colt who took the Queen's Plate last June, went on the double-quick for more than a mile of the mile and five furlongs, and when he tired, Eugenia II, who had kept fairly close to the pace, took the lead and never lost it. I suppose excuses could be made for Prince Morvi, because the race wasn't over grass, which he likes to run on, and he had dust kicked up in his face—something he loathes. Nevertheless, he made a real try. It was the nineteenth running of the fixture, and the Ontario Jockey Club added $50,000 to the prize money, for a total of $60,800, making the purse the biggest offered in the Dominion since the match between Man o' War and Sir Barton at Kenilworth in 1920. That one was $80,000, winner take all. Eugenia II's share of the Championship was $42,700. By the way, it was the first important sweepstakes that her owner, Arnold Hanger, has won all season, and also the first of the season for her trainer, Horatio Luro, the señor from the Argentine, who is a good man with fillies—Miss Grillo, for one. Luro wasn't bubbling over with confident predictions before the race. All he would say was "I only

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hope she runs well." She did, and paid a $55.40 mutuel, too.

As you might expect, some of the brand-newness has worn off the New Woodbine. It's going to be a very pleasant place to go racing next year, come Queen's Plate Day.

MAYBE Calumet Farm isn't what it used to be in the gay days of Citation, Bewitch, and Coaltown, or of Armed and Whirlaway, but it isn't doing too badly. Early last week, its Bardstown won the Trenton Handicap at Garden State Park from Summer Tan and Find, and on Saturday its Barbizon picked off the Garden State Stakes in a photo finish with Federal Hill and Amarullah (actually, they were a nose and a neck apart), behind whom were nearly all the better two-year-olds we have. Hartack rode both winners. For the record, first money in the Trenton was $54,550 and first money in the Garden State was $168,430—a total of $222,980, which is a lot more than most stables ever win in a season. Since there were nineteen runners and their riders going all out for such a pot of gold at the end of a mile-and-a-sixteenth rainbow, the Garden State Stakes figured to be a hurly-burly, with a list of disappointments and alibis as long as your arm, and it was. According to my favorite observer, the villain of the piece was Jaunty John, who dashed into a long lead at the start, suddenly ran out of speed after five furlongs, and finally swerved into Bold Ruler, the favorite, almost knocking him down. Nashville seems to have had a rough time of it, too, and California Kid never got going at all. Federal Hill may be better than I thought, or perhaps he was simply fortunate in escaping the hoopla. We'll see. Barbizon, a showy dark bay who resembles his grandpa, Bull Lea, more than he does his papa, Polynesian, impressed me at Belmont Park in September, and, to judge by the Garden State Stakes, he must be a good colt. An easier guess is that he'll be the early favorite for the Kentucky Derby.

THE best performance I saw at Jamaica last week was that of Third Brother in the Long Island Handicap, on Wednesday. He'll have a big following for the Gallant Fox there this weekend. —AUDAX MINOR

•

In the kitchen she put on water for a few sandwiches.—*From a story by Isabel Johnston in the News.*

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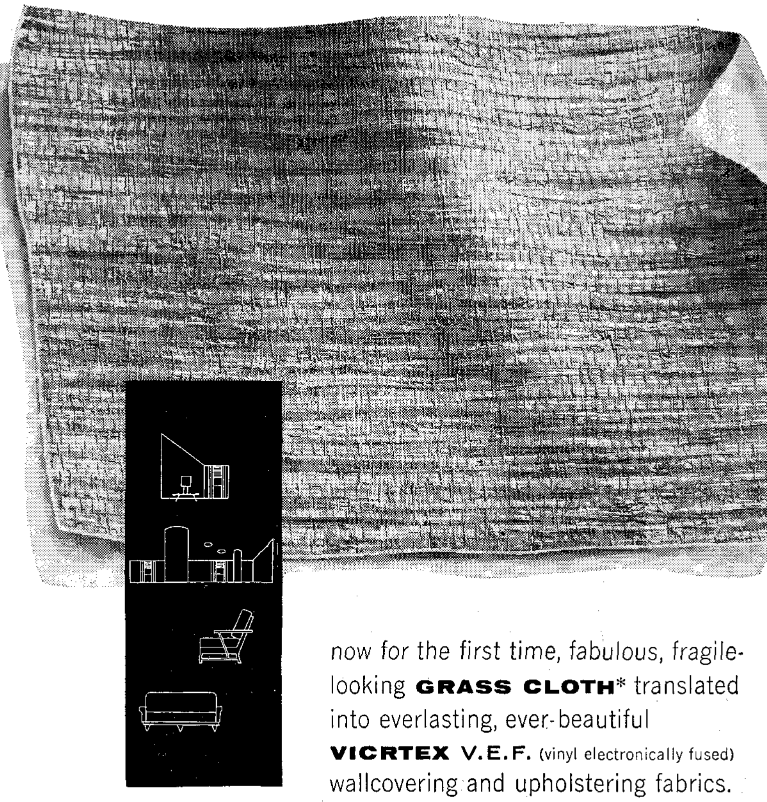

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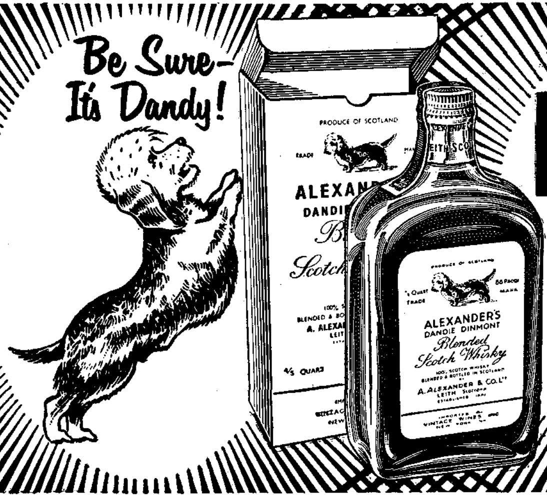
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LETTER FROM THE EAST

TURTLE BAY,
OCTOBER 18

THIS is a dark morning in the apartment, but the block is gay with yellow moving vans disgorging Mary Martin's belongings in front of a house a couple of doors east of here, into which (I should say from the looks of things) she is moving. People's lives are so exposed at moments like this, their possessions lying naked in the street, the light of day searching out every bruise and mark of indoor living. It is an unfair exposé—end tables with nothing to be at the end of, standing lamps with their cords tied up in curlers, bottles of vermouth craning their long necks from cartons of personal papers, and every wastebasket carrying its small cargo of miscellany. The vans cause a stir in the block. Heads appear in the windows of No. 230, across the way. Passersby stop on the sidewalk and stare brazenly into the new home through the open door. I have a mezzanine seat for the performance; like a Peeping Tom, I lounge here in my bathrobe and look down, held in the embrace of a common cold, before which scientists stand in awe although they have managed to split the atom, infect the topsoil with strontium 90, break the barrier of sound, and build the Lincoln Tunnel.

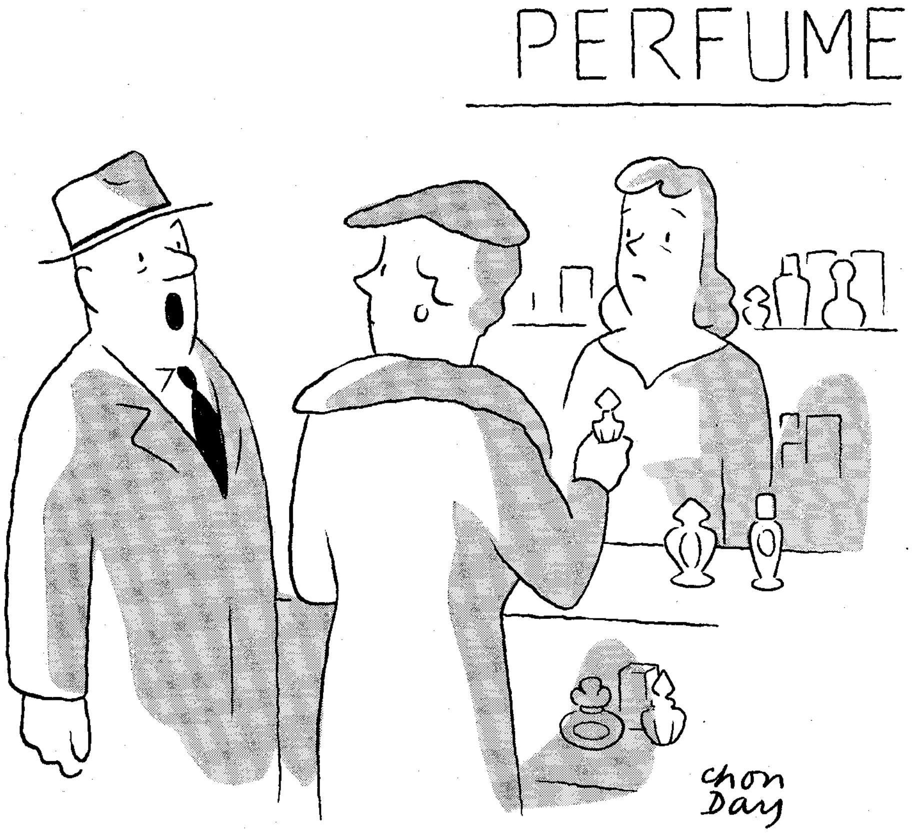
What a tremendous lot of stuff makes up the cumulus called "the home"! The trivet, the tiny washboard, the fire tools, the big copper caldron large enough to scald a hog in, the metal filing cabinets, the cardboard filing cabinets, the record-player, the glass and the china invisible in their barrels, the carpet sweeper. (I wonder whether Miss Martin knows that she owns an old-fashioned carpet sweeper in a modern shade of green.) And here comes a bright little hacksaw, probably the apple of Mr. Halliday's eye. When a writing desk appears, the movers take the drawers out, to lighten the load, and I am free to observe what a tangle Mary Martin's stationery and supplies are in—like my wife's, everything at sixes and sevens. And now the bed, under the open sky above Forty-eighth Street. And now the mattress. A wave of decency overtakes me. I avert my gaze.

The movers experience the worst trouble with two large house plants, six-footers, in their great jars. The jars, on being sounded, prove to be a third full of water and have to be emptied into the gutter. Living things are always harder to lift, somehow, than inanimate objects, and I think any mover would rather walk up three flights with a heavy bureau than go into a waltz with a rubber plant. There is really no way for a man to put his arms around a big house plant and still remain a gentleman.

Out in back, away from the street, the prospect is more pleasing. The yellow cat mounts the wisteria vine and tries to enter my bedroom, stirred by dreams of a bullfinch in a cage. The air is hazy, smoke and fumes being pressed downward in what the smog reporter of the *Times* calls "a wigwam effect." I don't know what new gadget the factories of Long Island are making today to produce such a foul vapor—probably a new jet applicator for the relief of nasal congestion. But whatever it is, I would swap it for a breath of fresh air. On every slight stirring of the breeze, the willow behind Mary Martin's wigwam lets drop two or three stylish yellow leaves, and they swim lazily down like golden fish to where Paul, the handyman, waits with his broom. In the ivy border along the wall, watchful of the cat, three thrushes hunt about among the dry leaves. I can't pronounce "three thrushes," but I can see three thrushes from this window, and this is the first autumn I have ever seen three at once. An October miracle. I think they are hermits, but the visibility is so poor I can't be sure.

This section of Manhattan boasts the heaviest sootfall in town, and the United States of America boasts the heaviest fallout in the world, and when you take the sootfall and the fallout and bring smog in on top of them, I feel I am in a perfect position to discuss the problem of universal pollution. The papers, of course, are full of the subject these days, as they follow the Presidential campaigners around the nation from one contaminated area to another.

I HAVE no recent figures on sootfall in the vicinity of Third Avenue, but the *Times* last Saturday published some figures on fallout from Dr. Willard F. Libby, who said the reservoir of radioactive materials now floating in the stratosphere from the tests of all nations was roughly twenty-four billion tons. That was Saturday. Sunday's *Times* quoted Dr. Laurence H. Snyder as saying, "In assessing the potential harm [of weapons-testing], statements are always qualified by a phrase such as 'if the testing of weapons continues at the present rate . . .' This qualification is usually obsolete by the time the state-



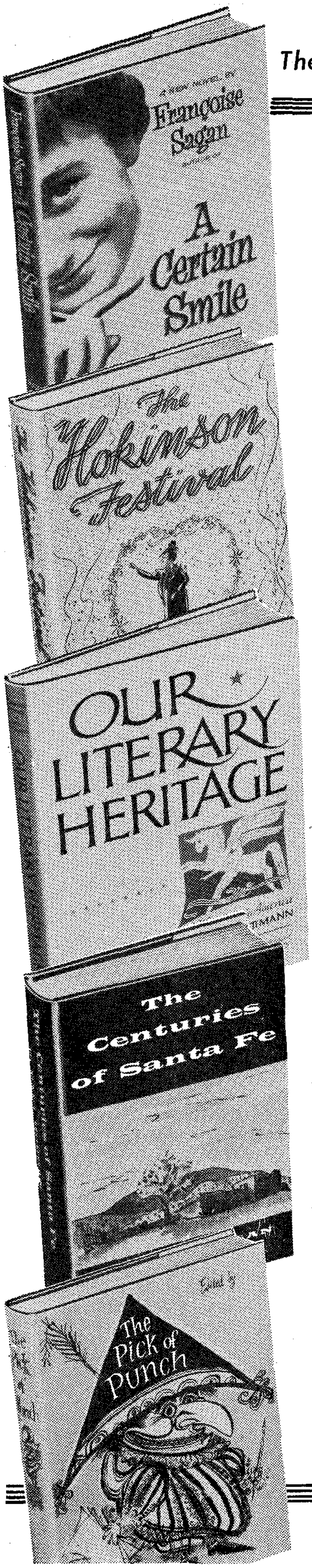
"Thirty dollars an ounce! Do you realize that works out to about seven hundred and fifty dollars a fifth?"

ment is printed." I have an idea the figure twenty-four billion tons may have been obsolete when it appeared in the paper. It may not have included, for instance, the radioactive stuff from the bomb the British set off in Australia a week or two ago. Maybe it did, maybe it didn't. The point of Dr. Snyder's remark is clear; a thermonuclear-arms race is, as he puts it, self-accelerating. Bomb begets bomb. A begets H. Anything you can build, I can build bigger.

"Unhappily," said Governor Harriman the other night, "we are still thinking in small, conventional terms, and with unwarranted complacency."

The habit of thinking in small, conventional terms is, of course, not limited to us Americans. You could drop a leaflet or a Hubbard squash on the head of any person in any land and you would almost certainly hit a brain that was whirling in small, conventional circles. There is something about the human mind that keeps it well within the confines of the parish, and only one outlook in a million is non-parochial. The impression one gets from campaign oratory is that the sun revolves around the earth, the earth revolves around the United States, and the United States revolves around whichever city the speaker happens to be in at the moment. This is what a friend of mine used to call the Un-Copernican system. During a Presidential race, candidates sometimes manage to create the impression that their thoughts are ranging widely and that they have abandoned conventional thinking. I love to listen to them when they are in the throes of these quadrennial seizures. But I haven't heard much from either candidate that sounded unconventional—although I have heard some things that sounded sensible and sincere. A candidate could easily commit political suicide if he were to come up with an unconventional thought during a Presidential tour.

I think Man's gradual, creeping contamination of the planet, his sending up of dust into the air, his strontium additive in our bones, his discharge of industrial poisons into rivers that once flowed clear, his mixing of chemicals with fog on the east wind add up to a fantasy of such grotesque proportions as to make everything said on the subject seem pale and anemic by contrast. I hold one share in the corporate earth and am uneasy about the management. Dr. Libby said there is new evidence that the amount of strontium reaching the body from topsoil impregnated by fallout is "considerably less than the seventy per cent of



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the topsoil concentration originally estimated." Perhaps we should all feel elated at this, but I don't. The correct amount of strontium with which to impregnate the topsoil is *no* strontium. To rely on "tolerances" when you get into the matter of strontium 90, with three sovereign bomb testers already testing, independently of one another, and about fifty potential bomb testers ready to enter the stratosphere with their contraptions, is to talk with unwarranted complacency. I belong to a small, unconventional school that believes that *no* rat poison is the correct amount to spread in the kitchen where children and puppies can get at it. I believe that *no* chemical waste is the correct amount to discharge into the fresh rivers of the world, and I believe that if there is a way to trap the fumes from factory chimneys, it should be against the law to set these deadly fumes adrift where they can mingle with fog and, given the right conditions, suddenly turn an area into another Donora, Pa.

"I have seen the smoky fury of our factories—rising to the skies," said President Eisenhower cheerfully as he addressed the people of Seattle last night. Well, I can see the smoky fury of our factories drifting right into this room this very minute; the fury sits in my throat like a bundle of needles, it explores my nose, chokes off my breath, and makes my eyes burn. The room smells like a slaughterhouse. And the phenomenon gets a brief mention in the morning press.

One simple, unrefuted fact about radioactive substances is that scientists do not agree about the "safe" amount. All radiation is harmful, all of it shortens life, all is cumulative, nobody keeps track of how much he gets in the form of X-rays and radiotherapy, and all of it affects not only the recipient but his heirs. Both President Eisenhower and Governor Stevenson have discussed H-bomb testing and the thermonuclear scene, and their views differ. Neither of them, it seems to me, has quite told the changing facts of life on earth. Both tend to speak of national security as though it were still capable of being dissociated from universal well-being; in fact, sometimes in these political addresses it sounds as though this nation, or any nation, through force of character or force of arms, could damn well rise *above* planetary considerations, as though we were greater than our environment, as though the national verve somehow transcended the natural world.

"Strong we shall stay free," said President Eisenhower in Pittsburgh.

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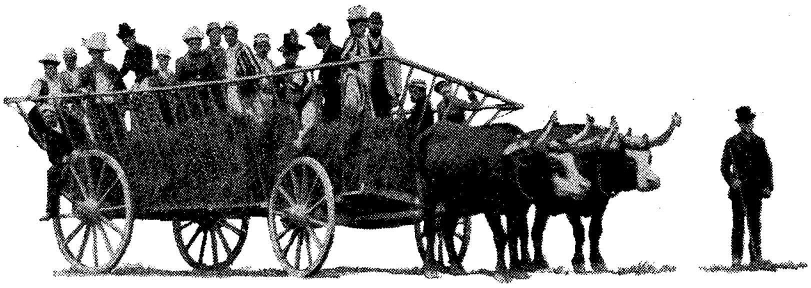
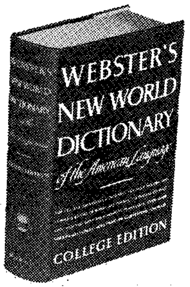
And Governor Stevenson echoed the statement in Chicago: ". . . only the strong can be free."

This doctrine of freedom through strength deserves a second look. It would have served nicely in 1936, but nobody thought of it then. Today, with the H-bomb deterring war, we are free and we are militarily strong, but the doctrine is subject to a queer, embarrassing amendment. Today it reads, "Strong we shall stay free, *provided we do not have to use our strength.*" That's not quite the same thing. What was true in 1936, if not actually false today, is at best a mere partial, or half, truth. A nation wearing atomic armor is like a knight whose armor has grown so heavy he is immobilized; he can hardly walk, hardly sit his horse, hardly think, hardly breathe. The H-bomb is an extremely effective deterrent to war, but it has little virtue as a *weapon* of war, because it would leave the world uninhabitable.

For a short while following the release of atomic energy, a strong nation was a secure nation. Today no nation, whatever its thermonuclear power, is a strong nation in the sense that it is a fully independent nation. All are weak, and all are weak from the same cause: each depends on the others for salvation, yet none admits this dependence, and there is absolutely no machinery for interdependence. The big nations are weak because the strength has gone out of their arms—which are too terrifying to use, too poisonous to explode. The little nations are weak because they have always been relatively weak and now they have to breathe the same bad air as the big ones. Ours is a balance, as Mr. Stevenson put it, not of power but of terror. If anything, the H-bomb rather favors small nations that don't as yet possess it; they feel slightly more free to jostle other nations, having discovered that a country can stick its tongue out quite far these days without provoking war, so horrible are war's consequences.

The atom, then, is a proper oddity. It has qualified the meaning of national security, it has very likely saved us from a third world war, it has given a new twist to the meaning of power, and it has already entered our bones with a cancer-producing isotope. Furthermore, it has altered the concept of personal sacrifice for moral principle. Human beings have always been willing to shed their blood for what they believed in. Yesterday this was clear and simple; we would pay in blood because, after the price was exacted, there was still a chance to make good the gain. But the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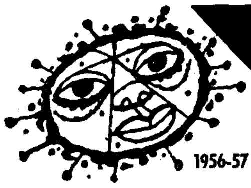

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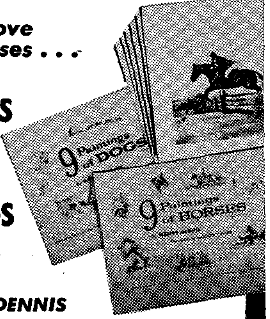

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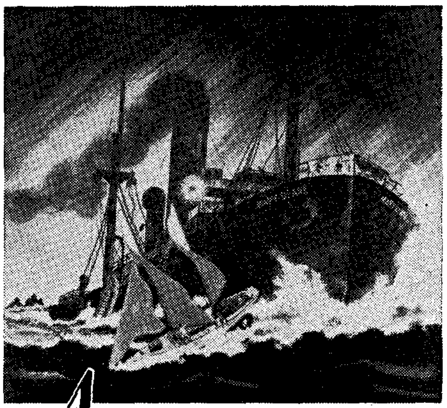
modern price tag is not blood. Today our leaders and the leaders of other nations are, in effect, saying, "We will defend our beliefs not alone with our blood—by God, we'll defend them, if we have to, with our genes." This is bold, resolute talk, and one can't help admiring the spirit of it. I admire the spirit of it, but the logic of it eludes me. I doubt whether any noble principle—or any ignoble principle, either, for that matter—can be preserved at the price of genetic disintegration.

THE thing I watch for in the speeches of the candidates is some hint that the thermonuclear-arms race may be bringing people nearer together, rather than forcing them farther apart. I suspect that because of fallout we may achieve a sort of universality sooner than we bargained for. Fallout may compel us to fall in. The magic-carpet ride on the mushroom cloud has left us dazed—we have come so far so fast. There is a passage in Anne Lindbergh's book "North to the Orient" that captures the curious lag between the mind and the body during a plane journey, between the slow unfolding of remembered images and the swift blur of modern flight. Mrs. Lindbergh started her flight to the Orient by way of North Haven, her childhood summer home. "The trip to Maine," she wrote, "used to be a long and slow one. There was plenty of time in the night, spattered away in the sleeper, in the morning spent ferrying across the river at Bath, in the afternoon syncopated into a series of calls on one coast town after another—there was plenty of time to make the mental change coinciding with our physical change. . . . But on this swift flight to North Haven in the *Sirius* my mind was so far behind my body that when we flew over Rockland Harbor the familiar landmarks below me had no reality."

Like the girl in the plane, we have arrived, but the familiar scene lacks reality. We cling to old remembered forms, old definitions, old comfortable conceptions of national coziness, national self-sufficiency. The Security Council meets solemnly and takes up Suez, eleven sovereign fellows kicking a sovereign ditch around while England threatens war to defend her "lifelines," when modern war itself means universal contamination, universal deathlines, and the end of ditches. I would feel more hopeful, more *secure*, if the Councilmen suddenly changed their tune and began arguing the case for mud turtles and other ancient denizens of ponds



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Candidates for political office steer clear of what Mrs. Luce used to call "globaloney," for fear they may lose the entire American Legion vote and pick up only Norman Cousins. Yet there are indications that supranational ideas are alive in the back of a few men's minds. Through the tangle of verbiage, the idea of "common cause" skitters like a shy bird. Mr. Dulles uses the word "interdependent" in one sentence, then returns promptly to the more customary, safer word "independent." We give aid to Yugoslavia to assure her "independence," and the very fact of the gift is proof that neither donor nor recipient enjoys absolute independence any more; the two are locked in mortal *inter*dependence. Mr. Tito says he is for "new forms and new laws." I haven't the vaguest notion of what he means by that, and I doubt whether he has, either. Certainly there are no *old* laws, if by "laws" he means enforceable rules of conduct by which the world community is governed. But I'm *for new forms,* all right. Governor Stevenson, in one of his talks, said, "Nations have become so accustomed living in the dark that they find hard to learn to live in the light." What light? The light of government? If so, why not say so? President Eisenhower ended a speech the other day with the phrase "a peace of justice in a world of law." Everything else in his speech dealt with a peace of justice in a world of anarchy.

The riddle of disarmament, the riddle of peace, seems to me to hang on the interpretation of these conflicting and contradictory phrases—and on whether or not the men who use them really mean business. Are we independent or interdependent? We can't possibly be both. Do we indeed seek a peace of justice in a world of law, as the President intimates? If so, when do we start, and how? Are we for "new forms," or will the old ones do? In 1945, after the worst blood bath in history, the nations settled immediately back into old forms. In its structure, the United Nations reaffirms everything that caused World War II. At the end of a war fought to defeat dictators, the U.N. welcomed Stalin and Perón to full membership, and the Iron Curtain quickly descended to put the seal of authority on this inconsistent act. The drafters of the Charter assembled in San Francisco and defended their mild, inadequate format with

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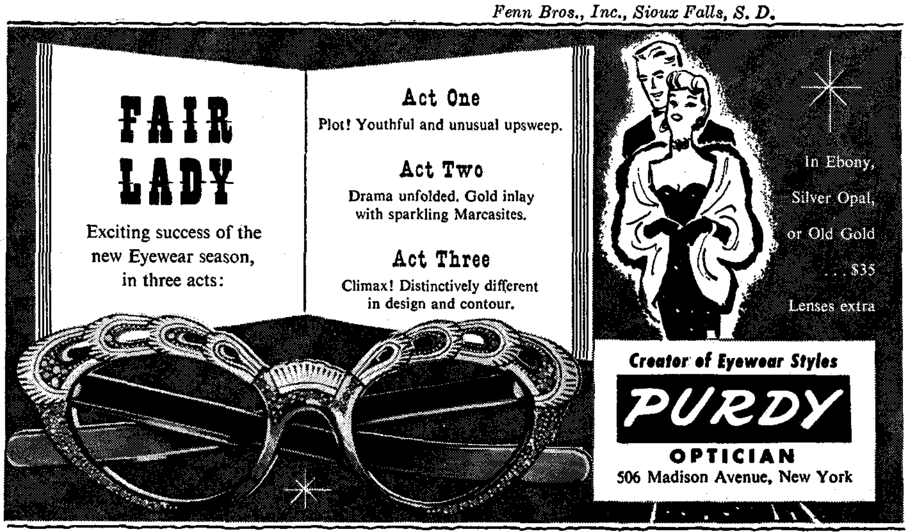
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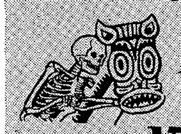

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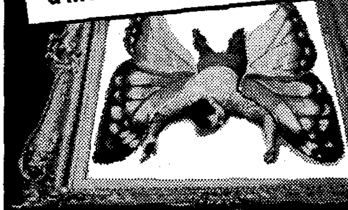

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the catchy phrase "Diplomacy is the art of the possible." Meanwhile, a little band of physicists met in a squash court and said, "The hell with the art of the possible. Watch this!"

The world organization debates disarmament in one room and, in the next room, moves the knights and pawns that make national arms imperative. This is not justice and law, and this is not light. It is not new forms. The U.N. is modern in intent, antique in shape. In San Francisco in 1945, the victor nations failed to create a constitution that placed a higher value on principle than on sovereignty, on common cause than on special cause. The world of 1945 was still a hundred per cent parochial. The world of 1956 is still almost a hundred per cent parochial. But at last we have a problem that is clearly a community problem, devoid of nationality—the problem of the total pollution of the planet.

We have, in fact, a situation in which the deadliest of all weapons, the H-bomb, together with its little brother, the A-bomb, is the latent source of great agreement among peoples. The bomb is universally hated, and it is universally feared. We cannot escape it with collective security; we shall have to face it with united action. It has given us a few years of grace without war, and now it offers us a few millenniums of oblivion. In a paradox of unbelievable jocundity, the shield of national sovereignty suddenly becomes the challenge of national sovereignty. And, largely because of events beyond our control, we are able to sniff the faint stirring of a community ferment—something every man can enjoy.

The President speaks often of "the peaceful uses of atomic energy," and they are greatly on his mind. I believe the peaceful use of atomic energy that should take precedence over all other uses is this: stop it from contaminating the soil and the sea, the rain and the sky, and the bones of man. That is elementary. It comes ahead of "good-will" ships and it comes ahead of cheap power. What good is cheap power if your child already has an incurable cancer?

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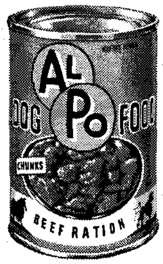

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calls for political leaders to echo the physicists and say, "Never mind the art of the possible. Watch this!"

To me, living in the light means an honest attempt to discover the germ of common cause in a world of special cause, even against the almost insuperable odds of parochialism and national fervor, even in the face of the dangers that always attend political growth. Actually, nations are already enjoying little pockets of unity. The European coal-steel authority is apparently a success. The U. N., which is usually impotent in political disputes, has nevertheless managed to elevate the world's children and the world's health to a community level. The trick is to encourage and hasten this magical growth, this *benign condition*—encourage it and get it on paper, while children still have healthy bones and before we have all reached the point of no return. It will not mean the end of nations; it will mean the true beginning of nations.

Paul-Henri Spaak, addressing himself to the Egyptian government the other day, said, "We are no longer at the time of the absolute sovereignty of states." We are not, and we ought by this time to know we are not. I just hope we learn it in time. In the beautiful phrase of Mrs. Lindbergh's, there used to be 'plenty of time in the night." Now there is hardly any time at all.

Well, this started out as a letter and has turned into a discourse. But I don't mind. If a candidate were to appear on the scene and come out for the dignity of mud turtles, I suppose people would hesitate to support him, for fear he had lost his reason. But he would have my vote, on the theory that in losing his reason he had kept his head. It is time men allowed their imagination to infect their intellect, time we all rushed headlong into the wilder regions of thought where the earth again revolves around the sun instead of around the Suez, regions where *no individual and no group* can blithely assume the right to sow the sky with seeds of mischief, and where the sovereign nation at last begins to function as the true friend and guardian of sovereign man. —E. B. WHITE

•

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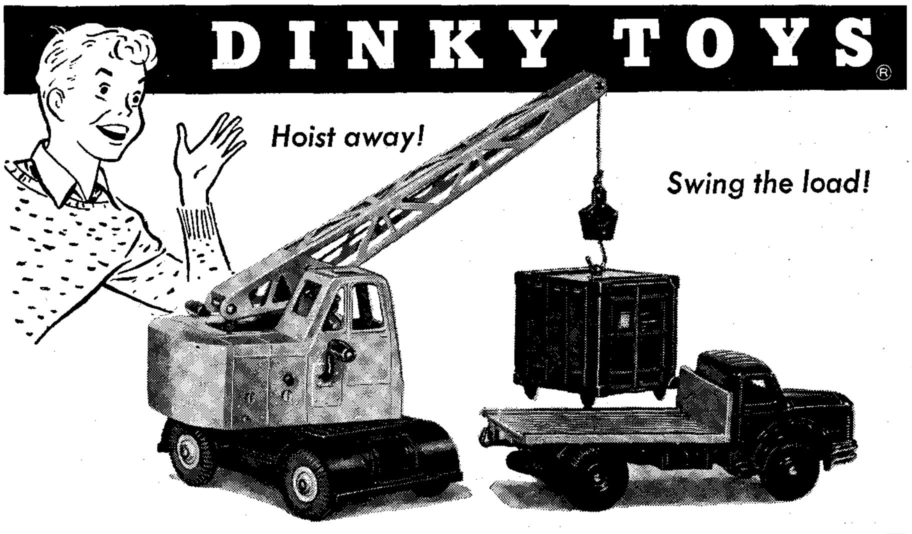
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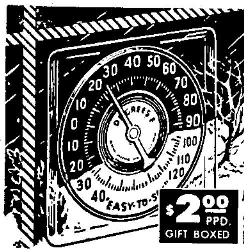

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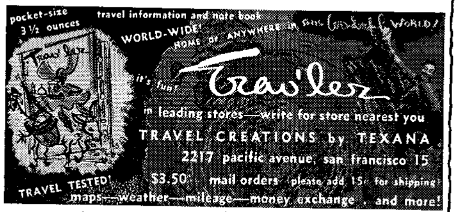

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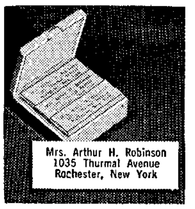

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

HOMECOMING, by C. P. Snow (Scribner). At the start of this London novel, Lewis Eliot, who tells the story, is a legal adviser to a powerful businessman and is married to a frigid, intelligent, and wretchedly unhappy woman, who makes his home unendurable but whom he cannot leave, because he still desires her and because he enjoys her conviction (which he shares) that he is the one and indispensable support of her tormented mind. Time passes. Eliot enters government service as a personal assistant to a Cabinet Minister. His wife dies, and two years later he starts a love affair with a lively, good-looking, ordinary girl, who loves him but resents the feeling that he is constantly watching her, as he once watched his wife. The lovers share the same toneless intimacy, discolored by too much analysis, that characterized Eliot's marriage. Their private conversations do not bear mentioning, not because the things they say to each other are too bitter or too sweet but because their talk only gives proof, again and again, that there are no surprises in these people. They were born cut to a pattern, and their accurate perception of the pattern does not improve them. They are a dull pair, regrettably made articulate by self-understanding. Eliot is as little deceived about himself as he is about others, and this very honesty, as he looks ruefully inward, makes him less likable than he might have been; with his limply tenacious affections and his clear, apologetic mind, he is an unappealing figure. The atmosphere of his life is anguished, frightened, yearning, and painfully human. It is also overwhelmingly petty, perhaps because Mr. Snow will not permit him so much as a pale glimmer of the romantic vision that ordinarily blesses even the most commonplace existence at least once. This is a sad, gray story, too real for comfort and much too well written to be forgotten. One scene stands out with particular effect, however. It occupies the whole of a short chapter entitled "Comparison of Marriages," and in it Eliot, middle-aged now and married again and complacent in his recent fatherhood, observes the childless marriage of two of his con-

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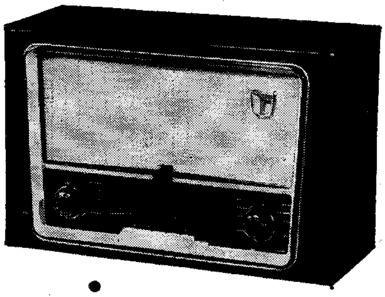

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temporaries and describes what he sees with a malevolence, deadly and comic, that he shows nowhere else in the book.

THE LAST ONE, by Dion Henderson (Holt). A Pulitzer Prize reporter, temporarily assigned to his paper's bureau in a Midwestern city, uncovers an attempt to bribe a United States senator and, by his disclosure of the story, ruins the life of the most powerful man in town. Mr. Henderson's reporter has travelled widely and importantly. He drives a white Cadillac, and he speaks prophetically, in succinct tones. He personifies what must be the most grandiloquent *dream-newspaperman* ever conceived. A great deal of this book is foolish, but there is no denying that Mr. Henderson has a certain style, intense and flashy though it is.

MARRY ME, CARRY ME, by Ardyth Kennelly (Houghton Mifflin). A big, cozy domestic novel about a pretty young bride's first years of marriage. The time is the early part of this century, and since the young husband is a miner, and ambitious, the story moves from claim to claim, with a fairly long stop in a mining town called Park City, where the bride finds friends among the neighbors and amuses herself by trying out new recipes. It is a sweet, harmless tale, told with gusto.

THE EMPTY NEST, by Josephine Lawrence (Harcourt, Brace). Mrs. Timothy Moreland, a hard-working, well-preserved suburban housewife of forty-four, discovers that when her son and daughter marry they become even more selfish and demanding than they were when they were single. To make matters worse, both son and daughter have found mates exactly like themselves, so that the story is crowded with querulous, envious twenty-year-old children, dominated by this anxious, weakly resentful, oversolicitous figure of a mother. It is a monotonous tale, with a remarkably dishonest solution for an ending, and Mrs. Moreland is far from being the attractive and sympathetic creature that Miss Lawrence apparently intended her to be.

THE RANCHO OF THE LITTLE LOVES, by Robert Nathan (Knopf). A brief caper concerning two overbearingly humble old saints who descend from Heaven to the Mojave Desert and set about improving the lot of the creatures they find living there.

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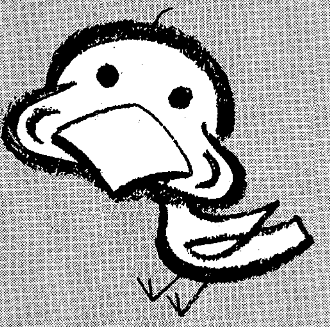

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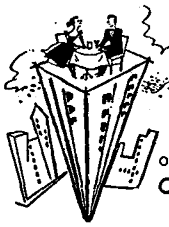

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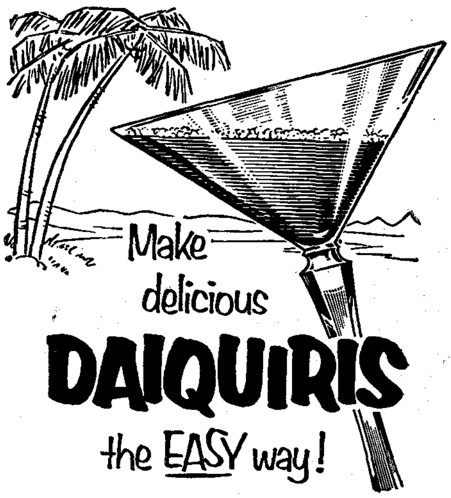
Thurber, has been published by Simon & Schuster. There are close to fifty fables in the book, most of which originally appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

BOSWELL IN SEARCH OF A WIFE: 1766-1769, edited by Frank Brady and Frederick A. Pottle, with an introduction by Mr. Brady (McGraw-Hill). With this volume, the sixth in the Yale Editions panoply of "The Private Papers of James Boswell," we return from the Grand Tour and the spirited pursuit of celebrities (Rousseau, Voltaire, Paoli) to Britain and the even livelier pursuit of love. Love, or at least gallantry, has, of course, seldom been far from Boswell's mind throughout our long acquaintance. In the three years covered here, however, it is his almost constant preoccupation, and he parades the objects of his increasingly serious attentions before us with an excitement and a candor that are unusual even for him. We meet him first at Auchinleck, inflamed by his gardener's daughter: "I was never so much in love as I am now. . . . Enchanting creature! must she be enjoyed by some schoolmaster or farmer?" The answer, unfortunately, is yes, but he is soon distracted by a "dear infidel," or errant wife: "She has the finest black hair, she is paradisial in bed. . . . I love her so much that I am in a kind of fever." When that fever breaks, he ranges for a time, at more cost to his health than to his fortune, among the ladies of the town, and then, at last, justifying the editors' pragmatic title, bewilders himself by deciding that his aim is marriage. His first selection rejects him (" 'I really,' said she, 'have no particular liking for you' "), his second he rejects ("My time's not come"), but his third, a childhood friend and distant cousin, leads him straight to the altar, and no wonder. For she lets him become aware that "her little bosom beats at the thoughts of seeing me" and inspires him to write her, in perhaps his most ardent and certainly his most outrageously revealing letter, "When I looked at myself in the glass last night in my Corsican dress, I could not help thinking your opinion of yourself might be still more raised: 'She has secured the constant affection and admiration of so fine a fellow.' " A joyous chronicle, written at the full flood of his majestic im-



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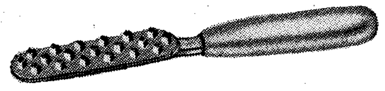

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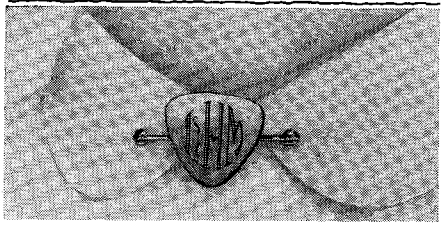

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Posted Missing, by Alan Villiers (Scribner). A series of accounts of modern ships that have been posted missing by Lloyd's of London and have never been heard of again. It might be supposed that nowadays, with radio and radar, steel hulls and diesel engines, few ships could vanish without a trace, but Mr. Villiers has collected a number of fascinating stories, including the mystery of the ten-thousand-ton liner Waratah, which disappeared in the Indian Ocean in 1909, and the even more baffling mystery of the twenty-thousand-ton Brazilian battleship São Paulo, which broke loose from a tow in mid-Atlantic one stormy night in 1951 and simply disappeared. A thoroughgoing book that covers not only the nautical intricacies of tragedy at sea but its human aspects as well. Photographs.

D. H. Lawrence: Selected Literary Criticism, edited by Anthony Beal (Viking). A valuable and well-edited collection. The book contains excerpts from Lawrence's letters to friends on the progress of such novels as "Sons and Lovers" and "Lady Chatterley's Lover;" critical estimates of writers like Galsworthy, H. G. Wells, and Thomas Hardy; explorations of the function of the novel; explosive pieces on obscenity and censorship in art; some arresting comment on nineteenth-century Russian literature; essays on classic American authors, including Melville, Cooper, Hawthorne, and Poe (very little of the gloomy literary edifice that was Edgar Allan Poe is left standing); and reviews of novels by, among others, John Dos Passos and Ernest Hemingway, who were just emerging when Lawrence died. As always, Lawrence's approach is intensely personal; he is sometimes reckless and ill-tempered, but he is usually enormously stimulating, for he respected nothing merely because he was supposed to, and he had a very keen nose indeed for fraud.

The Orwell Reader, with an introduction by Richard H. Rovere (Harcourt, Brace). Twenty-five or so selections from the works of George Orwell, including among other things generous chunks of all five of his novels, sections of "Homage to Catalonia," "The Road to Wigan Pier," and "The Lion and the Unicorn," and, in their entirety, his essays on Kipling, Tolstoy, and Swift,

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as well as the autobiographical pieces "Why I Write" and " 'Such, Such Were the Joys . . .' " In addition to being a good sampling of Orwell (there is, however, nothing from "Animal Farm," which may well be his most accomplished book), this collection demonstrates that he was, perhaps more than anything else, a great reporter, if sometimes an obsessed one. (Half of this book is, in essence, a study of poverty.) The descriptions of a hanging, of the Paris slums, of trench warfare, and even of a toad emerging from hibernation in the spring are as fresh and exact as anything of their kind in the language. Mr. Rovere's introductory essay is full of graceful illuminations on Orwell and on literature in general.

SHERRY, by Rupert Croft-Cooke (Knopf). An eloquently restrained celebration of the history, manufacture, and aesthetics of sherry. After disposing, with admirable lucidity, of the technical aspects of the wine, the author gives us enlightening sketches of some of the founders of the industry; suggests how, when, and where sherry should be drunk ("If you have the vice of lying long in your bath and smoking a cigarette before you get out, a glass of Fino is a lucretian ornament to the occasion"); and mentions that England is still the world's leading consumer of sherry—a manifestation, he feels, of the true, if not often recognized, rapport that exists between two seemingly dissimilar nations. A delightful, as well as highly instructive, handbook.

NOTE: "Diamond," by Emily Hahn, a chronicle of the celebrated South African industry, has been published by Doubleday. Most of the material in the book first appeared in *The New Yorker*, as a series of articles under the heading "A Reporter at Large." . . . Dutton has issued a collection of Helen Hokinson's cartoons—some four hundred and fifty of them, plus a memoir by James Reid Parker and an appreciation by John Mason Brown—under the title "The Hokinson Festival." All the cartoons were originally printed in this magazine.

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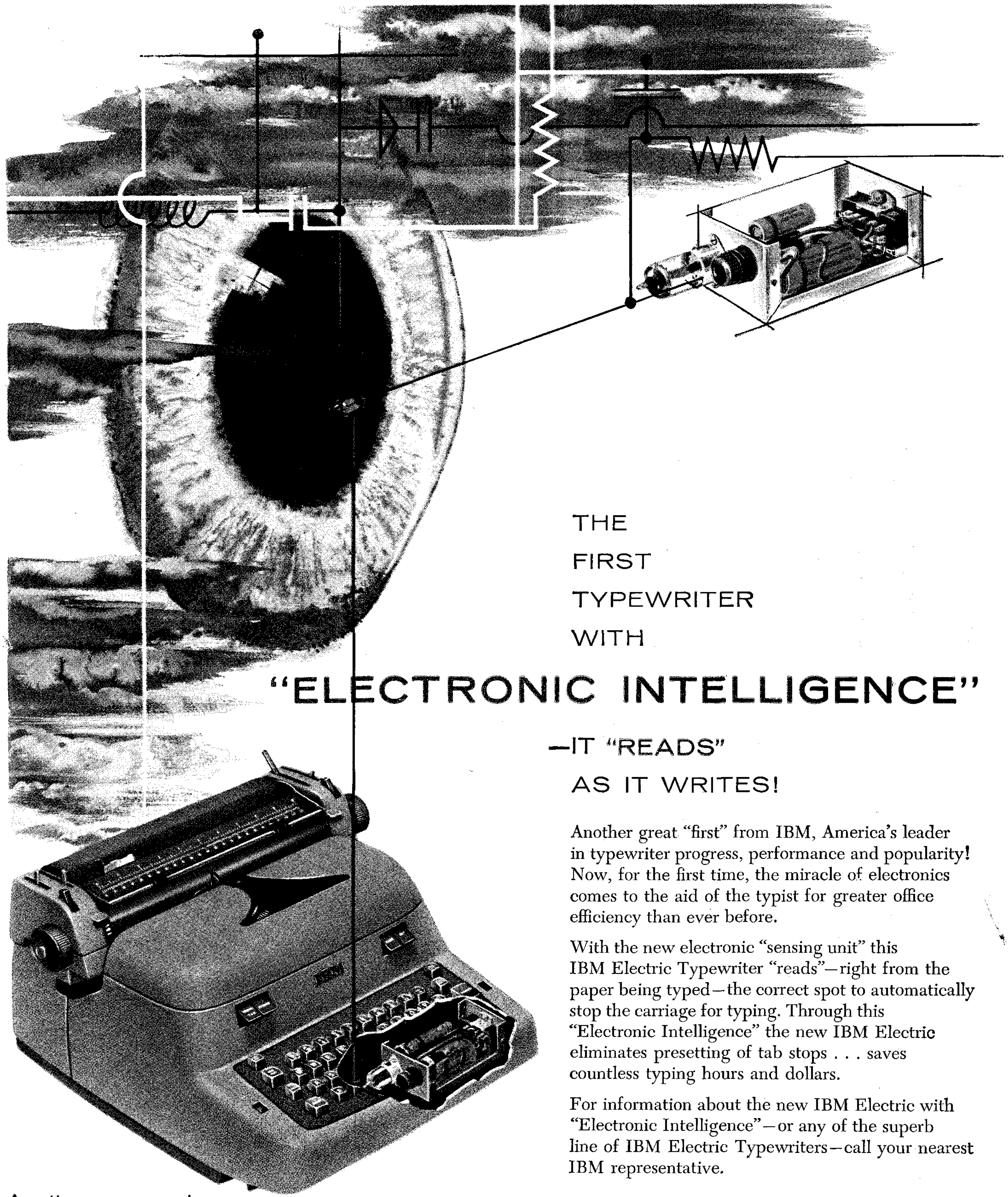

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